KINGS

a Family History

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Mudbound Books

Kings: A Family History

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“The most extraordinary thing in the world is an ordinary man and an ordinary woman and their ordinary children.”

G.K. Chesterton

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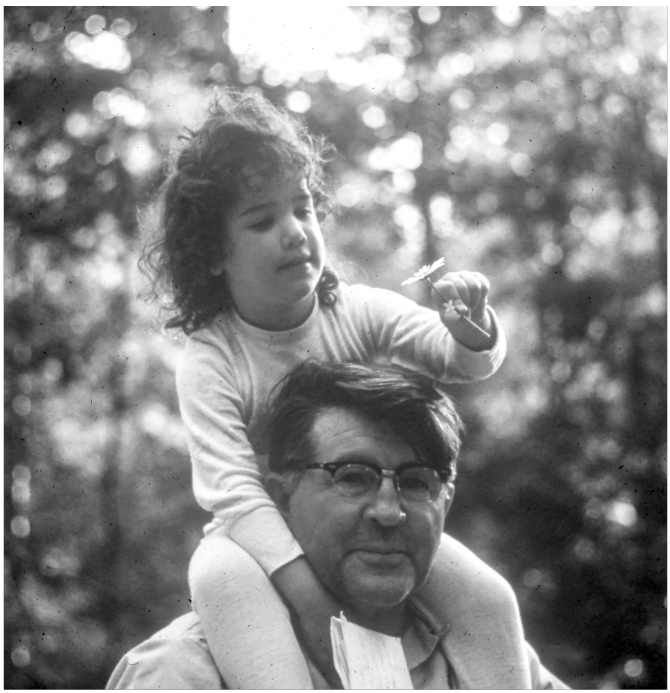


Amos King with his granddaughter Linda on his shoulders, circa 1973

Introductions

You were born into a family, and that family has a history.

In your veins run dozens, nay, hundreds of bloodlines. You, like every other person alive today, are the convergence of thousands of narrative threads. Chromosomal nodes and cultural cradles have formed you in countless ways. And both these forces, nature and nurture, came primarily through your family. (Adoption is no exception, it just adds *more* influences.)

Yet few of us today have more than a cursory understanding of our histories. Tribal and traditional cultures excepted, most modern people have a meager sense of the story-stream in which they stand.

Three question pop quiz:

How much do you know about your great grandparents?
What about your grandparents grandparents?
Do you even know their names?

If you don't know much, you're far from alone. But you are, historically speaking, the exception. Everything from the long genealogies in the Hebrew Bible to Māori practices of *Whakapapa* hearken to the human habit of honoring one's heritage. It's a perspective that most of us in the modern West have lost. Our

historical amnesia leaves us more vulnerable than ever to the twin scourges of "chronological loneliness" (Debra Rienstra) and "chronological snobbery" (CS Lewis).

One more question, a two-parter, for bonus points: what are you going to do about your chronological loneliness? How will you inoculate yourself against chronological snobbery?

If you're a descendent of Amos Christian King, the correct answer is that you're going to read this book. And whether or not you count ol' Amos as your ancestor, this book has something else for you: a treasure map for uncovering more of your own family stories.[1] Whatever digging you do will have many benefits for you and your progeny. This book will have served its purpose if it helps you better know your history and better live your own story.

As N. D. Wilson writes in *Notes from the Tilt-A-Whirl:*

Every soul waits in the wings. Every life taken in age, tired and ready, taken in youth, in shock and sorrow, taken in pain or taken in peace, every needle now hidden in shadow waits in eager silence. I see my cousin. My nephew. Many faces, forgotten by those who followed behind, known always by the Author who needs no stone reminders. He is the best of all possible audiences, the only Audience to see every scene, the Author who became a Character and heaped every shadow on Himself.

So here you are, thumbing through this volume. Our planet hurtles through the cosmos, with us scampering around on its skin and our ancestors planted just beneath its surface. Soon we will join them. One day, each of us will be "gathered to his fathers." And the tune of that day will depend on the arc of your story, and whether you know the Author and are related to Him by blood.

But that's another book, still being written. Dive in here, and marvel at the stories lived before you. May your own chapter be a beautiful postscript.

Vic King
Ash Wednesday 2025

On Our Three Family Trees

Bruce King

Over the years of researching our family, it has been interesting to find that our ancestors encountered many hardships and dealt with many of the issues that are prevalent in the secular world, such as incest, illegitimate births, unstable mental conditions, and broken marriages. As J.D. Wert experienced, he was subject to jealousy and lies against him from within the church by people preoccupied with personal gain for power. As I was growing up, I was under the impression or the illusion that by being part of a tight-knit Mennonite community, somehow you would be protected from those types of negative experiences because everyone would be following Biblical doctrine for their lives. I guess that shows that we are all imperfect creatures, regardless of the ideals we strive to follow.

As someone who has been a genealogist for the family for quite a few years, I am also always intrigued by the human equation. What is it that drives a person to do what they do?

- Why did Amos Ogborn and his father William before him decide to leave New Jersey in the early 1800s to go to Ohio when his ancestors had lived in the same area for centuries?
- Why did Rosa King decide to stay in North Dakota after she lost her husband, her daughter, and several of her sons to tuberculosis in the midst of the Dustbowl and Great Depression?
- Why did our King ancestors continue to move to and homestead in various places throughout the Midwest, seemingly discontent to stay put for very long?

These types of questions have always piqued my curiosity.

There does seems to be an underlying passion in our families in which they continue to strive to better their surroundings, families,

and communities. This seems to be similar to many Americans, as well as many others in the world. People continue to aspire for a better life and immigrate to other countries, leaving all they know behind.

As you read through this book and stroll through the centuries of our ancestors' lives, pause and try to put yourself in their places, to think of what they were going through and what their day-to-day life may have been like.

- What was going on in the country and history during the times in which they lived?
- How different was their life in comparison to yours?
- Do you see similarities between yourself and some of the pictures or traits of your ancestors?

I hope this book gives you insight into your past and how you are connected to these people. They continue to live on in you.

Outsiders, Insiders, and Everything In Between

Patricia Grace King

The story of the Kings in Europe and in America is the story of being outsiders. This is one way to read it, at least.

Begin with those religious outcasts, the Amish and Mennonites, who left everything they knew in Switzerland or Germany or the Low Countries to travel from the ports of Rotterdam—often for two months or more—across the Atlantic by ship. Continue with our Amish forebears in Pennsylvania, forced further and further out of settled lands by the Mennonites and Quakers into what was then wilderness. Linger with those ancestors jailed for months or years for refusing to join the American Revolutionary Army. Move westward, then, across the continent to Ohio, Indiana, Oklahoma, Missouri, Colorado, North Dakota: frontier lands of the 19th century that our foreparents reached by stagecoach, covered wagon, or rail. Where they homesteaded and preached and farmed and on at least one occasion participated in the Gold Rush. Or which they eventually fled after the Dust Bowl and the Great Depression's devastations, to hack a new life out of what was then called "the mud and the sticks" of Maryland's Eastern Shore.

It's easy to romanticize stories like these, especially from a distance. By "romanticize" I mean to see these stories as larger than life, the stuff of legend: source material for a sweeping novel or film. But this history of adventure and travel is only one part of our King heritage. The story is not that straightforward. It is complicated by other, interweaving stories of ancestors who led far more stable and apparently prosperous lives, such as the Ogburns who remained in one part of New Jersey for centuries, or the ancestor who was actually a founding member of the Plymouth Colony. And it's hard to read these stories of western expansion without considering, too,

how the roles of insider and outsider are in constant flux, or have been in America ever since white settlers arrived and drove the original inhabitants into retreat and marginalization.

As a story-teller, I'm interested in the questions and doubts, in the places where one human value bumps into another. In situations that are inherently murky or vexed. Look closely enough at anyone's family tree, and you start to see places like this.

Then, sometimes too, a different detail bursts through the bloody struggle of history—a spark that conjures an individual life, the expression of a specific personality. Reading the farm journal my great-grandfather, Harry King kept as a young man in North Dakota, I found someone who took such evident pleasure in naming his cows: *Boss Flossy Bess Buttercup Blossom Rose Pansy Lilly Star Bridget Lady*. He named the bulls, too—always these very butch names. *Duke* or *Major* or *Kenmare*, once, after the nearest town. I love that he bothered to name them. I love that he wrote the names down. In the midst of what was, from start to finish, a very hard life—in the midst of his very hard daily work—my great-grandfather left behind this expression of his inner life, of his quiet creative streak.

Maybe as readers of history—of our family's own histories—this is the most we can hope for. Traces of somebody finding or creating beauty where it may not have existed before.

Roots

Ancestors of Amos Christian King

7th Generation (Amos’ 4th Great-Grandparents)

Samuel Koenig (1737–1789)
Anna Elizabeth Yoder (1741–1805)

Stephen Kurtz (1735–1795)
Veronica "Frena" Yoder (1740–1792)

Rudolph Detweiler (1710–1770)
Sarah Kolb (1715–1775)

Jacob Plank (1720–1803)
Mary Yoder (1725–1800)

Christian Yoder (1720–1782)
Barbara Bavi Hooley (1724–1790)

Jacob Nafziger (1725–1798)
Magdalena Schertz (1730–1803)

Abraham Kurtz (1740–1805)
Barbara Ritter (1745–1810)

Christian Raber (1725–1800)
Susanna Nafziger (1730–1799)

6th Generation (Amos’ 3rd Great-Grandparents)

Christian Y. Koenig (1761–1838)
Catherine Kurtz (1763–1790)

Rudolph Detweiler (1735–1820)
Sarah Kolb (1740–1815)

Jacob Plank (1767–1851)
Mary Yoder (1771–1850)

Abraham Kurtz (1769–1831)
Elizabeth Fisher (1765–1808)

John Gerber (1763–1841)
Anna Yoder (1765–1843)

Christian Wingard (1760–1805)
Anna Sommers (1764–1812)

Johannes Raber (1760–1835)
Susanna Egle (1760–1840)

Johannes Nafziger (1750–1830)
Magdalena Frey (1760–1845)

5th Generation (Amos' 2nd Great-Grandparents)

Christian B. King (1787–1844)
Elizabeth Detweiler (1788–1867)

Christian Plank (1793–1881)
Elizabeth Kurtz (1798–1879)

John Gerber (1787–1863)
Christina (1790–1871)

Christian Wingard (1760–1805)
Anna Sommers (1764–1812)

Joseph D. Miller Sr. (1766–1821)
Anna Anelli Hochstetler (1766–1821)

Christian Raber (1784–1848)
Susanna Egle (1793–1835)

Christian Nafziger (1777–1849)
Catherine Schantz (1783–1866)

4th Generation (Amos' Great-Grandparents)

Jonathan D. King (1811–1875)
Lydia Plank (1818–1899)

Joseph Gerber (1816–1905)
Sarah Wingard (1821–1909)

Joseph D. Miller (1816–1875)
Anna "Nancy" Yoder (1815–1898)

Daniel Raber (1825–1905)
Suzanna Nafziger (1827–1917)

3rd Generation (Amos’ Grandparents)

Jonathan N. King (1852–1912)
Mary M. Gerber (1852–1894)

Samuel P. Miller (1857–1915)
Catherine A. "Katie" Raber (1863–1917)

2nd Generation (Amos’ Parents)

Harry Lee King (1881–1929)
Rosa Lee Miller (1881–1969)

1st Generation

Amos Christian King (1910–2007)
Agnes Ogburn (1913–1983)
Martha Wert (1920–2000)

Orientation

A wide-ranging conversation between Frank King, Jr. (the son of Amos's brother Frank) and Vic King on their common King ancestors. Frank has been doing genealogical research for decades. The original interview has been edited here for brevity and clarity.

Frank: All your grandpa Amos King's ancestors were Amish when they came to America. All of them: from that side of the family, you are 100% Amish. Now, Martha (Wert)'s background, your grandma Martha, her background is somewhat mixed. There are some Amish and some Mennonites. However, she and your grandma and grandpa were related as fourth or fifth cousins, so obviously, some of her people were Amish too.

Here's the story of how the Amish came to America. Most of them came from Switzerland, as well as from France and Germany, places close to Switzerland, just across the Rhine River. In those cases, their families had fled Switzerland because of the oppression from the Swiss Church.

Basically, back then, Mennonites and Amish did not like each other at all. In one story, a boat of mixed Amish and Mennonites was traveling down the Rhine River to Rotterdam, where they would board a seagoing vessel to America. I don't know if any of our ancestors were on that boat, but by the time it got to Rotterdam, all of the Mennonites had gotten off the boat. They couldn't stand being there with the Amish.

Have you done any research on the name Koenig?

Vic: The German version of King? I've seen it in some documents.

F: Actually, it's a Swiss name, originally Jewish. I have reason to believe that Samuel Koenig, our immigrant ancestor, was of Jewish extraction. I have not been able to prove that. The closest I get is

one of the DNA tests I took. 1 As further proof, once he reached this side of the ocean, Samuel Koenig bought 300 acres in Berks County, Pennsylvania, and on that property that he owned, there is now a 200- or 300-year-old Jewish cemetery. The Lancaster County Amish also attribute it as the burial place of Samuel Koenig, our ancestor.

I've studied on it for a long time. There's another Samuel Koenig that became quite famous in Germany and Switzerland at that time, in the mid-1700s. He was a mathematician, a philosopher, a Rabbi, and among other things, he had translated the Hebrew New Testament into German. I'm the last person to say something out loud like this, unless I can verify it with several sources, and I have not been able to do that. Still there's enough reason to believe we have Jewish antecedents that it leaves that question open in my mind.

V: Anything else of interest about how our King ancestors got to America?

F: Yes. Some of them came on the ship, The Muscliffe Galley. The story was published in the Pennsylvania Gazette, which was one of Benjamin Franklin's publications. Talk about the adventure. They traveled across the Atlantic from October to Christmas Eve in that year. Can you imagine being in this little boat for two and a half months?

The story in the Pennsylvania Gazette says that on their voyage they were accosted by pirates or privateers, and the captain was skillful enough that he outran them. I think, Oh man, my great-great-great-grandfather was chased by pirates, and it helps bring history back to life and close to home.

Let me say this and just very simply. The Amish and the Mennonites came to America at the invitation of William Penn. The Mennonites had started coming first. The Mennonites came as early as the 1690s, and they originally settled in what are now the Bucks and Montgomery Counties, what we call Franconia District.

The Mennonites and the Quakers got along pretty well. At that time, Philadelphia was predominantly settled by English Quakers. However, the Mennonites bad-mouthed these Amish who started to come. In about 1840, the Quakers voted to restrict the Amish; they said the Amish could not live closer than 50 miles from City Hall in Philadelphia.

As a result, a majority of the early Amish settled on the northwest boundary of Berks County, which is 50 miles from Philadelphia, along the Blue Ridge Mountain. That was the absolute frontier then. Have you ever heard about the Hochstetler Massacre?

Our ancestor Jacob Hochstetler and his family were attacked by the Indians because they were living there along the Blue Ridge, which was the frontier to the north and west of Philadelphia. Most of this region was forested at that time. The Amish were forced to live up there. In the 1750s, you've heard of the French and Indian War?

The Indians had teamed up with the French to drive the English out because the French were well established in Canada--in Montreal and Quebec—but they saw the English advancing from the southeast. The French tried everything they could to stop the English from taking over, and they recruited the Indians to help fight the English.

Because our ancestors were white, they were considered English. So during the French and Indian War, there were constant raids over the Blue Ridge Mountain on the white settlers. Half of the Hochstetler family were killed, while Jacob and his two sons were taken as hostages by the Indians. Oh, it's an incredible story. Anyhow, that's part of our history, too.

To think of these people, our Amish ancestors, how they gave up their homes and everything to come to America, to Penn's Woods for religious freedom—only to arrive and be told by the Quakers: "No, no, no, you can't live here." And so they had to keep on moving and settle on the frontier.

If you have had any exposure to the Amish, you will know that for them, even today, there are two types of people in the world. There's plain people and there's Anglish—meaning, the English, but they pronounce it with an A. Plain people and Anglish. That differentiation came out of their history when they came to America and were not welcomed by the English, who were English Quakers. That's part of who we are. That's part of the context of our Amish ancestors getting to America.

Another interesting thing is that most of our ancestors, the Amish ancestors, were not wealthy people. Samuel Koenig was the exception, and I'll talk about that in a minute. But many of these people had to indenture themselves in order to be able to get here. Do you know what that means?

V: Yes, like a temporary servitude, to work off the cost of the journey.

F: To pay off the passage to America, they had to promise that they would work for whoever paid their way for typically four to five years. There was a Johann Melchior Plank and his wife Margaret, who were Amish. They are in our family tree. Margaret was pregnant, and they had gone to Rotterdam to wait until she had delivered her child and then try to make the passage to America. While they were there in Rotterdam, some of their friends got on a ship headed for America. Margaret and Johann were saying goodbye on the pier and the captain said, "Hey, these are your friends who are leaving? You want to spend the night with them? Come on. You can spend the night on this ship." So they did. But during the night, the captain weighed anchor and took off for America with these two people on board who had nothing but the clothes they on their back, and she was pregnant.

They make this two-month journey to America with no possessions, no money. There's no way to get off. They were shanghaied, if you would. When they get to Philadelphia, they hadn't paid for the

passage. The captain said, “You can’t get off the ship until you pay me your passage.” Of course, they couldn’t. And they didn’t know anybody. The captain was then going to sail from Philadelphia down to Jamaica and load his ship with rum to take back to Europe.

He threatened to take Margaret and Johann to Jamaica and sell them as slaves. They’re sitting there in the dock, when the ship was there for several weeks loading and unloading, and meanwhile Margaret gave birth to her child.

It’s a long, complicated story, but their passage was ultimately paid by a guy whose name was Charles Morgan, for whom the town of Morgantown, Pennsylvania was named. They ended up in Western Chester County working for this Mr. Morgan. Until the Mennonites in Germantown--the earliest Mennonite church in America-- took up an offering, and eventually paid off their indenture, and Margaret and Johann were freed. Here again, one of our ancestors were shanghaied. There’s no other way to put it. If the friendly people would not have paid…

V: They would have ended up in Jamaica. Wow.

F: Anyhow, to me, all of this is why I study genealogy, because these things have so enriched my appreciation of my ancestors. You can’t believe what they went through for me to be here. Anyhow, that’s the story of Johann Melchior Plank and his wife.

Meanwhile, our namesake immigrant, Samuel Koenig, was not a poor person. He owned 300 acres, part of which now is owned by Alvernia College, a Catholic college in south Reading. On other parts of that property now stands the public school for that district. It was where our children went when we lived there in Berks County. It’s called the Thomas Mifflin Public Schools. Thomas Mifflin was the first elected governor of Pennsylvania after the Revolutionary War and apparently had an ongoing friendship with our ancestor Samuel Koenig. Just another interesting tie we have to

historic events.

Oh, let me say this as an aside. My wife and kids and I were living in the 1980s and ’90s in Berks County along a stream called Angelica Run. When I started getting serious about genealogy, I ran into the Mennonite historian John Ruth who said, “Frank, all your ancestors would be those Amish Kings in Lancaster County.” I said, “Oh, I don’t think so.” I was going to prove him wrong, but then I read the introduction of the King Family History by Harold Hartzler, about our immigrant ancestor Samuel Koenig. It said he bought land on Angelica Run in Berks County. The hair stood up on the back of my neck, because I was living right there on Angelica Run, where my sixth great-grandfather had settled when he came to America.

V: You can’t make this stuff up.

F: Sure can’t. Anyhow, Samuel had money. I don’t know where it came from, but he didn’t have to indenture himself. Within a short period of time, he owned over 300 acres in Berks County. I’ve spent time in the Berks County Courthouse. I have a copy of his original will. The original was written in German. Samuel was illiterate in English, so his will is signed with an X and then witnessed. Anyhow, he was not poor.

Most of our ancestors, on the other hand, got deeded a quarter of a section through the Penns—Thomas and William Penn, Jr., the sons of William Penn. A lot of people don’t know this, but William Penn himself only lived in America for four years. Most of his business and presence in America was conducted by his sons. Anyhow, most of our Amish ancestors got grants of land, this land that William Penn was making available to particular people who were seeking religious freedom. Kind of like homesteading.

V: Samuel Koenig was the outlier among our ancestors in terms of being wealthy.

F: Yes, exactly. Let me tell you another part of the getting here. The records are pretty clear there were three Koenigs that came on to America on the ship The Muscliffe Galley. There was our ancestor, Samuel. There was a Jonathan, and there was a Christian. When the people disembarked in Philadelphia, everyone had to sign an oath of loyalty to the king or queen of England.

Well, only two of the three Koenigs—Samuel and Christian--signed that document. Nobody knows why Jonathan, the third member of that triad, did not. We also do not know their relationships to each other. Some people think it was an uncle and two nephews; some think it was three brothers, and some think it was a father and two sons. In any event, when the ship left Rotterdam, there were three Koenigs on board, and when they arrived in Philadelphia, only two of them signed the oath of allegiance.

Possibly Jonathan, the third Koenig, died on the voyage. That's entirely possible. But there are also stories of immigrants who got to America and said, "Oh, no, I don't want to sign allegiance to the king of England," and they'd get back on the ship and go back to Europe. In any event, of the Koenigs that got here, our immigrant ancestor Samuel is the only one who survived and had descendants.

Christian, the other Koenig who got off the ship, was deeded some land up along the Blue Ridge Mountain by the Penns. But there is no record of taxes ever being paid, and there's no record of any descendants. All that's known is that all of a sudden, the land appears owned by somebody else. There's no record of Christian's heirs, there's no record of transfer of property or anything. No. The only one we know about is our ancestor Samuel.

Then again, Christian was living on the Blue Ridge, whereas Samuel was on the southern side of the Schuylkill River. There were three Koenigs that started the journey, but only Samuel survived.

When I was living in Berks County, I knew that there were a lot of

Koenigs around, and when I learned one of my ancestors was a Koenig too, I said, “Whoa. This is interesting.” So I wrote a letter to every one of the Koenigs I could find in the phone book and said, “Are we related?” Three of them got back to me and said, “Yes, we are related. I am a descendant of Samuel Koenig.” I met some of those people. A matter of fact, we had a family reunion. They knew that they had King relatives, but had never met them. I knew that we had Koenig relatives, but none of us had ever met them. It was just an amazing event. I interfaced with some of our distant cousins .

V: Tell me about the Ellis-Van Creveld syndrome and its history in our family. How is it connected to our ancestors?

F: In colloquial terms, the syndrome has been known as Samuel’s Curse. Anthropologists and sociologists who have studied it have been able to show that every one of the cases of Ellis-Van Creveld syndrome have only two common ancestors, and they are Samuel Koenig and his wife, Anna Yoder, who had 14 children. Our family, the Koenigs—our ancestors—are the ones who produced that disorder in the United States.

V: That’s wild.

F: Yes. There are a number of symptoms of Ellis-Van Creveld: crooked teeth, multiple extra fingers and toes, dwarfism, mental retardation, et cetera. Just for what it’s worth, our cousin Lois King, Emery’s daughter, was born with six toes on each foot. To my knowledge, that’s the only tangible evidence that I’m aware of that it has cropped up in our immediate family, but it’s there.

V: That’s the case closest to our part of the family that we know of?

F: Yes. In the last 50, 75 years, there has not been nearly as much intermarriage within the Mennonite and Amish communities, and so the chance of it showing up anymore in our close relatives is very unlikely. It was most prevalent in the Amish who had multiple

close-relationship marriages.

V: Moving down the aisles of history, what do you know about our common ancestors moving west from Berks County and from Pennsylvania altogether?

F: All of the Kings except for two sons of Samuel Koenig moved out of Berks County before the turn of the 18th to 19th century. Most of them moved to Lancaster County, as did virtually all of our other ancestors who were in Berks County. The Indian massacres were one of the greatest things that drove them out of there. Because most of them were located near the Blue Ridge, the kind of thing that happened to the Hochstetlers was not uncommon.

Also, being pacifists, they did not participate in war, and Berks County was not kind to people who would not join the Revolutionary Army. There are some horror stories about how some of our ancestors and others of the Amish faith were jailed for long periods of time because they were conscientious objectors.

So most of them fled. Now, Berks County is still very Pennsylvania Dutch, but not Amish. There are a few Amish there, but it's mostly German Lutherans and others--

V: Old German Baptist, that kind of thing?

F: Yes. It's an interesting phenomenon. There are community colleges in Berks County that teach Pennsylvania Dutch You go around these communities, and there are non-Amish people speaking Pennsylvania Dutch. We think of Lancaster County as being Pennsylvania Dutch, but it's mainly Mennonites and Amish. Whereas in Berks County, the people of German ancestry are proud of their ancestry, and they are making efforts to preserve some of that culture.

Anyhow, the long and short of it is most of our ancestors fled Berks County before 1800. While our immigrant ancestor Samuel Koenig is buried in Berks County, one of his direct descendants, Christian,

like many others changed his name to King and moved to Lancaster County. He was an Amish minister.

Then his son Christian moved to the Wayne County area of Ohio, and was there for a period of time. His son was Jonathan D. King, and his son, Jonathan N. King, was the father of Harry King, Amos's father. Jonathan N. King moved with his father Jonathan to Hawpatch, which is now Topeka, Indiana. That's where Harry was born.

Then Harry was taken by his mother to Hickory County, Missouri, where her parents—his Gerber grandparents—lived. They moved from there to Cripple Creek, Colorado in, let's see, 1895. It was then a gold-mining town. Harry was 14 when his mother died there in Colorado, and some of her brothers, Harry's uncles on the Gerber side, came and got Harry and took her body back to Missouri. I have visited her grave there. Rosella and I put a new gravestone on her burial site in Holden, Missouri.

Harry grew up then with his Gerber grandparents. From there he made a trip to Indiana to see his father when he was 21.

Meanwhile, Harry's future wife, Rosa Miller, was the daughter of Samuel P. Miller. The Miller family came from Pennsylvania and had moved to LaGrange County, Indiana. Samuel P. Miller and his father, Joseph D. Miller, did not get along, and when he was a teenager, Samuel ran away and joined the wagon trains that moved through their area for pioneers going west. Samuel took a team of horses and the farm wagon. He had stored up a bunch of supplies and he headed west, and he ended up in Hickory County, Missouri.

Then he married Katie Raber, and among other things, they homesteaded in Oklahoma for a number of years in the well-known Land Rush. It didn't work out for them for various reasons.

They moved back to Missouri when their daughter, Grandma Rosa, would've been 17 or 18 years old. It was the same region where

Harry King was growing up with his Gerber aunts, Gerber grandparents. Obviously, Harry and Rosie got together and they homesteaded in Cass County, Missouri.

V: Wow. After that, they went up to North Dakota.

F: Yeah, then they went up to North Dakota in 1904.

V: Do you know anything about Harry and Rosa's courtship, like how they met? Any stories about how that happened?

F: No, and that's something that we regret immensely. The only thing that is fairly obvious is that Grandma Rosa's family were pioneers and adventurers, and she spent a number of her teenage years on the prairie in Oklahoma as a homesteader. Meanwhile Harry spent a number of his teen years in a gold-mining community in Colorado. Those experiences would've set them apart from most of those stay-at-home teenagers that they would've grown up with. The only thing I have been able to determine is that commonality drew them together.

Of course, that same kind of wanderlust took them to homestead in North Dakota too. Your grandfather, Amos, talks about having lived in a sod house in Tolley, North Dakota.

We read about the pioneers in school, and there are the famous Little House on the Prairie stories, but our grandparents, your great-grandparents, were there. They were the little house on the prairie.

V: That's so cool, because I've read several of those books to my daughters.

F: Now, Rosa's mother was Catherine "Katie" Raber. Katie Raber's grandfather—Rosa's great-grandfather--was Christian Raber, another of our immigrant ancestors. He came to America in the 1830s, I think. At that time, people were immigrating through New York--Ellis Island--rather than Philadelphia. Christian came to America from France, and he was an Amish bishop. He had owned

a vineyard and was a winemaker in France.

He moved directly to the Amish community southwest of Columbus Ohio, where he planted a new vineyard and continued as a winemaker. He married Susanna Egle. Nobody seems to know for sure, but somewhere along the line, Christian Raber ran into disfavor with the Amish community, and he was stripped of his role as a bishop and basically kicked out of the community. So Christian and Susanna moved to Lee County, Iowa.

If you look at a map, Iowa sits directly north of Missouri, and it has a fairly straight east-west boundary. Except in the southeast corner of Iowa, there's a little point of land that point that sticks downward along the Mississippi River. That point of land is essentially Lee County. That's where Christian Raber bought land.

Now, to complicate this whole thing, a portion of Lee County had been designated by the government as an Indian reservation, and it was called the Half-Breed Tract. For years, I kept running across references to this Half-Breed Tract. What in the world is a Half-Breed Tract? Turns out that there were warring Indian tribes in the Midwest, and even though they were warring, there were often marriages between the different tribes. In Indian culture, these offspring, "half-breeds," were not accepted by either tribe.

The government had set up a reservation strictly for half-breeds, and that's what it was called. Can you imagine them calling something like that these days? It turns out that when the government first set up the reservation, they hired a surveyor to survey its Western boundary, which ran roughly parallel to the Mississippi River. Whether it was by default or accident, the surveyor made his line five miles closer to the Mississippi than what had been designated by the government.

Then later on when they realized the mistake, they went back and re-surveyed it. Now guess what? The Rabers' land was in that zone. The government came in and said, "Hey, you're white people. You

can't be here." Grandma Rosa's great-grandparents, Christian and Susanna Raber, literally got kicked out of the land they thought they bought.

Then they moved to the Amish community in Hickory County, Missouri, which of course you've heard of before. The Rabers stayed in Hickory County, Missouri for several generations, so that's where Amos's parents—Harry King and Rosa Miller, whose maternal grandparents were Rabers—met, decades later.

Now, going back to Rosa's great-grandparents, Christian Raber and Susanna Egle Raber. Susanna, as a 19-year-old single woman, immigrated to America and came through Ellis Island as many did then. One of her sisters had already come across before her and had settled in Wooster, Ohio, where she married a Raber boy--a great uncle of ours, not a direct ancestor. So Susanna followed her sister, but when she got to New York, she ran out of money. She didn't have enough money to get to Wooster, Ohio, where her sister lived.

Her sister sent Susanna some money to make the trip, and one Sunday afternoon, Susanna sat down along the Hudson River and was reading the letter from her sister, and the wind came along and blew the money out of her hand and down into the river, gone forever.

So there she was in New York City with no money, and she was too embarrassed to write back to her sister. She got a job and worked for a year and saved her money in New York City, and finally had enough to make the trip to Wooster, which was in a stagecoach. It so happened that in that journey, there was a family on a stagecoach whose children had measles, and Susanna caught the measles from them.

By the time she got to Wooster, Ohio and got off the stage, Susanna was so sick that just before she reached her sister's house she passed out in the street. A neighbor lady saw her passed out in front of the house and came out to rescue her. Then Susanna's sister came out

and they got her into the house.

Another interesting part of this story is that this neighbor lady was smoking a pipe, and when Susanna came to and saw this, she thought, “How disgusting. What is this? A gypsy smoking a pipe?” Anyhow, that was that story. Then Susanna went into her sister’s house and recovered. While she was there with her sister, her sister’s brother-in-law, Daniel Raber, came to visit from Lee County, Iowa. While he was there in Wooster, Ohio, he and Susanna fell in love and got married, and eventually became Rosa’s grandparents.

You probably never knew Grandma Rosa, did you? She had a scar on her forehead, and she told me that when she was a baby in her cradle, her grandma, Susie Raber, came to visit, and she was smoking her pipe and leaned over the cradle, and ash fell out of the pipe and landed on Rosa’s forehead. Rosa had that mark for the rest of her life. It’s interesting that Susanna, who was once so disgusted with this smoking ”gypsy lady,” was later smoking a pipe herself.

V: That’s funny.

F: Yes. Now, back in Iowa, Christian, our immigrant ancestor, started building a new home for Daniel and Susanna when they moved back there. At the same time, another one of Christian’s sons, Abraham, had a hunting accident and essentially lost his arm. The shock of that event was so great for Christian, they say he died from the shock. Abraham survived, but without an arm.

Grandma Rosa’s mother, Catherine “Katie” Raber, was the daughter of Daniel and Susanna. Katie was living in Missouri when she met Samuel P. Miller, who had run away from home. An interesting sidelight is that Katie said, when she was growing up, that some of the neighbors her brothers played with as boys and teenagers were Frank and Jesse James.

V: Oh yeah, for sure. The infamous outlaws.

F: Once again, our roots include historic moments, historic

situations. And then a little later Katie Raber married Samuel P. Miller, and they became the parents of Rosa Lee Miller, my grandmother and your great-grandmother.

For some reason, our family hasn't had much direct contact with the Rabers. They're a large family and very significant. I take a lot of pride in being a descendant of the Raber family. They are as much a part of us as the Millers and the Kings.

Are you familiar with the story of the Millers—Grandma Rosa's family—having a sojourn in Oklahoma? When Rosa was a girl, her aunts Charlotte and Joby, Katie Raber Miller's sisters, took the train down to Oklahoma. This was part of the Land Rush. Then Rosa and her parents, Katie and Samuel P. Miller, joined them. In the process, Katie gave birth to one of her sons, Chris Miller, in a pioneer shack in Kansas.

That's a whole other story. It's just one of those interesting things that my Grandma Rosa told us, how she stayed with her mother and the baby in this pioneer shack in Kansas. Grandma tells about how when she was there, the Indians came and demanded food and horses from them, and the pioneers had not much choice but to give them what they wanted. Here again, it's like "cowboys and Indians," but we were there. Our family was there.

Eventually Rosa's father took the one wagon and went back to Missouri, and then he returned later on the train, and then they all took the second wagon back to Missouri.

V: I'd love to hear any other stories that you have about Rosa. I'm also curious about the thread of depression and mental health stuff that runs through the history of the two Jonathan Kings: Jonathan D. King, who was Amos's great-grandfather, and Jonathan N. King, who was Amos's grandpa.

F: In my research I kept running across the fact that Jonathan D. King, the first of the two Jonathans, died in an insane hospital in

Indianapolis, Indiana. The terminology makes us cringe these days. This just bugged me, and I couldn't seem to find any more about it than that. It was just that he died in an insane hospital.

I eventually discovered that there was in fact a mental hospital in Indianapolis, and I guess because of time and whatever else, it was once called the Insane Hospital. My niece Crystal Hershberger Johnson and her husband Kim, who are a nurse and a social worker in Indianapolis, were able to find the medical records pertaining to my great-great-grandfather, Jonathan D. King.

V: Wow.

F: We know now that there are genetic predispositions for that kind of stuff, but Jonathan D. King's diagnosis was chronic severe melancholia, which we would now call depression. The diagnosis was that his severe chronic melancholia was because of financial and family problems.

As I piece things together, Jonathan D. King moved with his father to the Hawpatch, a semi-marshy area in northeast Indiana. There are a lot of lakes around, and it's low flat country, and the land was covered with hawthorn trees. Now, I don't know if you're familiar with hawthorns or not. They're between a tree and a bush that are covered with thorny spines, and they're almost impossible to get rid of, but Jonathan D. had to try to carve a farm out of this hawthorn, and life was rough.

The story from the hospital is that one day Jonathan D. walked away from the house, and when they caught him walking down the road, he didn't know who he was or where he was. That was the precipitating incident which led to his being committed to this mental hospital.

I think this was in September of 1899, and he was there until December when he caught pneumonia and died of pneumonia in the mental hospital. That is the first evidence that we have of

mental illness in our family.

Now, of course, there may be some relationship to the Ellis-Van Creveld business. If it causes mental retardation, it's also possible that under certain conditions it could at least contribute to mental illness. To the best of our knowledge, the next place where it cropped up was with my uncle, so your great-uncle Samuel King that your grandfather would've talked about.

Are you familiar with the fact that Jonathan N. King and Mary Gerber King, Harry's parents, were divorced?

V: Yes. I just know the basics. What I've heard is that Harry was still a baby, one year old or so. Mary said she was going to spend Christmas with her family, took Harry with her, and just never came back.

V: So Jonathan N. divorced her for desertion, right?

F: My dad (Frank King Sr., Amos's brother) didn't know about it. He was sure his mother (Rosa King) didn't know, either. However, in my research of records that were available, I came across an abstract from Noble County, Indiana that mentioned the divorce between Jonathan N. King and Mary M. King. I said, "Whoa." I called up and they said, "Yes, we got that."

I got on the train and went to Indiana. I went to the Noble and LaGrange County courthouses to see these records. They go back in the archives and they pull out these brown envelopes and bring them out to me. There's the whole thing, the complaint by Jonathan of abandonment. I saw the petition for the divorce, and then the actual order of divorce by the judge.

I stood there at that counter and I held those papers in my hand. I thought, these things have been here for over 100 years and nobody has known or cared about it, and I'm holding in my hand this information that our family didn't know about until now.

I stood there and wept.

V: I'm assuming divorce was not nearly as common then as it is now.

F: Yes. I thought, "Oh boy, how could he -- he's a Mennonite -- go through with that?" But then I was reminded that in Mennonite circles, divorce isn't the problem; rather, it's divorce and remarriage. The remarriage is the bad part. Jonathan N. King did not remarry before Mary died. Then he married Celia Miller, and you probably know that story. Jonathan and Celia had four children, and two of them, Orland and Opal, lived into adulthood, but never married. They were a bit strange. I met them when I was going to college at Goshen.

V: What was their deal? What were they like?

F: They were small people, but hardy country people, uneducated. As brother and sister, they ran the farm and they never married. They had the family Bible that Jonathan N. had bought when he was married to Mary. It's got one of those fancy leather covers, embossed in gold foil with the names JN King and M King.

My dad was the only one in the family that really befriended Opal and Orland. See, they would've been his half-aunt and half-uncle. When they died in a nursing home, they didn't have anything except their personal possessions, and what they had the nursing home sold, except they called Dad and said, "Hey, Frank, we've got this family Bible. It really isn't that valuable, but it surely is valuable to your family."

My dad went to Indiana and got it. It has the big center pages with all the births and deaths and that kind of stuff. I have inherited that. I did have it rebound because it was coming apart, but it's a pretty decent book right now. It's probably four inches thick.

Anyhow, the other two children of Jonathan and Celia died before adulthood. One of them was a teenager, and he died on July 1st of

one year, and his younger brother was born July 2nd, the very next day. Now, can you imagine having a son die and a day later giving birth to another one? Obviously, the trauma of the one death would have precipitated the birth.

Jonathan N. and Celia's children would've been my great-great half-uncles and aunts. That's not necessarily about Harry and Rosa, but this is within my lifetime that I knew some of these people.

Oh, one other thing I did in my wanderings and questionings: one year I went to Cripple Creek, Colorado and I spent three days, including one full day with the curator of the local museum.

We dug through old records and documents and newspapers. I wanted so bad to find something that had my great-grandmother's name on it. I came up empty, but the curator of museum said, "Frank, the one thing that we do know for sure is there is no record." Cripple Creek, which was the county seat of that district at the time, actually burnt to the ground three times between 1895 and 1901.

Most of the records were just gone. They're just gone. The only evidence we have of our family's history in Cripple Creek is that my dad had a lump of gold ore that his father had given him, or it may have been left at the farm in North Dakota. My dad brought it with him when he came to Pennsylvania, but anyhow, he had this lump of gold ore that had been inscribed on the bottom when and where it was from. One of my nieces now has that.

V: That's very cool.

F: Yes. Like I said sometimes my curiosity has taken me there, wherever there is, because I wanted the answers. In that case, I didn't find the answer that I wanted but there's enough family tradition for us to be able to believe.

The story had been that Harry was with his mother Mary in Cripple Creek, Colorado, and I've been able to find some evidence that he

and Mary had been in the town of Anaconda, which is in the Cripple Creek Gold Mining District, but not Cripple Creek per se. That's, again, just one of those stories that says we are somebody. We're Kings, not royalty or nobility, but we have links into historical things.

There's a book called Cripple Creek Days about the Cripple Creek gold mining experience. It tells a story that we are convinced relates to my grandfather, your great-grandfather—Harry Lee King. This young local boy had a burrow. He would take his burrow and meet the people bringing supplies, at first via stagecoach, and later on via train. They built a railroad to Cripple Creek in 1895. This boy would get supplies that the miners had ordered. He would take it on his burrow back up into the mountains to these gold miners. He was apparently fairly well-known.

At one point in time, there was an uprising among the gold miners. They called themselves Coxey's Army. They came through and confiscated his burrow, and left him empty-handed. This story is in that book, *Cripple Creek Days*. Now, no names were given, but this story is so like the story my dad once told us that we believe that's Harry Lee King and his burrow.[2]

V: Wow.

F: Oh, one other thing I wanted to tell you. Grandma Rosa Lee Miller's immigrant ancestor was a Christian Daniel Miller who came to America and settled in Shillington, now a suburb of Reading, Pennsylvania, where he built a house. He was married when he came to America, but his wife died shortly after he arrived. He went back to Germany – imagine repeating that two, three-month trip on the boat -- and found another wife. He married her in Germany and returned to America, where he continued to build his house.

I've been in the house in Shillington, Pennsylvania. It's a big old stone house. Up in the attic, Christian Daniel Miller had carved his initials in one of the rafters. It is now a historical site. There was a

small family cemetery in an orchard behind the house, but in the early 1900s, the city wanted to build a network of streets, and one of the planned streets was to go through the orchard. The Miller descendants said, “No, you’re not going to move our ancestors’ bones. They’re going to stay right there.” The city said, “Okay.” They built the road over top of the cemetery.

Christian Daniel Miller, our immigrant ancestor, is buried under the street in Shillington, Pennsylvania. There is a curved stone in the edge of the sidewalk that looks like a small gravestone, carved with his name and dates.

V: Frank, it’s been wonderful learning from you. I appreciate you taking this time to tell some of these stories.

F: The reason I do this, Vic, is because I want our descendants to know these stories. I don’t want them to die.

V: Same here.

Seventh Generation

Amos' 4th Great-Grandparents

Samuel Koenig, son of Christian Abraham Koenig and Anna Maria Weymart, was born in 1724 in Berne Canton, Switzerland, died about 1782 in Cumru Township, Berks, PA about age 58, and was buried in Cumru Township, Berks, PA, USA.

Samuel Koenig was born about 1724 in Europe and came to America December 22, 1744. He married Anna Yoder who was born about 1728, the daughter of widow Barbara Yoder. The marriage took place around 1750 and was likely one of the first ones performed by Bishop Jacob Hertzler who came to America in 1749. Samuel and Anna (Yoder) Koenig were the parents of 14 children, all of whom grew to maturity and had families of their own.

In August and early September of 1744, Samuel, Christian and Jacob Koenig crossed Western Europe to reach Rotterdam. It was an unusual time to make this journey, but 1744 was an unusual year. Europe was caught up in the turmoil of the War of the Austrian Succession (1740-48).

Even the ship that was chosen for the journey was a little out of the ordinary. It was a galley constructed at Muscliffe near Bournemouth, on the southern coast of England. A galley is a wooden sailing ship that can also be powered by oarsmen. This was particularly useful moving in and out of harbors (Captain Kidd sailed a galley because it gave him an advantage in calm seas). The disadvantage was that its freeboard had to be relatively low, allowing ocean waves to lap onto its decks in high seas. All cargo had to be stowed below, taking space from passengers.

The vessel departed from Rotterdam in mid-September. At about that time French troops under the personal direction of King Louis XV were laying siege to the university town of Freiburg im Breisgau in Baden. The ship stopped at the customs house at Cowes on the Isle of Wight, midway along the southern coast of England. From there it headed west. Without fair winds the King family might have had a very different history, because somewhere in the next 30 miles it was pursued by a French privateer. However, it managed to reach Poole safely. We assume this was the homeport, because it was the lifelong home of its master, George Durell.

From Poole the ship made a 3,490-mile transit to Philadelphia, where it arrived Dec. 22, 1744. It was certainly unusual to travel in winter, and it must have been a brutal passage. The story of the voyage was published in Ben Franklin's *PA Gazette* on Christmas Day. Ben himself may have interviewed George Durell, who was probably anxious to tell his story of pursuit by a privateer. The story would justify a transatlantic passage out of season in such an unsuitable but nimble vessel.

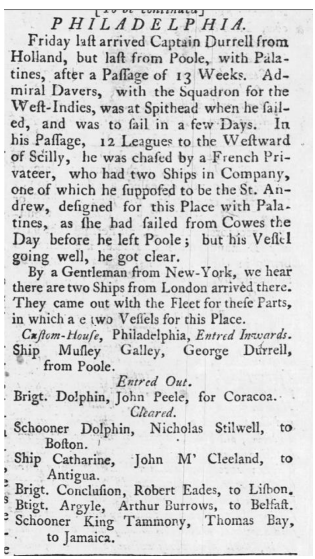
A typical full fare for the voyage would have cost between 6 and 10 pounds. In modern buying power, the equivalent would be $1,346-$2,244. We can probably assume that the three Koenigs paid at least the average, if not more; given their later buying history, they likely had substantial resources.

Who the European ancestors of Samuel Koenig are not at all clear. It does appear that he was born about 1727 in or around a place called Katharinental. It is also not clear when he became a member of the Amish religious faith. It does appear that he had made that decision prior to coming to America as he came to America with Amish immigrants and eventually settled among them. There is some thought that his ancestors were of Jewish origins.

The trip to American in 1744 (Samuel would have been 17 years old) began by a journey down the Rhine River, on a flat boat, from

the region of France or Germany where they originated, to Rotterdam where he boarded a ship across the English Channel to London and/or Cowes. There he boarded the ship *Muscliffe Galley*. The following is an account in the Philadelphia Journal of January 1745:

"Friday last (Christmas Eve 1744) arrived Captain Durrel from Holland, but last from Poole, with Palatines, after a passage of 13 weeks. Admiral Deavers, with a squadron for the West Indies, was at Spithead when he sailed, and was to sail in a few days. In his passage to the westward of Scilly, he was chased by a French Privateer, who had two ships in company, one of which he supposed to be the St. Andrew, designed for this place from Cowes the day before he left Poole; but his vessel going



PHILADELPHIA.

Friday laſt arrived Captain Durrell from Holland, but laſt from Poole, with Palatines, after a Paſſage of 13 Weeks. Admiral Davers, with the Squadron for the Weſt-Indies, was at Spithead when he ſailed, and was to ſail in a few Days. In his Paſſage, 12 Leagues to the Weſtward of Scilly, he was chaſed by a French Privateer, who had two Ships in Company, one of which he ſuppoſed to be the St. Andrew, deſigned for this Place with Palatines, as ſhe had ſailed from Cowes the Day before he left Poole; but his Veſſel going well, he got clear.

By a Gentleman from New-York, we hear there are two Ships from London arrived there. They came out with the Fleet for theſe Parts, in which a e two Veſſels for this Place.

Cuſtom-Houſe, Philadelphia, *Entred Inwards*.

Ship Muſley Galley, George Durrell, from Poole.

Entred Out.

Brigt. Dolphin, John Peele, for Coracoa.

Cleared.

Schooner Dolphin, Nicholas Stilwell, to Boſton.

Ship Catharine, John M' Cleeland, to Antigua.

Brigt. Concluſion, Robert Eades, to Liſbon.

Brigt. Argyle, Arthur Burrows, to Belfaſt.

Schooner King Tammony, Thomas Bay, to Jamaica.

well, he got clear."

So Samuel experienced not only the usual rigors of the trip to America in the 18th century, but the challenge of being nearly accosted by pirates or privateers. A Christian Koenig and a Jacob Koenig accompanied him, but there is no indication of if or how

they were related to Samuel. There is evidence that they had arrived safely in Philadelphia and had purchased parcels of land but there was no record of the disposition of the land, no evidence of spouses or children and no wills or disbursement of the property.

At that time, although it was never enacted into law, the practice for the Quakers who ruled Philadelphia, was to require the Amish to settle no less than 50 miles from Philadelphia. Lancaster County and Bucks and Montgomery Counties were already fairly well settled by the Mennonites so their only real option was to settle along the Fishkill Creek near the base of the Blue Mountain in extreme Northwestern Berks County.

For some reason, Samuel do not go to that area although his Brother Christian did take a warrant for land in the area. Instead he settled for a number of years in Oley, Berks county 20 or so miles closer to Philadelphia. Records show that Christian Koenig had purchase some land in the Fishkill area but was never developed or claimed by any family members.

In 1761, he purchase, along with Johannes Hertzler, about 128 acres of land, in Cumru Township along the south bank of the Schuylkill River, and the Angelica Creek. He later purchased Hertzler's share. This community has been referred to as the Maidencreek, Cumru or "Redinger Gemein" (Reading Region). It also encompasses much of what is now Alvernia College. He also purchased other parcels of land in the area some of which he purchased from Thomas Mifflin, who became the first elected governor of PA.

Samuel married Anna Elizabeth Yoder, daughter of Jacob (who died en route to America) and Barbara (known as "Widow Barbara") Yoder. They had 14 children who grew to adulthood. By 1800 they had all anglicized their names to "King" and had moved away from Berks County. They two exceptions were Michael and Abraham Koenig who settled in Bern Township, left the Amish faith, and are

the progenitors of many Koenigs living yet in Berks County.

It is of note that among the Amish of Lancaster County there is a genetic disorder known as the Ellis van Creveld. It is characterized by dwarfism, some form of cognitive deficiency, multiple digits and abnormal teeth structures among others. The significant thing here is that of all the individuals diagnosed with this syndrome the only two ancestors shared by them are Samuel and Anna Yoder Koenig. It is even referred to a "Samuel's Curse."

Samuel married Anna Elizabeth Yoder. Children from this marriage were:

Anna Koenig was born in Europe and died in Sep 1816 in Berks, PA, USA.

Barbara Koenig was born in 1751 and died on 2 Jul 1794 in Lancaster, PA, at age 43. Another name for Barbara was King.

Magdelena Koenig was born in 1754 and died in 1814 at age 60.

Elizabeth Koenig was born in 1755 in Berks, PA, and died in 1823 in Lancaster, PA, at age 68.

John "Johannes" King was born in 1757 in Berks, PA, and died on 3 Apr 1829 in Lancaster, PA, at age 72.

Jacob Koenig was born in 1758 in Berks, PA, and died in 1822 in Mifflin, PA, at age 64.

Christian Y. Koenig

Samuel King II was born in 1762 in Berks, PA and died on 29 Mar 1833 in Little Britain, Lancaster, PA at age 71.

Catherine Koenig was born in Jun 1763.

Abraham Koenig was born on 5 Jan 1767 in Berks, PA and died on 28 Feb 1841 in Berks, PA at age 74.

David Koenig was born in 1768.

- Michael Koenig was born in 1770 and died in Jun 1835 at age 65.
- Veronica Koenig was born in 1772 and died in 1827 at age 55.
- Solomon Koenig was born in 1778 in Berks, PA and died in 1804 in Lancaster, PA at age 26.

Samuel's last will and testament read as follows, in the old English translation from the original German made by the Register's Office:

In the Name of God Amen

I, Samuel Kinnig in Cumru Township in Berks County and in the province of Pennsylvania Yeoman, am thanks be to God, yet by good understanding and memory, but I having considered the mortality of mankind, do hereby make my last will and testament, and dispose of my worldly estate in manner and form following, that is to say, but in the first place I commend my immortal soul in the hands of the great and merciful God, who hath given me the same and order that my body be buried in a Christian-like manner in the earth out of which I was taken, and that all my just debts shall be paid through my executors which shall be named hereafter.

I give and bequeath to my wife Anna Kinnig her good widow seat as long as she lives on this present dwelling place. In case she should intermarry again nothing shall be deduced from her of my bequests as follows. In the first place shall at any time at her request be built a good dwelling house of the length of 24 feet and breadth 18 feet. At such place as she will choose on my above mentioned place, sufficient to live in at her pleasure. Likewise shall be given in the same house a good ten plate pipestove, and firewood to be hauled and cut as much as she may want. Also a garden to be permitted her nigh the house as large as she pleases to have, and the above mentioned garden shall go through the possession of my land and at all times kept in good order. Likewise shall the house through the same be kept in good order. Also 200 pounds of current money

shall be given to her for her use. Also shall be given to her yearly 8 pounds of current money and 150 pounds of good pork and 60 pounds of good beef and turnips and potatoes as many as she shall want. Also shall be given to her 4 pounds of hog's lard and 20 pounds of tallow. Also 4 pounds of flax and 4 pounds of tow and a creel to drive if she chooses to go abroad. Also a cow which shall be kept and fed on and from the corn of said place. And a warm stable nigh the house and straw for the cow as much as she wants. Also 10 pounds of good wool and two barrels of cider of the last apples, if any, and apples as many as she wants and four gallons of the best rum or apple liquor. Also 15 bushels of wheat and 10 bushels of rye, 5 bushels of buckwheat, a good clock, a good table, a good chest. Also a good kitchen dresser and benches and chairs as many as she will have.

To my will that my loving wife, Anna Kinnig, shall continue housekeeping with my children as long as she and my executors see fit. Then my land shall be appraised and valued through 6 impartial men who shall be chosen by my executors, and shall be one or two of the youngest boys that will be fit at such time or any of the best if the youngest will not take it for the sum appraised.

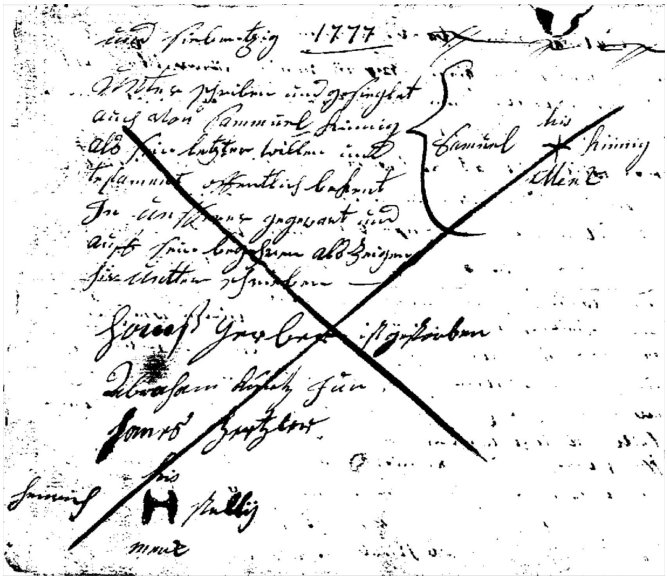
'Tis further my will if none of my boys shall be that would have an inclination for my above my above mentioned land. Then my will is that all my land shall be sold by a public venue or as the executors shall see fit. And the money arising therefrom to be divided in equal shares among my then living children. Only to my eldest son, John Kinnig, I give and bequeath the sum of 10 pounds first of all, but if one or the other of my named children as John Kinnig, Jacob Kinnig, Christian Kinnig, Samuel Kinnig, Abraham Kinnig, David Kinnig, Michael Kinnig, Solomon Kinnig, Ann Magdalene Kinnig, Barbara Kinnig, Anna Kinnig, Catherine Kinnig, Froeny Kinnig should intermarry then my will is that they shall be assisted through my executors as much as possible.

My will is that if in any case my loving wife shall quit housekeeping all my personal estate of any name whatsoever to be sold by a public venue and to be divided among the then-living children in equal shares. Further my will is that if one or the other of my above named children shall die without issue and before they have attained the age of twenty-one years, then it shall be divided among the then living children in equal shares.

I nominate as executors of this my last will and testament my trusty wife Anna Kinnig and trusty son John Kinnig, and my trusty friend Jacob Kurtz in Cumru Township in Berks County. And I give them or the survivors of them full power, strength, and authority to give over all my land situated in Cumru Township in Berks County. Unto my heirs for them their heirs and assigns forever. Unto them give a good deed or deeds or other conveniences or conveyances to the purchaser thereof assigns forever, and to seal, deliver and publicly acknowledge the same before a magistrate, in short to fulfill everything necessary to become in such cases according to law. And lastly, I make hereby null and void all and each will and testament by me heretofore made, and I say and acknowledge this to be my last will and testament and no other, in witness whereof I have put my hand and seal the sixteenth day of January in the year one thousand, seven hundred and seventy-seven.

Signed and sealed also by Samuel Kinnig. Publicly acknowledged as his last will and testament in our presence at his request as witnesses have signed hereunto.

(Signed by Samuel Kinnig, John Gerber, Abraham Kurtz, Hans Hertzler, and Henry Stehley)



The signatures on the original will - Samuel's is at the bottom

Anna Elizabeth Yoder, daughter of Christian Jacob Yoder and Barbara "Widow" Rupp, was born in 1728 in Steffisburg, Bern, Switzerland and died after 1792 in Cumru, Berks, PA, United States.

She immigrated From Rotterdam,Netherlands to Philadelphia, PA on Ship *Francis & Elizabeth* on 21 Sep 1742. Her father died at sea on the journey. Her mother Barbara and the children including Anna arrived at Philadelphia Sept. 21, 1742. Anna Yoder married Samuel Koenig in Berks County. The marriage took place around 1750 and was likely one of the first ones performed by Bishop Jacob Hertzler who came to America in 1749. Samuel and Anna (Yoder) Koenig were the parents of 14 children, all of whom grew to maturity and had families of their own. The year is open to question; their first child is thought to have been born in 1745 or 1748, depending on who is reading her worn headstone.

The first known American home of Samuel and Anna was Upper Bern Township (now Tilden Township) in the Northkill Creek Amish settlement. It was the earliest identified Amish Mennonite settlement in the new world. It was situated just below Blue

Mountain, a ridge that runs 150 miles from Maryland across PA to New Jersey. The land was cheap, but was poorly situated for defense. Upper Bern was actually at the extreme western edge of the American frontier until Aug. 22, 1749. On that day William Penn's sons Thomas and Richard Penn paid combined tribes 500 pounds for additional land north of Blue Mountain.

Stephen "Burcki" Kurtz, son of Stephen Kurtz and Magdalena Burcki, was born on 23 Jul 1724 in Switzerland and died in 1773 in Berks, PA, USA at age 49.

Stephen and Hans Kurtz arrived in Philadelphia on December 22 1744 aboard the ship *Muscliffe Gallery*, the same ship as Samuel Koenig. They were 22 and 20 years of age at arrival.

They settled side by side on the east side of Jacob Berkey, extending the cluster of Amish properties along the Irish Creek another two farms to the east. Dividing a tract they had bought from an Englishman, each brother added additional available adjoining land to his own. Neither Hans nor Stephen seem to have married until they were about twenty six. Hans served the Northkill congregation as a deacon in his later years. A metal plate attached to a 1580 Froschauer bible the brothers brought with them is inscribed with the letters "H" and "ST K" indicating joint ownership. From a family record on one of the heirloom bible's flyleaves we learn that their father, Steffen Kurtz of Steffisburg, was married to Magdalena Burcki in 1714.

This may suggest that the Kurtz brother's nearest neighbor, the Northkill settlement pioneer Jacob Berkey, was their uncle. Other information in the Bible record indicates that the brothers had come from the Hochburger congregation near Emmendigen, east of the Rhine, more specifically from a farm named Hof Thingen. Another source, however, reveals that immediately prior to their emigration they lived at Steinweiler in the Palatinate.

Stephen married Veronica "Frena" Yoder. Children from this

marriage were:

- Magdelena Kurtz was born on 4 Jun 1756 in Conestoga, PA and died in Huntingdon, PA.
- Catherine Kurtz
- Mary Kurtz was born on 17 May 1764 in Caernarvon Township, Lancaster, PA, died on 5 Aug 1845 in Berks, PA at age 81, and was buried in Pine Grove Cemetery, Caernarvon, Berks, PA.

Stephen next married Veronica Yoder. A child from this marriage was:

- Barbara Kurtz was born on 25 Feb 1751 and died after 1813.

Veronica "Frena" Yoder, daughter of Christian "der schweitzer Christ" Yoder and Barbara S. Gerber, was born about 1725 in Switzerland and died about 1788 in Lebanon, PA about age 61.

When Veronica Yoder was born in 1725 in Switzerland, her father, Christian, was 26 and her mother, Barbara, was 17. She married Stephen B. Kurtz in 1748 in Lancaster, PA. They had three children in 14 years. She died in 1788 in Lebanon County, PA, at the age of 63.

Rudolph Detweiler, son of Melchior Detweiler and Maria Ulrica Detweiler, was born in 1720 in PA and died on 8 Nov 1797 in Tulpehocken, Berks, PA at age 77.

The Melchoir Detweiler family originated in Switzerland. When persecution of the Anabaptists started, the family moved to the Palatines, a province of France. Melchoir likely sided with Jacob Amman, rather than Hans Reist in their differences in religious practices. Melchoir, his wife and five sons immigrated on the ship *Princess Augusta*, which departed Rotterdam, Holland, and arrived Sept. 16, 1736. They settled in Berks County and built a small stone house which still is standing, but in a sad state of repair. This house

is thought to be the homestead and likely burial place of Melchoir's first wife who died by 1785. Melchior then married a widow, Maria Ulrica Willberger. We have no record of when Maria or Melchoir died - likely after 1760. The Detweiler stone house currently is in a development area. Its historical status is keeping it from demolition and Detweiler descendants are raising funds for its restoration.

Rudolph, son of Melchoir, immigrated with his parents at the age of three, grew to manhood, owned a grist mill, married and raised a family of four boys and three girls. After receiving the patent on his Berks County property, Rudolph named it Hopewell, then sold it. The funds were used to finance his oldest son Christian in the establishment of a new homestead.

In about 1787, Rudolph moved with his son Christian, and possibly his oldest daughter, Catherine, to Bedford County (now Somerset County). Christian married Barbara Fisher in July 1787. The place of birth of their first child is not known, but by the time their second child, Jacob, was born in Sept. 1790, they were living in Somerset County. Two years later, December 1792, when their third child Christian was born, they were in Big Valley.

Rudolph and his son Christian had decided to move east to Huntingdon County. The upper end of Kishacoquillas Valley is part of Huntingdon County, while the rest of the valley is in Mifflin County. Rudolph purchased 300 acres in Brady Township of Huntingdon County. This farm is located on Route 655 about a mile west of Allendale and today is farmed by Aaron Swarey, whose wife, Fannie Detweiler, is the sixth great granddaughter of Rudolph Detweiler. Rudolph died in 1797. Tradition says he selected a place on his son's farm for a graveyard and that he was the second one buried in the cemetery on this farm. Some of six generations of his descendants are buried there. Rudolph's will, on which he made his mark, was written in 1794. The will was not filed in Huntingdon County, but later in Reading, Berks County, in 1797. Rudolph

married Sarah Kolb. Children from this marriage were:

- Christian Detweiler
- Catherine “Katie” Detweiler was born in 1765 in Berks, PA and died in 1827 in Somerset, PA at age 62.

Rudolph next married someone, name unknown. His child was:

- Rudolph Detwiler was born on 13 Feb 1771, died on 18 Mar 1837 in Hespeler, Waterloo County, Ontario, Canada at age 66, and was buried in Wanner Mennonite Cemetery, Waterloo County, Ontario, Canada.

Sarah Kolb was born on 17 Jun 1732 in Philadelphia, Philadephia, PA, died on 8 Jan 1778 in Montgomery, PA at age 45, and was buried in Skippack, Montgomery, PA.

Christian Fisher, son of Ulrich Fischer and Elizabeth de Hoff, was born in 1727 in Chester, Delaware, PA, United States and died in 1768 in Chester, PA at age 41.

On September 15, 1749 the ship *Phoenix* arrived with five hundred and fifty passengers, the largest cargo of human ’freights’ to arrive on a single vessel in Philadelphia up to that date. Aboard the ship was a motley group of Amish. Their names scattered about singly or in clusters of two, three, or more throughout the entire ship’s passenger list, suggests that these had come from many different areas and lacked any such organization as the 1742 group under Christian Yoder had shown. Even Captain Mason’s unusual description of his passengers as originating “from Zweybrech, Nassau, Wurttemberg, & the Palatinate,” indicates that the ship’s passengers as a whole were of widely separated origins and areas. Christian Fisher took up a tract of 138 acres along the south boundaries of the Kauffman and Yoder farms in the northeast community 1/2 mile north of Honey Brook. Because his first child was born early in April of 1750, it is quite certain he was married shortly before leaving Europe. He may have been a brother of the

Ulrich Fisher who came with other Amish on September 23, 1752, and if so, then a brother of Benedict Fisher who served as a minister in the Durlacher congregation in Germany.

He died of injuries received from a crosscut saw at a young age. Later his widow and family moved to Malvern. Their son, Christian II became a Bishop and moved to Lancaster County in 1792.

Christian married Magdalena Yoder. Children from this marriage were:

- Barbara Fisher
- Christian Fisher was born on 26 Apr 1757 in PA and died on 19 Nov 1838 in Lancaster, PA at age 81.
- Elizabeth Fisher
- Anna Fisher was born in 1766 in Conestoga, PA and died in Mifflin, PA.

Magdalena Yoder, daughter of Christian Jacob Yoder and Barbara "Widow" Rupp, was born about 1724 in Berne Canton, Switzerland and died after 1786. She immigrated on the ship *Francis & Elizabeth* from Rotterdam, Netherlands on 21 Sep 1742 to Philadephia, PA. She married Christian Fisher in 1749. He was born 1724 in Bern Canton, Switzerland and died 1768 in Chester County, PA. Magdalena next married John "Indian John" Miller, son of Christian Daniel Miller and Anna Mishler. She died in 1759 at age 35.

Johann Melchior Plank, son of Jacob Blankenberg and Mary Catherine Beck, was born on 15 Oct 1741 in Bern, Switzerland and died in 1816 in Mifflin, PA at age 75.

Melchior (or Melchor) Plank moved to Holland (Rotterdam) due to religious persecution. He was married there. He and his wife went to see some friends off on a ship bound for America. The captain of the ship invited Melchior and his wife to spend the night on the ship because, after all, they would never see their friends again. The

captain assured them that they would not be leaving until the morning. However, the captain did set sail in the middle of the night, effectively kidnapping the Planks.

Upon arriving in Philadelphia, they were prohibited from leaving the ship until their fees were paid. It was during this time, on board ship that their child was born. The Captain threatened that unless their fees were paid, he would take them on the Jamaica, his next stop, where he would sell them as slaves.

The Planks were then sold in order to pay for their passage. Having arrived In Philadelphia Oct. 29, 1767 they were sold for passage on Nov. 27, 1767 to Jason Cloud. They were then resold to Howard Hughes on Jan. 16, 1769 and on June 22, 1772, Jacob Morgan (the source of the name for Morgantown, PA) paid Howard Hughes 5 pounds for their release. Thus Johan Melchior Blankenburg entered the employ of Jacob Morgan and tended the farm for this man who was later called “Colonel” Morgan of Morgantown, PA. Mr. Blankenburg (Plank) worked for Col. Morgan during the Revolution and perhaps for the remainder of his life. The name was changed to Plank before he died as the will filed in Union Township, Mifflin County, PA in 1816 and the tombstone were both signed “Plank.” In Locust Grove Cemetery near Bellville in Union Township, Mifflin County, PA, are stone slabs which mark the graves of John Melchior Plank and wife, Margaret with a date of 1816. Some sources refer to Him as “Doctor” Johan Melchior Plank.

Johann married Margaretha Schnader. Children from this marriage were:

- Jacob Plank
- John Plank was born in 1774 in PA and died in 1825 in Holmes, Ohio at age 51.

Margaretha Schnader was born about 1740 and died on 20 Oct 1816 in Heidelberg, Lebanon, PA about age 76.

Yost Jacob Yoder, son of Yost Ochsenbein Yoder and Elisabeth Catharina Weber Kuhlewein, was born in 1718 in Oley, Berks, PA, United States, died in 1812 in Reading, Berks, PA, United States at age 94, and was buried in Apr 1812 in Union Cemetery, Pleasantville, Berks, PA.

Johannes Yoder, often called Yost, was born in 1718. After 1752 he moved to Reading, where he died April 7, 1812, and his remains were interred on his father's land at Yottersville (Yodersville), named after his family, now in Pleasantville, in Oley township. In 1747 he married Catharine Lyster (Lesher), and her tombstone records "b. 1730, d. 1812, having lived married 66 years and aged 82 years.

Yost married Elizabeth Catherine Eister in 1755 in PA. Children from this marriage were:

- Christian "County Line" Yoder was born on 3 Dec 1761 in PA, died on 27 Dec 1847 in Mifflin, PA at age 86, and was buried in Allensville, Mifflin, PA, United States of America.
- Mary Yoder

Elizabeth Catherine Eister, daughter of Johan Georg Eister and Catharina Arend, was born on 23 Dec 1730 in PA, died on 14 Jan 1812 in Oley, Berks, PA, United States at age 81, and was buried in Pleasantville, Oley Township, PA. Another name for Elizabeth was Oyster.

Jacob Kurtz, son of Abraham Kurtz and Martgaret Bollinger, was born on 27 Aug 1747 in Berks, PA, died on 20 Jan 1816 in Little Britain, Lancaster, PA at age 68, and was buried in Kurtz Graveyard, Salisbury Township, Lancaster, PA.

Jacob Kurtz is found on the 1785 tax list of Cumru as the owner of 400 acres, 6 horses, 7 cattle, and 15 sheep; 15 people lived in his household. Shortly after 1787 they relocated to Tredyffrin in Chester County, where Jacob sold or transferred land to his son

Abraham. In 1807 they purchased land at Little Britain from Samuel King Jr. (their son-in-law married to Catherine Kurtz). A Little Britain 'direct tax' list from 1815 said he owned 195 acres. When Jacob died, widow Barbara Ritter went to Manor Township to live with a son, Jacob Jr.

Jacob married Barbara Ritter in 1768 in Berks, PA. Children from this marriage were:

- Abraham Kurtz
- Catherine Kurtz was born in 1771.
- Barbara Kurtz was born in 1774 in Berks, PA and died in 1839 at age 65.

Barbara Ritter, daughter of George Ritter and Maria Elisabeth Dieter, was born in 1745 in Berks, PA and died on 8 Feb 1845 in Berks, PA at age 100.

Of all family histories there is probably none more difficult to trace then that of the Ritter family. The name means Knight and was originated in the Middle Ages, when the crusades were organized to redeem the Holy Land. A society having for its objective the defense of the faith, the protection of the weak and the honor of womankind. It originated in Europe. This society was called the Die Ritterschaft, meaning Knighthood. History informs us that this society flourished for a few centuries and many people of rank as well as many people of middle and lower classes belonged to it. This society became corrupt and was disbanded. The people of this time had no surnames but began to assume them. Many if not all Ritters belonged to this society and assumed the name of Ritter. Thus in a very short time a large Ritter Family was brought into being in central Europe. Their principal stronghold seems to have been in the Palatinate, as nearly all the emigrations to America were from this place.

Most of the Ritter Families, and those connected with them through

marriage, living in the Lehigh and Northampton counties of PA and north of Allentown are descendants of Casper Ritter, his three brothers Paul, Henry, Martin, and Sisters Anna and Barbara.

Johannes Gerber, son of **Hans Christian Gerber** and **Katharina Luethi,** was born about 1723 in Berne Canton, Switzerland, died on 13 May 1777 in Cumru Township, Berks, PA about age 54, and was buried in May 1777 in Fix-Gerber-Bitting Cemetery, Reading, Berks County, PA.

He immigrated Ship Francis and Elizabeth from Rotterdam, Netherlands on 21 Sep 1742 to Philadelphia, Philadephia, PA. He had a residence in 1762 in Cumru Township, Berks, PA.

John Gerber, the original ancestor came from the vicinity of Becherbach, a village five miles north of Lauterecken, which was about as far north in the Palatinate as Amish were found at the time. He then emigrated from Switzerland in 1763 and settled in Berks County, Pa, removed thence in 1788 to Somerset county, and came thence in 1812 to Stark county, Ohio, and entered section 12, which was then all wilderness. Perhaps the comrades spent some years working as farmhands in the Northkill Amish community before they married, then settled some twenty miles downstream, near the confluence of the Schuylkill and Wyomissing Rivers.

Johannes married Christina Bowman. Children from this marriage were:

- Magdalena Gerber
- Catherine Gerber was born on 28 Jan 1749 and died on 18 May 1783 in Berks, PA at age 34.

Christina Bowman was born in 1727 in Berks, PA and died on 27 Nov 1769 in Cumru Township, Berks, PA at age 42.

The Bowman family arrived in Philadelphia in October of 1737 aboard the ship, *Charming Nancy*, with captain Charles Stedman.

Family members mentioned are Christina Bowman, Anna Margareta Bowman, Hans Jacob Bowman, Elizabetha Bowman, and Hans Gerber and Hans Gerber Sr. They set sail from Rotterdam. The source, Oath of Allegiance to the Province and State of PA 1727-1775 lists Christina, Elizabetha, Ann Margareta and Hans Jacob Bowman. She married Johannes “John” Gerber about 1740, in Berks County, PA. She died on November 27, 1769, in Cumru, PA, at the age of 44.

John Yoder, son of Christian Jacob Joder and Barbara “Widow” Rupp, was born in 1732 in Europe and died in 1804 in Berks, PA at age 72.

He immigrated Ship Francis and Elizabeth from Rotterdam, Netherlands on 21 Sep 1742 to Philadelphia, Philadephia, PA. When John Yoder was born in 1732 his father, Jacob, was 37 and his mother, Barbara, was 29. He married Anna Berkey in 1761 in Berks County, PA.

Both Amish and Quakers who failed to report for ’Muster Day’ in the fall of 1777, as well as five additional training days in 1778, were each fined a total of 2 pounds, 5 shillings and 6 pence. But since it was men rather than money the militia was expected to deliver to the battlefields, a different method was employed in 1779 to persuade the Amish ’Tories’ to participate. In the Northkill and Tulpehocken settlements alone at least fourteen Amish landowners were not assessed for taxes in 1779, the reason being that their farms and chattels had been seized and the owners themselves, with the exception of one or two, were being held in the Reading jail. And as if that were not enough (if tradition can be trusted), “the men were sentenced to be shot and a day set for execution.”

These fourteen Amish farmers included John Yoder.

With the family heads (up to 53 years old) in jail, and the young men escaped to the western frontier, the summer of 1779 must have been an extremely difficult one for the women of these families

since they had only the older men of the community and the children up to eighteen to assist them in the haymaking, grain reaping, corn harvesting, and plowing associated with the summer and fall months on a farm. If the authorities in charge of this maneuver had meant to create a deep impression on the unbendable Amish, they had, no doubt, succeeded in that, but what they may not have anticipated was a lesson for themselves. Instead of yielding on the principle of non-violence, the imprisoned men simply prepared for the worst.

With the established day of execution fast approaching (so the often repeated tradition says), Bishop Jacob Hertzler administered what they fully expected to be their last communion. No doubt, the jail in Reading was the scene of one of the greatest expressions of emotion on Planet Earth on that memorable day. One can imagine too that on that day there was some change of heart in those that had so boldly decreed the fate of the prisoners. The next step in the series of proceedings may well have been induced by such a change of heart on their part.

The reported outcome of the event was that one Henry Hertzell, a pastor of a German Reformed church “appealed to the authorities in behalf of those who fled from Europe to escape military service and who could not now be expected to do what their conscience forbade them to do in Europe.” The appeal was heard, and the peace-loving prisoners were set free. Whether the pastor’s intercession was purely one of his own design, or if he was only a tool to get the authorities out of a knotty situation can only be guessed at, but, no doubt the zealous patriots had learned something of the power of deep-seated conviction, apart from their own.

In 1780 the Amish farmers were again paying taxes on their farmland and chattels, indicating that the seized land and goods had been restored. Berks County tax records for that year indicate that nearly all of the Amish farmers had two cows and two horses

each although one of the five John Yoders in the area had four horses and three cows. In the years 1780 and following the Berks County militia records entered the names of the Amish under a column designated “March or Pay”, and the former system of yearly fines was again put into practice.

John married Anna Berky. A child from this marriage was:

Anna Yoder

Anna Berky, daughter of Jacob Berkey and Elizabeth Mishler, was born in 1740 in Berks, PA and died in 1807 in Berks, PA at age 67.

John K. Wenger, son of Mattyas Wenger and Madlena Wyler, was born in 1715 in Wenger, Canton, Bern, Switzerland and died in 1801 at Sea at age 86. According to family tradition, a member of this family returned to Europe from America to get his wife and family and died on the ship coming back about 1801. The family, landing at Philadelphia, went on to Cambria County but found the claim occupied by someone else.

Nevertheless, they settled down in that county to make their home in the wilderness. This story may apply to Jacob K., although there is the date of death for him of 1815.

John married Miss Ryer in Switzerland. A child from this marriage was:

Christian Wingard

Miss Ryer was born in 1735 in Wenger, Canton, Bern, Switzerland.

Stephen Kauffman, son of Isaac Kauffman and Anna Streit, was born in 1725 in Steffisburg, Bern, Switzerland and died in 1802 in Berks, PA at age 77. Stephen married Barbara Joder. A child from this marriage was:

Christian Kauffman

Barbara Joder was born in 1725 in Bern, Switzerland and died in

1785 in Berks, PA, United States at age 60.

Christian Danielle Miller, son of Christian Daniel Miller and Anna Mishler, was born in 1734 in Jassow, Pommern, Prussia, Germany and died in 1777 in Berks, PA at age 43.

He immigrated. Sailed on the ship Patience. His first wife died leaving no children.He returned to Europe and married in about 1758.

Along the Wyomissing Avenue at 322 South in Shillington at the curb line is a tombstone, erected in memory to Christian Miller and his heirs. They are buried in the middle of South Wyomissing Avenue where the family burial plot was located amidst an apple orchard. For years, traffic on the road from Shillington to Mohnton skirted around the graveyard, but conditions became very hazardous for the drivers. In 1923, Shillington borough council was granted the right to remove the graveyard and leave the remains resting in the middle of the street. The gravesite was macadamed over and a marker was placed in the curb line to mark the location.

This marker bears the inscription: “Daniel Miller,” who arrived from Europe in this country in the year 1750, and also of Christian Miller and relatives of the Miller family.

Daniellie (Daniel) Miller, the American ancestor of this well-known family, crossed the Atlantic ocean on the good ship “Patience,” Capt. Hugh Steel, from Rotterdam, via Cowes, and landed at Philadelphia, Aug. 11, 1750.

He was married (first) to a Miss Hanagy, by whom he had no children, and he went to Germany for his second wife, being married, in about 1758, to Veronica Mishler, who was born in 1736. She bore him the following children:

- Christian “Preacher” Miller was born on 17 Feb 1760 in Berks, PA and died on 20 Feb 1832 in Berks, PA at age 72.

Elizabeth, born Sept. 20, 1762;

Jacob, born July 19, 1764;

Abraham, born May 13, 1766, who became an Amish minister, married Anna Hostedler, and had six children: Christian, Sarah (m. Christian Wisley, an Amish minister), Daniel, Catherine (m. Christian Yoder, an Amish minister), Magdalena (m. Jacob Mast), and Susan (m. (first) Peter Petershine and (second) John Remp);

Susanna, born Oct. 17, 1767;

Fanny, born Sept. 18, 1769;

Barbara, born Jan. 12, 1774; and

Magdalena Miller was born on 21 Sep 1776 in Berks, PA and died in 1886 at age 110.

Veronica Mishler, daughter of Joseph Mishler and Anna Dodorea, was born in 1736 in Germany, died in March 1785 in Somerset, PA at age 49, and was buried in Mar 1785 in Solomon Miller Cemetery, Somerset County, PA.

John Jacob Hochstetler, son of Jacob “Hofstetler” Hochstetler and Anna Lorentz, was born in 1730 in Berne Canton, Switzerland, died on 11 April 1805 in Elk Lick Springs, Somerset, PA, United States at age 75, and was buried in April 1805 in Hochstetler Cemetery, Somerset County, PA.

He immigrated on the ship *Charming Nancy* from Rotterdam, Netherlands on 9 Nov 1738 to Philadelphia, Philadephia, PA. He signed a will on 15 Mar 1805. John married Catherine Hertzler. A child from this marriage was:

Anelli Anna Hochstetler

John next married **An**na Christner, daughter of Christian Christner and Anna in 1796 in Berks, PA.

Catherine Hertzler, daughter of Bishop Jacob Hertzler and Catherine Ruegy, was born in 1731 in Switzerland and died in 1800 in Somerset, PA at age 69.

Jacob Mast, son of Hans Mast and Anna Mishler, was born on 10 May 1705 in Guggisberg, Canton Bern, Switzerland, died on 6 Jan 1772 in Northkill Amish Burial Ground, Reading, Berks, PA, United States at age 66, and was buried in 1772 in Berks County, PA. He worked as a Farmer. He was Amish. He immigrated on 8 Oct 1737 from Rotterdam, Netherlands to Philadelphia, PA on the ship *Charming Nancy*.

Jacob married Barbara Burkley. Jacob next married Elizabeth Beiler. A child from this marriage was:

- Joseph "Maust" Mast

Elizabeth Beiler was born in 1719 in Guggisberg, Bern, Switzerland, died in 1772 in Bern, Berks, PA at age 53, and was buried in Northkill Amish Burial Ground, Berks, PA, United States.

John Berkey, son of Jacob Berkey and Elizabeth Mishler, was born in May 1745 in Berks, PA and died in 1800 in Somerset County, PA at age 55.

John married Susanna Whipkey 244 in 1764 in Berks, PA. A child from this marriage was:

- Veronica "Fanny" Berkey

Susanna Whipkey was born in 1745 in PA and died in 1855 in PA at 110.

Christian Yoder, son of Christian "der schweitzer Christ" Yoder and Barbara S. Gerber, was born in Feb 1728 in Steffisburg, Bern, Switzerland and died on 20 Nov 1816 in Stoney Creek, Somerset, PA at age 88. He immigrated on the ship *Francis and Elizabeth* from Rotterdam, Netherlands on 21 Sep 1742 to Philadelphia, Philadephia, PA.

Christian married Barbara Bavi Hooley. Children from this marriage were:

- Jacob Yoder was born in Jul 1760 in Berks, PA and died on 24 Mar 1829 in Somerset, PA at age 68.
- Yost Yoder

Christian next married Verone. A child from this marriage was:

- Barbara Yoder, who was born in 1756 in Berks, PA and died on 11 Jun 1789 in Lebanon County, PA, United States of America at 33.

Barbara Bavi Hooley, daughter of John "Johannes" Hooley and Veronica Freni Muller, was born on 17 Apr 1741 in Switzerland and died on 8 Mar 1812 in Somerset, Switzerland at age 70.

Johannes Reichenbach, son of Henry Reichenbach and Barbara Thommen, was born on 24 Oct 1728 in Basel, Basel-Stadt, Switzerland and died in 1782 in Caernarvon Township, Lancaster, PA at age 54. Johannes married Anna Elisabetha Rupp. A child from this marriage was:

- Magdalena Rickenbach

Anna Elisabetha Rupp, daughter of Hans Rupp and Elsbeth Steiner, was born in 1731 in Signau, Berne, Switzerland and died in 1790 in Berks, PA at age 59.

Christian Stutzman, son of Johann Jakob Stutzman, was born on 1 Jan 1732 in Europe and died on 5 Sep 1770 in Bern, Berks, PA at age 38. Christian married Barbara Hochstetler. Children from this marriage were:

- Anna Hershi was born in 1752 in Switzerland and died in 1815 in PA at age 63.
- Magdelena Stutzman was born in 1753 in Bern, Berks, PA and died circa 1825 in Shanesville, Tucarawas, OH about age 72.

Anna Stutzman was born on 12 Apr 1755 in Berks, PA and died on 27 Mar 1814 in Tuscarawas, OH at age 58.

Jacob Stutzman was born on 25 Jan 1760 in Berks, PA and died in 1820 in Holmes, Ohio at age 60.

John Stutzman

Barbara Hochstetler, daughter of Jacob "Hofstetler" Hochstetler and Anna Lorentz, was born in 1732 in Hamburg, Berks, PA and died in 1787 in Shartlesville, Berks, PA at age 55. She immigrated on the ship *Charming Nancy* from Rotterdam, Netherlands on 9 Nov 1738 to Philadelphia, Philadephia, PA.

Christian Speicher, son of Ulrich Speicher and Maria, was born in 1738 in Berks, PA and died on 29 Apr 1795 in Somerset, Somerset, PA, United States at age 57.

Christian married Christina Mishler. A child from this marriage was:

Anna Speicher

Christina Mishler, daughter of Joseph Ulrich Mishler and Anna Dodereas, was born in 1734 in Eutigenpforzheim, Baden-Durlach, Switzerland and died in 1817 in Stoney Creek, Somerset, PA at age 83.

Christian Raber was born in 1729 in Switzerland and died on 2 Mar 1800 in Eggiwil, Bern, Switzerland at age 71.

Christian married Anna Adam. A child from this marriage was:

Johannes Raber

Anna Adam was born on 18 Feb 1725 in Baden-Württemberg, Germany and died on 19 Apr 1797 in Rastatt, Baden, Germany at age 72.

Johannes Bachmann, son of Johann Georg Bachmann and Anna Maria Schnebelli, was born in 1719 in Ibersheim, Hesse, Germany and died on 11 Nov 1788 in Lower Saucon, Lehigh, PA at age 69.

Johannes married Anna Maria Risser. A child from this marriage was:

1. Barbara Bachmann

Anna Maria Risser was born in 1729 in Baden-Wuerttemberg, Germany and died on 13 Oct 1763 in Baden-Wuerttemberg, Germany at age 34.

Martin Egli was born in 1720 in Switzerland. Martin married Magdalena Kauffmann. A child from this marriage was:

1. Jacob Egle

Magdalena Kauffmann was born in 1723 in Steffisberg, Bern, Switzerland.

Heinrich Frei was born in 1738. Heinrich married Elisabeth. A child from this marriage was:

1. Magdalena Frey

Elisabeth was born in 1740.

Christen Nafziger, son of Christian Nafziger and Madlena Hilterbrand, was born in 1705 in Thierachern, Bern, Switzerland and died on 8 Dec 1740 in Willenbacherhof at age 35. Another name for Christen was III.

In 1743 Christian Nafziger is added as co-leaseholder on the Mechtersheimerhof estate near Speyer (also belonging to the Eusserthal cloister). It was the only surviving remnant of a village fallen to ruin. The village has been rebuilt in the last few decades. Until 1754, Christian is on the Kammerhof near Leeheim, Hesse-Darmstadt. In 1777 Christian Nafziger was on the Willenbacherhof near Kutzenhausen in Alsace. Supplementary evidence is provided by his participation in the conference in Essingen in 1779, as well as by an entry in a Dutch list of preachers, according to which a Christian Nafziger Jr. was elder of the Struth congregation in 1787.

Christen married Anna Bleur. A child from this marriage was:

1. Johannes Nafziger

Anna Bleur was born in 1719 in Wallembourg, Lorraine, France and died on 9 Dec 1785 at age 66.

Michel Schantz was born in 1725 and died in 1787 at age 62. Michel married Magdalena Gungerich about 1748 in Europe. A child from this marriage was:

1. Peter Schantz

Magdalena Gungerich was born in 1725.

John Melchior Plank, 1767 Immigrant

Jerold A. Stahly

Many Americans trace their ancestry back to Melchior Plank of PA. The traditions about his immigration and his life in America have circulated widely and have been mentioned in many historical and genealogical books as well as in the *Mennonite Encyclopedia*.

Within the past thirty-five years several descendants have tried to assemble documentary evidence concerning Melchior Plank's life. This has led to some controversy. Harvey C. Plank (1874-1955) of Lagrange, Indiana, possessed a copy of Melchior Plank's will and a 1767 servant's indenture which he claimed belonged to Melchior Plank. The indenture agrees with the tradition in part. However, the indenture names the illiterate servant as "Johan Melchior Blankenberg" with spelling variations of "John" in the text and "Blankenburg" at the bottom. Because of the difference in the surname some researchers have denied that the document belonged to Melchior Plank. In the course of describing what is known of Melchior Plank, this article will offer evidence that he did use the name John and that he was the same person as John Melchior Blankenberg.

His Origin

Research in America has not revealed the European home of John Melchior Plank. Family traditions assert that he was a Swiss Mennonite, born either in Switzerland or Germany and living in the Netherlands as a refugee. Because he was an Amish Mennonite in America and used the surname Plank (Planck, Blank, Blanck), a name known among Amish in Europe, most people assume that he was from an Amish community where this family name was found. If he used the name Blankenberg (Blankenburg, von Blankenburg) in Europe, he may have had a non-Amish origin. Some towns in

Canton Bern, Switzerland, and in Germany are named Blankenburg, but this surname has not been found among the Amish. John Melchior Blankenberg may have been an Amish convert as were Nikolaus Stoltzfus and Johann Martin Bornträger, both of whom emigrated from Europe to PA in 1766 and 1767, respectively.

Many researchers have searched for evidence of a relationship between John Melchior Plank and other PA immigrants. Several Amish Blanck families arrived in 1751-52, settling in Berks and Lancaster counties. Both Dr. Hans Blanck (will probated 1790) of Tulpehocken Township and Hans Blanck (will probated 1794) of Cocalico Township had large families by the time our subject arrived. Efforts to connect him to these families or to other Blankenberg or Delaplank/De la Plank families have all failed.

Melchior Plank's birth date is unknown. The year 1744, often given in old traditions as his year of immigration, is more likely his year of birth.

His Immigration

According to Plank family traditions, Melchior Plank and his wife came to America soon after their marriage, but her name was not preserved. Melchior's will names his wife as Margaret. At this time we can only assume that Margaret was the wife who came with Melchior and became the mother of his six children.

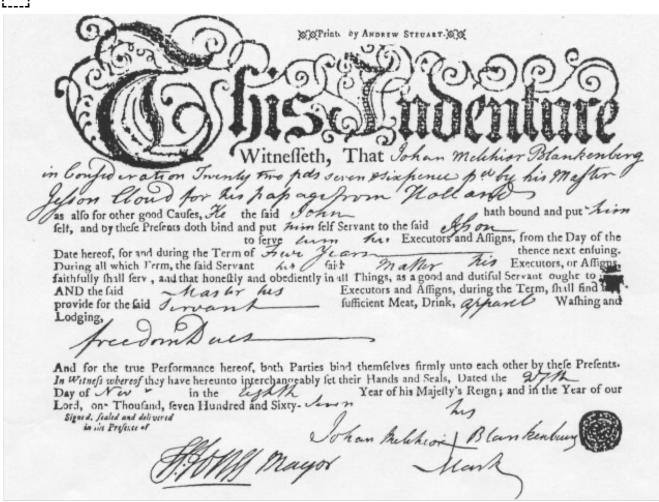
Plank traditions variously give the year of immigration for Melchior and his wife as 1744, 1745, or 1765. However, an immigration date of 1744 or 1745 is unlikely for a married couple whose children were born between 1767 and 1783. The name Melchior Plank/ Blank cannot be found on ship lists, but "John Melchior Blanckenberg" is listed as a 1767 immigrant.

The Plank family has preserved a popular story about how Melchior and his wife came to America. According to this tradition, the couple went to the port in Rotterdam, where they were living, to

bid farewell to friends who were leaving for America. The captain told them that the ship would not leave until the next day. He invited the Planks to stay overnight on the ship with their friends, and they agreed. During the night the ship set sail, and the Planks awoke in the morning to find that they had been kidnapped. Upon arrival in Philadelphia they were sold as servants to pay for their passage.

The ship list clearly shows that Johan Melchior Blankenberg left Rotterdam in the summer of 1767 and arrived in Philadelphia in October on the ship *Minerva*. He and the other foreign men signed the required statements of loyalty and renunciation on October 29 at the office of Thomas Willing, the merchant who received the shipment. Being illiterate, Blankenberg placed his mark (X), and someone wrote his name as "John Melchior Blanckenberg." Because his fare had not been paid, he probably returned to the ship to wait for buyers to come, looking for servants. Blankenberg waited until November 27.

OBJ



Printed by Andrew Steuart

This Indenture

Witnesseth, That Johan Melchior Blankenberg

in Consideration Twenty two pds seven shillings pd by his Master

Jason Cloud for his passage from Holland

as also for other good Causes, He the said John hath bound and put him

self, and by these Presents doth bind and put him self Servant to the said Jason

to serve him his Executors and Assigns, from the Day of the

Date hereof, for and during the Term of four Years thence next ensuing.

During all which Term, the said Servant his said Master his Executors, or Assigns,

faithfully shall serv , and that honestly and obediently in all Things, as a good and dutiful Servant ought to

AND the said Master his Executors and Assigns, during the Term, shall find

provide for the said Servant sufficient Meat, Drink, Apparel Washing and

Lodging,

freedom Dues

And for the true Performance hereof, both Parties bind themselves firmly unto each other by these Presents.

In Witness whereof they have hereunto interchangeably set their Hands and Seals, Dated the 27th

Day of Nov in the Eighth Year of his Majesty's Reign; and in the Year of our

Lord, one Thousand, seven Hundred and Sixty-

Signed, Sealed and delivered

in the Presence of

his

Johan Melchior Blankenberg

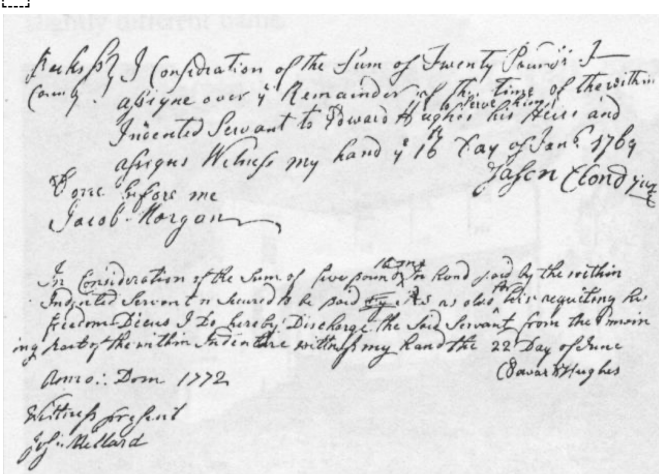
mark

Mayor

This November 27, 1767, indenture for Johan Melchior Blankenberg shows that his passage from Holland was paid by Jason Cloud, Jr., in exchange for five years of servanthood.

At present we cannot prove that Blankenberg had with him a wife who also was sold to pay for her passage. Having no record of her indenture, we cannot be sure if she was sold along with her husband or on another day to another master. Possibly she gave birth to their first child, Jacob, while waiting on board the *Minerva* in the Philadelphia harbor. Jacob Plank's cemetery record indicates that he was born on November 6, 1767.

OBJ



The reverse side of the indenture shows the January 16, 1769, transfer of Blankenberg as an indentured servant from Jason Cloud, Jr., to Edward Hughes and Hughes' June 22, 1772, discharge of him upon payment of £5 about five months prior to the end of his term.

His Life as a Servant

Family tradition asserts that the Planks were sold to a Mr. Morgan of Berks County who proved to be a severe taskmaster. Sympathetic friends bought the Planks from Morgan and kept them until the debt was paid. This story is supported only in part by the indenture paper handed down in the Plank family. On November 27, 1767, Johan Melchior Blankenberg was bound as a servant for five years

to Jason Cloud, Jr., who paid £22 7s. 6d. for his passage. Blankenberg signed the indenture with his mark (+) in the office of Philadelphia Mayor Isaac Jones, who also signed. Jones presumably entered the agreement in his own record book.

Cloud assigned Blankenberg as a servant to Edward Hughes on January 16, 1769, for the remainder of his term. Hughes paid Cloud £20. This transaction was recorded on the back side of the indenture and took place in Berks County in the presence of Justice Jacob Morgan, who must have entered it in his docket book. Cloud and Morgan signed at that time. On June 22, 1772, Hughes discharged Blankenberg on payment of £5 about five months before the term would have ended. Hughes signed along with a witness, Joseph Millard. Whether Millard signed as a justice is not clear.

Jason Cloud, Jr. (b. 1732), lived in Honeybrook Township, Chester County, PA, then still a part of West Nantmeal Township. Although he received a warrant for 150 acres of mountain woodland in 1765, he evidently never paid enough to patent the land and clear title to it. He was probably living on and farming a two hundred-acre tract owned by his father, Jason Cloud of East Caln Township. Both of these tracts were at the northwestern edge of the township, slightly projecting across the county line into Caernarvon Township in Lancaster County. Tax records show that 1768 was the only year during which Cloud possessed a servant. A close examination of the 1768 list shows that the assessor first wrote “2 servants” and later amended the entry by changing the two to a one and correcting the amount of tax. This may give evidence that Blankenberg’s wife was also with Cloud at least for part of 1768. Perhaps she was a free person, or perhaps she had been resold.

Jacob Morgan (1716-1792) lived in Caernarvon Township in Berks County, where he founded the town named Morgantown. As a judge he placed his bold signature on the indenture with the words “Berks County.” This may have led to the mistaken idea in the

Plank family that their ancestor served a Mr. Morgan of Berks County. The story that Morgan was a "severe taskmaster" may possibly apply to Cloud. Records show that Cloud had a problem with debts, which led to his imprisonment at Carlisle in 1773.

Five men named Edward Hughes lived in Lancaster, Berks, and Chester counties during 1769-72. Blankenberg's second master was probably Edward Hughes (1730?-1783?) of Caernarvon Township in Lancaster County, who was more wealthy than his namesakes and lived much closer to Cloud and Morgan. This Hughes held over 750 acres of land with many animals and a gristmill, and he was keeper of the Eagle Hotel. Three of his signatures, which are similar to the one on the indenture, have been found.

Hughes prepared the township assessment list in December 1770. He recorded Negroes and animals owned by residents but not white servants. In the published 1771 list in the *PA Archives* the numbers seem to be the same, but "Servants" is written instead of "Negroes." This gives the impression that Hughes himself had no servants that year because he had no Negroes. However, the 1772 and 1773 lists included both types under the designation of "Servants." Hughes had three servants in 1772 and two in 1773 - evidence that one servant had left his employ. That servant was probably John Melchior Blankenberg.

Joseph Millard, Sr. (1709-1781?), lived in Union Township in Berks County and Joseph Millard, Jr. (1743-1817), was taxed there for a while. The father served as a judge in 1768-69, and the son served as a justice of the peace in Chester County after 1795. Often tax lists misspelled their names as "Miller." A "Joseph Miller" appears on the tax lists for Caernarvon Township in Lancaster County as a tenant in 1772 and 1773. Perhaps this was Joseph Millard, Jr., in the course of his various moves. This is a possible explanation of the name of Millard on the indenture. Family records show that Melchior Plank's son Christian was born in 1771. He was probably

born on the land of Edward Hughes in Lancaster County. Melchior Plank evidently purchased his freedom with money given by friends, whom he may have felt obligated to repay. As the old Conestoga Alms Book shows, the Amish occasionally made church funds available for loans. Such mutual aid has always been an important principle for the Amish. PA law allowed newly freed servants a grace period of six months before they were taxable, and they often remained untaxed even longer. The name of Johan Melchior Blankenberg does not appear in any record after the indenture. Instead, for the new life of freedom he used a slightly different name.

Samuel Koenig & Ellis-van Creveld Syndrome

Published in Time Magazine on Friday, Aug. 21, 1964, under the title "Inbreeding & Dwarfism"

For geneticists, the fascinating fact about the Old Order Amish, one of the sects of the PA Dutch country's "Plain People," is that they all are descended from about 200 immigrants of 200 years ago. A few Amis leave the ancestral acres and simple (no motors, no worldly entertainments) way of life, but virtually no new blood has been introduced to create genetic confusion. For such a group, to survive is to inbreed, and the Amish have more than survived; they now number 44,000. In 1963, to take advantage of this unique opportunity into the land of the black buggy, the beard and the modest bonnet went Johns Hopkins' Dr. Victor A. McKusick, an epidemiologist as well as a geneticist. And last week at Bar Harbor out came a detailed report on two forms of dwarfism, one recognized only a generation ago, the other brand-new to medical science.

Samuel's Seed

The first form is confined, so far as the U.S. is concerned, to the region of PA's Lancaster County around a town called Intercourse. Named the "Ellis-van Creveld Syndrome" after the Scottish and Dutch pediatricians who first reported it in 1940, it has no common name and is so uncommon elsewhere in the world that only about 50 cases had been reported until McKusick's Hopkins team moved into PA. There they found proof of at least 49 cases since 1860, with 24 still living. Most exciting, genetically at least: the Amish keep such exact genealogical records that McKusick was able to trace all 60 parents to whom the 49 were born. And all were descended from a single immigrant and his wife.

It was in 1744 that Samuel King arrived in the U.S. He or his wife (it is impossible now to tell which) had one chromosome marred by a defective gene. Since the gene is a recessive, none of their children showed any sign of its curse, nor did their children's children. If they had married normally into the U.S. population at large, probably the gene would have stayed quiescent, with only an infinitesimal chance of sad results. But within a couple of generations, King's descendants began to marry second or third cousins. Eventually, it had to happen: man who carried the gene married a cousin, of some degree or remove, who also carried it. Their unfortunate offspring inherited a double dose of the bad gene.

Snipped Fingers

The first known case, said Dr. McKusick at Bar Harbor, was born in 1860. Though the Amish average a couple of inches shorter than the general U.S. population, there is no mistaking the deformity. Ellis-van "Creveld dwarfs range in height from only 40 to 60 inches. They have six fingers on each hand, the extra one being on the outside of the hand beyond the little finger. Sometimes (but not consistently) there is a sixth toe on one foot or both. Although it is not conspicuous at birth, many dwarf babies have an abnormal heart with only three chambers instead of four (no septum between the auricles), and a weakness or deficiency of cartilage in the chest and around the windpipe. One-fourth of the dwarf children die of such defects within two weeks of birth. Another fourth of the dwarf babies have less severe heart defects, and survive. Half of them appear to have no heart defects and may achieve a near-normal life span. One such man is now 58. He is one of eight living adult dwarfs (20 or over), and there are 16 children and teenagers.

Most parents have the children's extra fingers amputated when they are a few months old. The children show no mental retardation or IQ loss. And they probably fare better in the closed Amish community than in the less tolerant world outside.

Fine Hair

Equally bizarre, and also transmitted through a recessive gene, is the new form of dwarfism found by Dr. McKusick among the Amish in more than a dozen communities. It is a new kind of genetic defect. Doctors who earlier noticed cases of this kind of dwarfism among the Amish mistook it for achondroplasia, a form made familiar by Velásquez's paintings of dwarfs as court jesters, with short arms and legs, a large head and a "scooped-out" nose. But Dr. McKusick's team found significant differences. These Amish dwarfs do not have big heads or misshapen noses. Aside from their short arms and legs (from a defect in their cartilage), their only other physical abnormality is their hair. It is light-colored, even in a dark-haired family. It is sparse and very fine (i.e., small diameter). It is brittle and never grows long enough for an Amish mother to braid a dwarf daughter's locks. Since the main features of this form of dwarfism are underdevelopment of cartilage and hair, Dr. McKusick has named it "cartilage-hair hypoplasia," or CHH. Only two similar cases have now been found among non-Amish in France and two more in Minnesota.

Certainly, the prevalence of these bad genes has had little effect on fertility: five CHH dwarf men have married normal women and have had normal children. But one CHH dwarf married a CHH woman, and she has borne three CHH dwarf children.

The Hochstetler Massacre

This section contains excerpts from "Descendants of Jacob Hochstetler, 1912" compiled by the late Rev. Harvey Hochstetler, D.D., of Council Bluffs, Iowa.

The emigrant ancestor, Jacob Hochstetler, arrived at Philadelphia, September 1, 1736, on the ship *Harle*. Ralph Harle, Master, from Rotterdam, last from Cowes, England, The captain reported that he brought one hundred and fifty-six men, sixty-five women, one hundred and sixty-seven boys and girls, in all three hundred and eighty-eight. Only one hundred and fifty-one of the men made their declaration of allegiance, the other four being reported sick and unable to leave the vessel.

Making a Home

This ancestor made a good selection of land, which, lay east of the Northkill, a rapidly flowing creek which heads in the mountain and flows south into Tulpehocken creek at Bernville, which in turn empties into the Schuylkill opposite Reading. Before the introduction of steam it furnished valuable water power. Shomo's Mill and an iron forge were near Hochstetler's home on the creek, probably built after the American Revolution. The buildings on both places are located some distance south of the state road leading from Harrisburg to Allentown, but the land extends across the road a considerable distance. The road probably at that time was not laid out. There seems to be no waste land to it, some being best adapted for pasture or permanent meadow, but the greater part is rolling and is a productive tillable soil. It is about a mile west of the present village of Shartlesville, in Upper Bern Township, Berks County, Pa.

Perhaps not a tree nor a brush had previously been removed. He selected a place for his buildings near a never-failing spring, which

furnished fresh water for man and beast. In time the heavy timber was removed, the land cleared, substantial buildings erected, all of which required hard labor and perseverance. Several acres of fruit trees were planted and the usual hardships of frontier life experienced. But they enjoyed liberty to worship God as their conscience dictated.

The Massacre

On the evening of September 29, 1757, that part of the country not having been disturbed since the Meyers murder in June, the young people of the neighborhood gathered at the home of Jacob Hochstetler to assist in paring and slicing apples for drying. At such gatherings it was the custom of the young folks after the work was done to have a social or frolic, sometimes continuing until late in the night. After the young folks departed the family retired and just about as they were sound asleep the dog made an unusual noise, which awakened Jacob, the son, who opened the door to see what was wrong, when he received a gunshot wound in the leg. He realized in a moment that they were being attacked by Indians and managed to close and lock the door before the Indians could enter. In an instant all the family were on their feet. The Indians, eight or ten in number, were seen standing near the bake oven in consultation, evidently near daybreak.

Hochstetler Massacre, 1974 carved and painted diorama by Aaron Zook

There were several guns and plenty of ammunition at hand. Joseph and Christian picked up their guns to defend the family. Two or three attackers could be shot and the guns reloaded before the Indians could gain an entrance, but the father, firmly believing in the doctrine of non-resistance, remaining faithful in the hour of sorest trial, could not give his consent. In vain they begged him. He told them it was not right to take the life of another even to save one's own. Joseph even afterward claimed the family could have been saved had he given his consent, as they were both good,

steady marksmen, (their father also) and the Indians never stood fire unless under cover.

The House Set Afire

The Indians stood in consultation for a few minutes and then set the house on fire. The family consisted of seven persons – the Parents, Jacob Jr., Joseph, Christian and a daughter, name not known, also Barbara Stutzman, probably a visitor. As the fire progressed, they sought refuge in the cellar, while the Indians stood guard around the house. When the fire had advanced so far as to burst through the floor, its advance was checked by sprinkling cider on the burning spots.

As daylight was now nearing it was thought the enemy would not

remain much longer and the family hoped to hold out until they departed. Meanwhile the disturbance attracted the attention of John (who was three years of age at time of emigration to America) living on the adjoining farm. A few steps from his door he could see over to the old home, which being on fire, surrounded by the redmen and all the family within, presented a shocking sight. The safety of his wife and child appealed to him. Hastening into his house he took and concealed them in a thicket of brush in a flat place about eighty rods south of his house, and returned to see what

could be done for those at the old home. There was no telling where the enemy might strike next, hence he prudently concealed his tracks, and on reaching a place where he could observe the old home, the Indians were just finishing their bloody work.

Family Driven from the House

The family had kept quiet in their retreat, beating the fire back as best they could and beheld the Indians leaving one after another. The stay in their retreat could scarcely be endured longer and believing the enemy had all left, they proceeded to get out through a small window in the basement wall. As they emerged, a young warrior, Tom Lions, about 18 years old, who had lingered behind gathering ripe peaches, observed them and gave an alarm.

The Murders

The mother, being a fleshy woman, was with difficulty extricated; besides the wounded Jacob had to be assisted, and by the time the family were all out they were surrounded, were all easily captured except Joseph, who being swift-footed like a deer, circled around, eluded them and ran up the hill, followed by two Indians who had thrown their guns away, determined to take him alive. He easily outran them and seeing them give up the chase he returned to the burning building and dropped down behind a log. It happened that one of the Indians observed him, but they hastened to the scene of carnage. The son Jacob and the daughter were tomahawked and scalped, but the mother, against whom they seemed to have a particular spite, was stabbed through the heart with a butcher knife and was scalped. Writer's note-Fifty-two years ago while Rev. Hochstetler was visiting at the writers home he had related of this incident somewhat more in details. Just as the Indian came with his knife, Mother Hostetler in that frightful moment glanced her eyes heavenward and screamed in her native tongue, "Oh, Herr Yesus !" or "Oh, Lord Jesus."

The Prisoners

It is a tradition that when an Indian had raised his tomahawk over the head of Christian, he looked up, and as the Indian beheld his beautiful blue eyes, took a liking to him and spared him. The disturbance had also attracted the family of Jacob Kreutzer, residing to the west. They came running through the woods to the edge of the meadow, but on beholding what was going on they stopped, not being prepared to enter into a conflict with the savage foe.

The bloody work being finished, the Indians took Jacob Hochstetler and son Christian prisoners, left again in the direction they had started before, surrounding the place where Joseph was concealed and easily escaped him. Had he known 'he could easily have made his escape, but he feared he might encounter Indians on ahead and so thought best to remain in his hiding-place. The barn and all out-buildings were destroyed by fire before the Indians left. The father picked up some ripe peaches and advised his sons to do likewise. He also advised them to submit gracefully to their fate as far as possible.

A Father's Parting Advice

Before the father and sons were separated he gave them this parting advice in his Swiss dialect. "If you are taken so far away and be kept so long that you forget your German language, do not forget the Lord's Prayer." A timely and good advice.

While in captivity our ancestor was never permitted to know where he was, except once when in Erie, Pa., and once in Detroit, Mich. They moved frequently from one village or place to another. In some places but few Indians were together, while in other places large numbers gathered.

Jacob's Flight

The first day he never stopped for rest. He went on in the direction of his home as ascertained before he started and stopped for rest

only when completely exhausted. He often concealed ‘himself in the daytime and traveled at night. He crossed streams and mountains until he reached what he thought was one of the ‘head branches of the Susquehanna, which he followed. Though he never knew whether he was ever pursued, he always used due precaution to prevent being followed in case an attempt was made. He waded through water at times to prevent being tracked by dogs, and in daytime generally avoided paths. As he followed the stream it grew larger and prospects seemed to brighten, so he decided to float down stream on a raft, which had to be built.

The Raft

Having selected a place where fire could not be seen from a distance he selected a dry fallen tree of proper thickness upon which he built some five or six nigger fires.” These were stirred and kept burning all night and by morning the trees were burnt through in as many places. The logs were dragged to the water, tied together with hickory withes, or wild grapevines, and on this frail raft the journey was continued. After some distance the course of the stream turned to the right and Jacob Hochstetler now believed he was on some other stream than the Susquehanna, probably the Ohio, which would take him away from home. He must have passed the present location of Pittston, Pa. about fifty miles to the north and a little to the east of his home. The river from this point follows a general southwestern direction till it reaches Duncannon, in Perry County, a few miles above Harrisburg, where it turns to the southeast. Fatigued now and nearly starved, he tied his raft, and went on shore, about giving up in despair.

His Dream

There is a tradition that he found a dead possum full of maggots. He was so hungry that it tasted good and he ate till his hunger was appeased and then fell asleep, when his murdered wife appeared to him in a dream telling him to go on, that he was on the right way.

When he awoke he took to his raft, determined never to leave it until he reached the white settlements. Thus, he reached Fort Harris on the site of the present city of Harrisburg. He was too weak to stand, made efforts to be noticed, but failed to be observed until past the place. A little below the fort there was a place where the river was forded when low. Here a man was watering a horse, who observed a strange object floating down stream. He went and reported. The commander at the fort with his spyglass discovered that there was a white on a small raft and signaled to him, but all Jacob was able to do was to hold up his arm. He was accordingly rescued with a skiff. A woman, probably Mrs. Harris, prepared his first meal for him. He soon regained his strength and from here had no trouble in reaching his home. Before arriving at Fort Harris he must have passed two other forts, Fort Hunter about five miles above and Fort Augusta at the Forks of the Susquehanna. From the latter stream the fort could not well be seen and he may have passed Fort Hunter in the nighttime. Taking it all in all, his adventures were hazardous, the escape marvelous, and his whole life replete with incidents worthy of being passed on to posterity.

Experiences of Christian

Among the descendants of Christian there are several written accounts of his life, prepared at different times and by different persons and which vary more in or less in details. Those accounts make his age at captivity about ten years, which corresponds quite closely to the statement of his age made by his father in his petition to the Governor. Some of these accounts make his stay among the Indians seven years, while others make it as high as eleven years, which is quite unlikely, as two of these accounts speak of his stay with the Indians "Till the end of the war," and "peace was now restored," and "prisoners exchanged." These statements might refer either to the year 1762 but most appropriately to the year 1764. These accounts speak of his marriage shortly after his return, and his marriage is referred to as one of the elements that finally secured his consent to remain with the whites.

Experience of Joseph

After the parting, Joseph was adopted into one of the families in full fellowship, or in other words, was made after their manner a full Indian. He was a skilled hunter and backwoodsman, also noted for athletic sports, as Hertzler says in his "Hertzler Genealogy," 1885, page 152, he was respected, and after his adoption treated with the same kindness that any original Indian received. With solemn and impressive ceremony a white person was adopted into an Indian tribe.

The Release of Joseph and Christian

After the return of Jacob the ancestor learned of the events that had occurred during his absence. The Indians had continued their depredations during the summer of 1758. As early as March 15 of that year his old neighbors had sent a petition to Gov. Denny asking protection against the Indians. They stated in their petition that the blockhouse or fort at Northkill was destroyed and no garrison kept

there. During this summer, a man named Lebenguth, of Tulpehocken Township. and his wife were killed and scalped. Near the Northkill Nicholas Geiger's wife and two of his children were killed and scalped, also the wife of Michael Ditzelar. Several victories during the summer of 1758 practically brought the war to a close.

The Return of Christian

One account of his return states that he walked to his father's house, and as he stepped into the kitchen, he found the family at dinner. He bade the time of day and returned to the yard and seated himself on a stump. After his father had finished his meal, he went to the man in the yard whom he supposed was an Indian and began a conversation with him. In broken German which he could scarcely recall, he said, "My name is Christian Hochstetler." We can easily imagine the joy and surprise of the father, who nevertheless found it not easy to get his son into the house for dinner. For some time he would not decide to forsake his Indian friends and make his home with the whites. The childhood home that he had cherished in his memory during the years of his captivity was no longer to be found.

Historical Marker

A substantial iron marker was erected at the roadside in 1959 by the Hochstetler descendants at a cost of several hundred dollars. It bears the following inscription:

> Northkill Amish - The first organized Amish Mennonite Congregation in America. Established by 1740. Disbanded following Indian attack. September 29, 1757, in which a Provincial soldier and three members of the Jacob Hochstetler family were killed near this point at Roadside America.

Sixth Generation

Amos' 3rd Great-Grandparents

Christian Y. Koenig, son of Samuel Koenig and Anna Elizabeth Yoder, was born in 1761 in Berks, PA, died on 29 Mar 1838 in Lancaster, Fairfield, Ohio at age 77, and was buried in Lancaster, Fairfield, Ohio.

Christian Koenig was born about 1761 and first married Catherine Kurtz, daughter of Stephen Kurtz. His second marriage was to Elizabeth Beiler, daughter of Christian Beiler. Christian lived on a farm just west of Intercourse, where he was ordained as a preacher in the Amish Church, until 1806 when he moved to Mifflin County where his wife died. In 1808 he owned 750 acres of land in Lincoln County, Ontario, Canada. This was offered for sale September 27, 1839 by his son Christian Koenig, Jr. who was executor of his father's estate. It is not known whether Christian Sr. ever lived in Canada. He did move to Fairfield County, Ohio where he and his third wife Mary are buried. His son David left his father and was bequeathed $1 in his father's will.

His first wife was Catherine Kurtz, who was born in Mifflin or Berks County Jan. 28, 1763. She was a daughter of Stephen Kurtz and Freni/Veronica Yoder. Christian King later lived near Intercourse, Lancaster County, where he served as a minister. In 1805 a company of PA investors purchased 60,000 acres in the area of what is now Waterloo County, Ontario. This encouraged Amish Mennonites who were already living there to make similar investments. In 1806 minister (later elder) Benjamin Eby purchased land at Berlin (now Kitchener), and the following year John and Jacob Erb purchased 45,000 acres at Woolwich (next to Wilmot in

Waterloo County). It is thought that in 1806 Christian moved to Mifflin County, where Catherine died; however, we did not identify him on any census there. They may have lived with his brother Jacob. On March 29, 1808 Christian purchased lots 58 and 128 (700 acres) in Woolwich from Augustus Jones, John Erb, and Jacob Erb. It is unlikely that he ever lived there. This became a point of contention later, when Wilmot Township lots were claimed by parents in the names of their children, as investments. So it is possible that Christian originally purchased the lots on behalf of his congregation. Christian remarried to Elizabeth Beiler. Elizabeth was a daughter of Christian Beiler and his first wife Elizabeth Yoder. On April 10, 1819, they purchased land in the Lower River settlement at Wayne Township, Mifflin County.

Once again Christian moved; this time to Fairfield County Ohio. On April 4, 1833 he bought a tract of land and moved to Pleasant Township, Fairfield County, Ohio. Soon thereafter his two sons; Christian and John King and son's-in-law John Hartzler and David Stutzman and their families joined him (this being the 5th community that he lived in). Serious disputes among the Amish in this latter community eventual brought an end to the Amish settlement. Christian King is quoted as saying, "Jetzt had ich die Gashel und sie soll knelle" (Now I hold the whip and I expect to crack it). Christian prepared a will in 1836, and died in Fairfield County in 1838. It was here in Fairfield County Ohio where he and his third wife are buried. His son David left his father and was bequeathed $1 in his father's will.

Christian married **Elizabeth Beiler**, daughter of Christian "Beyler" Beiler and Elizabeth Yoder, in 1780.

A child from this marriage was:

1. Veronica "Fanny" King was born on 8 Sep 1793 in Lancaster, PA and died on 7 Nov 1845 at age 52.

Christian next married Catherine Kurtz. Children from this marriage

were:

Christian B. King

Jacob King was born on 3 Dec 1787 in Lancaster, PA, died on 13 Jun 1851 in Lawrence, PA at age 63, and was buried in Amish Cemetery, Mercer, PA, United States.

Catherine Kurtz, daughter of Stephen “Burcki” Kurtz and Veronica “Frena” Yoder, was born on 23 Jul 1763 and died in 1790 at age 27.

Christian Detweiler, son of Rudolph Detweiler and Sarah Kolb, was born in 1763 in Berks, PA and died in 1826 in Huntingdon County, PA at age 63. He married Barbara Yoder Fisher in 1789 in Berks County, PA. Christian married Barbara Fisher. Children from this marriage were:

Elizabeth Detweiler

Jacob Detweiler was born on 20 Sep 1789 in Somerset, PA and died on 13 Feb 1868 in Huntingdon, Huntingdon, PA at age 78.

Barbara Fisher, daughter of Christian Fisher and Magdalena Yoder, was born in 1755 in PA, died in 1824 in Huntington, PA at age 69, and was buried in 1824 in Allensville, Brady Township., Huntingdon County, PA.

Barbara Fisher is the daughter of Christian Fisher, 1759 immigrant. Her mother’s name was Magdalena Yoder. She married Christian Detweiler, on 7/31/1787, in Berks County, PA. In or about 1790, they moved to what is now Brady Township, Huntingdon County, PA. Barbara, her husband Christian and some five generations of relatives are buried in the Detweiler Family cemetery, located southwest of Allensville, PA.

Jacob Plank, son of Johann Melchior Plank and Margaretha Schnader, was born on 6 Nov 1767 in PA, died on 10 Jan 1851 in

Wooster, Wayne, Ohio at age 83, and was buried in Mennonite Cemetery, Wayne County, Ohio. He moved in 1796 to Union, Mifflin, PA. He resided at Apple Creek valley and vicinity after 1820 in Wayne, OH.

Some records say Jacob built an oil mill during his time in PA, others say he had a cabinet shop. After moving to Ohio, he and his sons, John & Christian, built and operated a grist mill, saw mill, and cabinet shop.

Jacob (Nov. 6, 1767-Jan. 10, 1851) married Mary Yoder (Feb. 13, 1771-Mar. 28, 1850) in 1791 and moved to Mifflin County in 1795. He received a warrant for a tract of 150 acres in Union Township in 1796. later He purchased more land adjacent to the initial tract and built and oil mill. Jacob and his sons stayed in Mifflin County until 1821, when they moved to Wayne County, Ohio.

Jacob married Mary Yoder. A child from this marriage was:

Christian Plank

Mary Yoder, daughter of Yost Jacob Yoder and Elizabeth Catherine Eister, was born on 13 Feb 1771 in Caernarvon, Berks, PA, died on 28 Mar 1830 in Apple Creek, Wayne, OH at age 59, and was buried in Amish Plank Cemetery, Wooster, Wayne, OH.

When Mary Yoder was born on February 13, 1771, her father, Johann, was 53 and her mother, Elizabeth, was 40. She married Jacob Plank in 1791 in Caernarvon, PA. She died on March 28, 1850, in Apple Creek, Ohio, having lived a long life of 79 years.

Abraham Kurtz, son of Jacob Kurtz and Barbara Ritter, was born on 22 Sep 1769 in Berks, PA and died on 5 May 1831 in Wayne, OH at age 61. He married Elizabeth Fisher in 1793. He died on May 5, 1831, at the age of 61.

Abraham married Elizabeth Fisher in 1793 in Mifflin Co, PA, United States. Children from this marriage were:

Elizabeth Kurtz

Magdalena Kurtz was born on 14 Feb 1803 in McCoysville, Juniata, PA, died in 1843 in Elm Grove, Tazewell, IL at age 40, and was buried in Rankin Cemetery, Tazewell County, IL.

Elizabeth Fisher, daughter of Christian Fisher and Magdalena Yoder, was born in 1765 in Chester, PA and died on 2 Jun 1808 in Mifflin Co, PA, United States at age 43.

Christian Gerber, son of Johannes Gerber and Christina Bowman, was born on 10 Mar 1763 in Berks, PA, died on 17 Jun 1841 in Stark, OH at age 78, and was buried in Canton, Stark County, Ohio.

He married Anna Yoder in 1786 in Somerset, PA. Christian Gerber, a native of PA, and one of the earliest settlers in Canton Township, this county, where he entered considerable Government land. He was quite a hunter and bore the marks of an encounter with a bear to his grave. He developed a farm, where he spent the remainder of his life and died at a good old age. He died on June 17, 1841, in Stark County, Ohio, having lived a long life of 78 years, and was buried in Canton, Ohio.

Christian married Anna Yoder. Children from this marriage were:

John Gerber

Magdelena Gerber was born on 8 May 1794 in PA and died in 1840 in Holmes, Ohio at age 46.

Anna Yoder, daughter of John Yoder and Anna Berky, was born on 26 Oct 1765 in Berks, PA and died on 29 Dec 1843 in Stark, OH at age 78.

She married Christian Gerber in 1786 in Somerset, PA. She died on December 29, 1843, in Stark County, Ohio, having lived a long life of 78 years, and was buried in the Gerber Cemetery near Canton, Ohio. The cemetery is now defunct, having been plowed over.

Christian Wingard, son of John K. Wenger and Miss Ryer**,** was

born in 1760 in Somerset, PA and died in 1805 in Somerset, PA at age 45. Christian married Anna Sommers in 1785 in Cambria County, PA. A child from this marriage was:

Joseph Wingard

Anna Sommers was born in 1764 in Somerset, PA and died after 1812.

Christian Kauffman, son of Stephen Kauffman and Barbara Yoder, was born in 1761 in Berks, PA and died in 1831 in Somerset County, PA at age 70. He had a residence in 1820 in Upper Bern, Berks, PA. Christian married Magdalena. A child from this marriage was:

Mary Kauffman

Magdalena was born about 1765 in Berks, PA.

Abraham Miller, son of Christian Danielle Miller and Veronica Mishler, was born on 13 May 1766 in Berks, PA and died in 1821 in Somerset, PA at age 55. Abraham married Anelli Anna Hochstetler 196 about 1783 in Somerset, PA. Children from this marriage were:

Daniel Miller

Magdelena Miller was born on 28 Jul 1799 in Somerset, PA, died on 5 Apr 1871 in Holmes, Ohio at age 71, and was buried in 1871 in Walnut Creek Mennonite Cemetery, Walnut Creek Township, Holmes, Ohio, United States.

Anelli Anna Hochstetler, daughter of John Jacob Hochstetler and Catherine Hertzler, was born on 13 May 1766 in Hamburg, Berks, PA and died in 1821 in Berlin, Somerset, PA at age 55.

Joseph "Maust" Mast, son of Jacob Mast and Elizabeth Beiler, was born on 20 May 1763 in Berks, PA and died on 20 May 1846 in Somerset, PA at age 83. Joseph married Veronica "Fanny" Berkey. Children from this marriage were:

Jacob Mast was born on 1 May 1787 in Somerset, PA and died on 1 Sep 1868 in Holmes, Ohio at age 81.

Mary Maria Mast

Joseph next married Mary Schrock, daughter of Ulrich Schrock and Anna Christner, about 1825 in Somerset, PA.

Veronica "Fanny" Berkey, daughter of John Berkey and Susanna Whipkey, was born in 1768 in Berks, PA and died circa 1810 about age 42.

Yost Yoder, son of Christian Yoder and Barbara Bavi Hooley, was born in 1765 in Berks, PA and died in 1792 in Somerset, PA at age 27. Yost married Magdalena Rickenbach. Children from this marriage were:

Magdalena Yoder was born on 9 Apr 1791 in Somerset, PA and died on 22 Feb 1876 in Elkhart, IN at age 84.

Yost Yoder

Magdalena Rickenbach, daughter of Johannes Reichenbach and Anna Elisabetha Rupp, was born in 1755 in Lancaster, PA, died in 1823 in Walnut Creek, Holmes County, Ohio at age 68, and was buried in Levi Yoder Cemetery, Sugar Creek, Ohio. Magdalena married Michael Troyer Jr., son of Michael Troyer Sr. and Magdelena Mast. A child from this marriage was:

Magdelena Troyer, born in Somerset, PA and died on 5 Nov 1840 in Berlin, Coshocton, OH.

Magdalena next married Yost Yoder.

John Stutzman, son of Christian Stutzman and Barbara Hochstetler, was born in 1766 in Bern, Berks, PA and died on 10 Sep 1833 in Brothersvalley Township, Somerset, PA, United States at age 67. John died of a broken neck from being thrown from his horse.

John married Anna Speicher. Children from this marriage were:

David Stutzman was born on 22 Apr 1791 in Berlin, Somerset, PA, died in 1870 in Fulton, OH at age 79, and was buried in 1870 in Eckley Cemetery, Pettisville, Fulton, OH.

Elizabeth Stutzman

Anna Speicher, daughter of Christian Speicher and Christina Mishler, was born in 1770 in Berks, PA and died on 4 Sep 1843 in Berlin, Somerset, PA at age 73.

Johannes Raber, son of Christian Raber and Anna Adam, was born in 1750 in Baden, Baden-Württemberg, Germany and died in 1811 at age 61. Johannes married Barbara Bachmann in 1783 in Baden, Baden, Germany. A child from this marriage was:

Christian Raber

Barbara Bachmann, daughter of Johannes Bachmann and Anna Maria Risser, was born in 1755 in Baden, Baden-Württemberg, Germany and died on 17 Apr 1828 in Hagnau am Bodensee, Bavaria, Germany at age 73. Barbara married Johannes Raber in 1783 in Baden, Germany.

Jacob Egle, son of Martin Egli and Magdalena Kauffmann, was born on 11 Nov 1756 in Switzerland and died on 23 Feb 1810 in Wimsheim, Baden-Württemberg, Germany at age 53. Jacob married Magdalena Frey. A child from this marriage was:

Susanna Egle

Magdalena Frey, daughter of Heinrich Frei and Elisabeth, was born in 1763 in Monsheim, Alzey-Worms, Rheinland-Pfalz, Germany and died on 14 Feb 1836 in Baden, Baden-Württemberg, Germany at age 73.

Johannes Nafziger, son of Christen Nafziger and Anna Bleur, was born in 1734 in Bining, Moselle, Lorraine, France and died on 20 Dec 1812 in Dalem, Moselle, Lorraine, France at age 78. Another

name for Johannes was Jean. Johannes married Katherina Schertz about 1770 in Tazewell, IL. Children from this marriage were:

- Johannes Nafziger was born on 6 Feb 1774 in Rahling, Moselle, Lorraine, France and died on 19 Nov 1824 in Niedervisse, Moselle, Lorraine, France at age 50. Another name for Johannes was Jean.

- Christian Nafziger

Katherina Schertz was born in 1749 in Dalheim, Remich, Grevenmacher, Luxembourg, died on 24 Dec 1819 in Dalem, Moselle, Lorraine, France at age 70, and was buried in Wayne, OH. Katherina married Johannes Nafziger about 1770 in Tazewell, IL.

Peter Schantz, son of Michel Schantz and Magdalena Gungerich, was born in 1759 in Germany and died in 1793 in Katzental, Horben, Breisgau-Hochschwarzwald, Baden- Württemberg, Allemagne at age 34. Peter married Magdalena Wagler. A child from this marriage was:

- Catherine Schantz

Magdalena Wagler was born about 1759 in Fronsburgerhof, Rhine, Nuttenerdof, Germany and died about 1793 in Ohio, United States about age 34.

Fifth Generation

Amos' Great Great-Grandparents

Christian B. King, son of Christian Y. Koenig and Catherine Kurtz, was born on 7 Nov 1787 in Lancaster, PA and died on 2 Aug 1844 in Thorn, Perry, Ohio at age 56.

There is very little that we know of this Christian King. When he was born on November 9, 1785, in Lancaster County, PA, his father, Christian, was 24 and his mother, Catherine, was 22. He married Elizabeth Detweiler in 1808. They had one child during their marriage. He died on August 2, 1844, in Thorn, Ohio, at the age of 58.

Christian married Elizabeth Detweiler. A child from this marriage was:

Jonathan D. King

Elizabeth Detweiler, daughter of Christian Detweiler and Barbara Fisher, was born on 22 Sep 1788 in Mifflin Co, PA, United States, died on 28 Mar 1867 in Fulton County, Ohio at age 78, and was buried in Amish Mennonite Cemetery, Lancaster, Fairfield, OH.

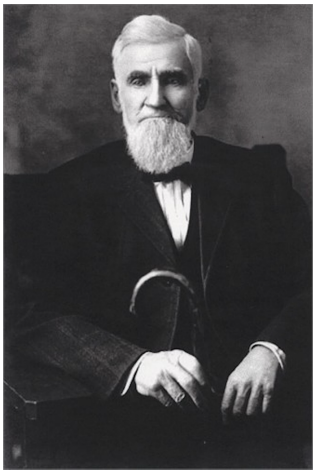
Obituary

Elizabeth Detweiler On the 28th of March, in Fairfield County, Ohio, ELIZABETH KING, widow of Christian King, deceased, aged 78 years, 6 months, and 6 days. Funeral sermon by Pre. Joseph Hendricks from Rev. 14:12, 13. She was a member of the Amish Mennonite Church.

Christian Plank, son of Jacob Plank and Mary Yoder, was born on 8 Nov 1793 in Lancaster, PA and died on 8 Sep 1881 in Lagrange, IN at age 87.

Obituary

Christian Plank was born on November 8, 1793, in Lancaster, PA, the child of Jacob and Mary. He married Elizabeth Kurtz on March 31, 1817, in Huntingdon, PA. They had one child during their marriage. He died on September 8, 1881, in Lagrange, Indiana, having lived a long life of 87 years. Died on the 8th of Sept., on OBJ



Christian Plank

Pretty Prairie, La Grange County, Ind., Christian Plank aged 87 years and 10 months. Christian Plank was the father of twelve children, of which ten are living, ninety grand children, and one hundred and seventeen great grand children. His wife had been dead for some time. He was apparently in usual health until about six weeks before his death. He suffered but little pain during his last illness, and was perfectly resigned to the will of God. When asked if he was ready to leave this world, he said he was willing to go and be with Christ. He was rational in mind to the last hour, and knew all his children that come from a distance but could not speak for several days previous to his death.

The funeral services were held on the 10th, on which occasion Peter

Long spoke in English and Preacher Doll in German, from Psalm 92:12-14. His remains were followed to the grave by a large concourse of relatives and friends who mourn his departure who was so long with them. Brother Plank was a faithful member of the Amish Mennonite church, and was beloved and respected by all. He was a good citizen, a kind neighbor, and a loving father. He died with a strong hope of life eternal through a crucified Redeemer.

The writer would say to the bereaved children, Live in the fear of the Lord, and you will meet your father in the blessed land, where there will be no more sickness, sorrow, pain, nor death, for the former things shall have passed away.

Christian married Elizabeth Kurtz on 31 Mar 1817 in Huntingdon, Huntingdon, PA. A child from this marriage was:

1. Lydia Plank

Elizabeth Kurtz, daughter of Abraham Kurtz and Elizabeth Fisher, was born on 28 Mar 1798, died on 11 Dec 1879 at age 81, and was buried on 11 Dec 1879 in Howe, LaGrange, Indiana, United States.

John Gerber, son of Christian Gerber and Anna Yoder, was born on 15 May 1787 in Conestoga, PA and died on 18 May 1863 at age 76.

John married Christina in 1807 in Lancaster, PA. A child from this marriage was:

1. Joseph Gerber

Christina was born in 1790 in Conestoga, PA and died in 1871 in Stark, OH at age 81.

Joseph Wingard, son of Christian Wingard and Anna Sommers, was born in 1799 in Cambria, PA and died after 1840 in Richland Township, Cambria, PA.

Joseph married Mary Kauffman in 1818 in Somerset, PA. A child from this marriage was:

1. Sarah Wingard

Mary Kauffman, daughter of Christian Kauffman and Magdalena, was born about 1802 in Somerset, PA and died after 1830.

Daniel Miller, son of Abraham Miller and Anelli Anna Hochstetler, was born on 10 Apr 1794 in Berlin, Somerset, PA and died in Apr 1835 in Berlin, Somerset, PA at age 41.

Daniel married Mary Maria Mast on 21 May 1815 in Berlin, PA. A child from this marriage was:

1. Joseph D. Miller

Mary Maria Mast, daughter of Joseph “Maust” Mast and Veronica “Fanny” Berkey, was born on 21 Mar 1796 in Somerset, PA and died on 21 Apr 1895 at age 99.

Yost Yoder, son of Yost Yoder and Magdalena Rickenbach, was born on 8 Aug 1792 in Berlin, Somerset, PA and died on 20 Apr 1836 in Berlin, Somerset, PA at age 43.

Yost married Elizabeth Stutzman in 1812 in PA. A child from this marriage was:

1. Anna “Nancy” Yoder

Elizabeth Stutzman, daughter of John Stutzman and Anna Speicher, was born on 15 May 1796 in Berlin, Somerset, PA and died on 3 Jul 1879 in Newbury, LaGrange County, Indiana at age 83.

Christian Raber, son of Johannes Raber and Barbara Bachmann, was born in 1784 in St. Croix, Alsace, France and died in 1848 in Lee County, Iowa at age 64. He was first married to an unknown woman, with whom he had two children. And she died sometime after 1815. Christian again married, this time to Susanna Egli who bore him 8 children but died within a month of the birth of the last.

He again remarried, this time to Jacobina Koenig. They moved to the Baden region of Germany where he became a lease manager for

the Crown Prince of Baden. It was here that he became both an Amish preacher and a Vineyard manager and distiller.

In 1837, Christian with his wife Jacobina her surviving child and five of his children by Susanna Egl. They sailed on the ship *Utica,* arriving in New York on Sept. 1, 1837. It is likely that they travel by boat up the Hudson river to the Erie Canal to lake Erie down the Ohio River to Stark County and then on to Hamilton County, where he resumed his role as an Amish Minister and as a vineyard worker and distiller. For some reason he was stripped of his role as minister, suffered irreversible financial losses, and found no choice but to again relocate, this time to Lee County Iowa on land that was on the what was then a reservation for "half breed Indians" and those with dubious title.

In 1848, he died suddenly from the shock of his son Abraham injured by an accidental explosion of a gun. Abraham did not die but lost an arm. Christian, however, died of shock and was buried "in the neighborhood."

Christian married Jacobina King, daughter of Jacob Koenig and Anna Rottinger. Christian next married Susanna Egle in 1812. A child from this marriage was:

Daniel Raber

Susanna Egle, daughter of Jacob Egle and Magdalena Frey, was born in 1793 in Alsace Lorraine, France and died on 20 Aug 1835 in Baden, Baden- Württemberg, Germany at age 42.

Christian Nafziger, son of Johannes Nafziger and Katherina Schertz, was born on 29 May 1777 in Reckingerhof, Dalheim, Luxembourg and died on 25 Apr 1849 in Diesburgerhof, Bitburg, Rheinland-Pfalz, Germany at age 71.

Christian lived his entire life and died in Rhine Prussia, Nuttendorf (Germany). The family of Christian Nafziger were members of one of the groups of Mennonites who had been assigned place of

residence by the German government, in a policy of dismembering the Anabaptist group. These plain people, industrious and peace loving, invoked the wrath of the party in power. Because of the conditions existing during the Napoleonic Wars, Christian lost his entire fortune and his sons and daughters (all 9) gradually sought new homes in America.

Christian married Catherine Schantz on 28 Mar 1804 in Puttelange-Lès-Farschviller, Moselle, France. A child from this marriage was:

1. Suzanna Nafziger

Catherine Schantz, daughter of Peter Schantz and Magdalena Wagler, was born on 8 Mar 1783 in Fronsburgerhof, Rhine, Nuttenerdof, Prussia and died on 4 Aug 1866 in Fulton, OH at age 83.

Fourth Generation

Amos' Great-Grandparents

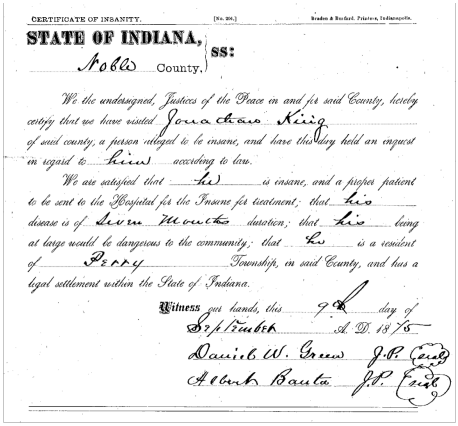
Jonathan D. King, son of Christian B. King and Elizabeth Detweiler, was born on 1 Jan 1811 in Mifflin, PA, died on 18 Dec 1875 in the Mental Hospital, Indianapolis, IN at age 64, and was buried on 20 Dec 1875 in Maple Grove Cemetery, Lagrange County, IN.

There is very little known about this Jonathan King. Records show that he was born in Mifflin County, PA. He was then married in Wayne County Ohio. The 1860 census places him in Fairfield County, Ohio. At some point he relocated to the Hawpatch in Noble County, Indiana. A newly formed Amish community was being established there. The Hawpatch, as might be expected was an area infested with Hawthorn trees. The Amish bought the land a cheap prices and wrested it from the Hawpatch to develop farms. The 1870 Census places Jonathan on Noble County, so that he had relocated there sometime between 1860 and 1870.

It is said of the Haw Patch that this area is distinguished throughout by a rich soil, freedom from marshes, level, or very gently rolling surface, and a perfect adaptability to successful agriculture. At the opening of the country to settlement, it was densely covered by beautiful forests, in which sugar maple and black walnut were most abundant, and remarkably free from small growths, except hawthorn and wild grapes. The abundance of the hawthorn was the most striking peculiarity of the region, and gave rise to the name by which it is so widely known. Now that the forests and the hawthorns have vanished, the region has taken on another style of beauty, and is made doubly attractive by splendidly kept farms and elegant residences, where every comfort possible has taken the

place of the hardships of log-cabin days.

Hospital records indicate that he was admitted through a court order dated Sept 11, 1875 and indicating that he was suicidal and had been found wondering away from home and incoherent. He was finally OBJ



CERTIFICATE OF INSANITY. [No. 204.] Braden & Burford, Printers, Indianapolis.

STATE OF INDIANA, } SS:
Noble County, }

We the undersigned, Justices of the Peace in and for said County, hereby certify that we have visited Jonathan King of said county, a person alleged to be insane, and have this day held an inquest in regard to him according to law.

We are satisfied that he is insane, and a proper patient to be sent to the Hospital for the Insane for treatment; that his disease is of seven Months duration; that his being at large would be dangerous to the community; that he is a resident of Perry Township, in said County, and has a legal settlement within the State of Indiana.

Witness our hands, this 7th day of September A. D. 1875

Daniel W. Green J.P. (Seal)
Alonzo Banta J.P. (Seal)

Jonathan King's Certificate of Insanity, from the Noble County records

admitted to the Hospital by a Jonathan Zook on September 25, 1875. His diagnosis at admission was "Melancholia AC" and the precipitating issue was listed as "Financial Embarrassment." His discharge was dated December 18, 1875 with the nature of discharge "death" and the comment that he died of "Congestion of the Lungs".

Obituary

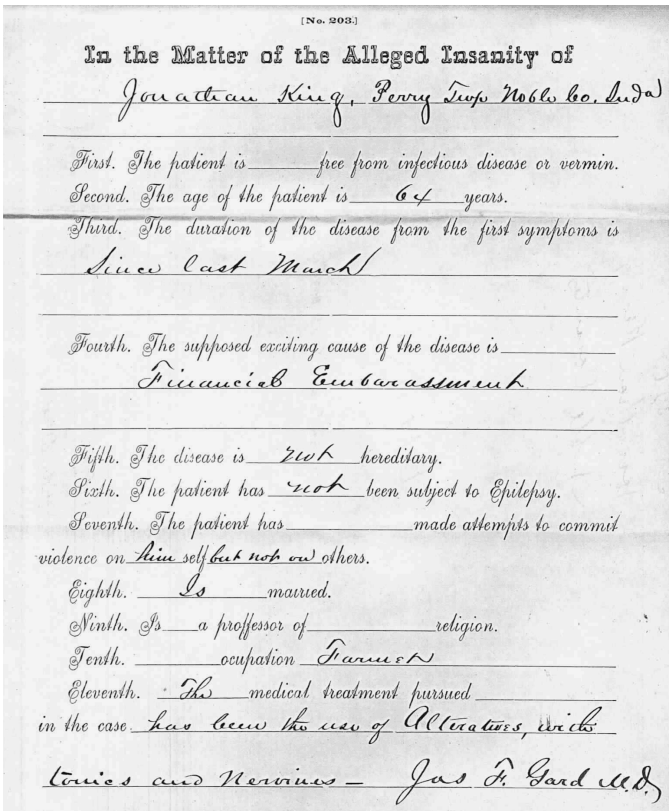
On the 18th of Dec. 1875, in the Insane Hospital, in Indianapolis, of paralysis of the heart and lungs, JONATHAN KING, aged 64 years, 11 months and 17 days. He was brought home on the 22nd, and buried in the Haw Patch Amish Mennonite burying ground. He leaves a wife and ten children. Services by Isaac Schmucker and Jesse Calvert. He was a member of the Amish church. Peace to his

ashes.

Jonathan married Lydia Plank on 5 Jun 1834 in Wayne, OH. Children from this marriage were:

- Christian W. King was born on 28 Feb 1841 and died on 1 Mar 1903 at age 62.
- Jonathan N. King
- Samuel King was born on 26 Jul 1854 in Ohio and died on 22 Jan 1911 in Noble, IN at age 56.

Lydia Plank, daughter of Christian Plank and Elizabeth Kurtz, was [OBJ]



[No. 203.]

In the Matter of the Alleged Insanity of

Jonathan King, Perry Twp Noble Co. Ind'a

First. The patient is ____ free from infectious disease or vermin.
Second. The age of the patient is 64 years.
Third. The duration of the disease from the first symptoms is
Since Last March
Fourth. The supposed exciting cause of the disease is ____
Financial Embarassment
Fifth. The disease is not hereditary.
Sixth. The patient has not been subject to Epilepsy.
Seventh. The patient has ____ made attempts to commit violence on Him self but not on others.
Eighth. Is married.
Ninth. Is ____ a professor of ____ religion.
Tenth. ____ ocupation Farmer
Eleventh. The medical treatment pursued ____ in the case has been the use of Alteratives, Tonics and Nervines — Jas F. Gard M.D.

born on 10 Jan 1818 in Wayne, OH, died on 1 May 1899 in Haw Patch, Lagrange, IN at age 81, and was buried on 3 May 1899 in Maple Grove Cemetery, Lagrange County, IN.

Obituary

Lydia Plank King was born in Mifflin County, Pa., Jan. 10, 1818. During her infancy her parents moved to Wayne County, Ohio, where she grew to womanhood. She accepted Christ as her Savior in her young years and united with the Mennonite Church, and was faithful to the same until her death. She was united in marriage to

Jonathan King, June 5, 1834, after which they located in Fairfield County, Ohio, where they resided until August 1852; they then moved to Haw Patch, Indiana, where she resided until her death May 1st, 1899. She was the oldest of a family of twelve children, of whom five sisters and two brothers survive her. She was the mother of twelve children. Her husband and two children preceded her to her reward. Her husband died Dec. 18th, 1875. Ten children, thirty-three grandchildren, and seventeen great-grandchildren are left to mourn the loss of a dear mother and grandmother. Her age was 81 years, 3 months and 21 days. Interment in the Maple Grove cemetery. Funeral services by J. S. Hartzler and J. C Mehl. Lydia married Jonathan D. King on 5 Jun 1834 in Wayne, OH.

Joseph Gerber, son of John Gerber and Christina, was born on 16 Apr 1816 in Stark, OH and died on 20 Oct 1905 in Cass, MO at age 89. OBI

JD & Sarah (Wingard) Gerber

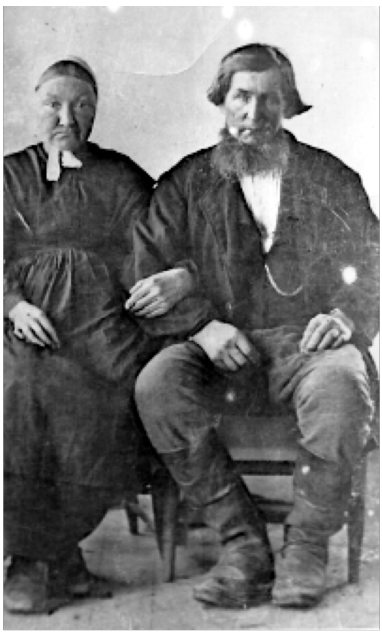
Obituary

On Oct. 20, 1905, at the home of his son-in-law, C.D. Yoder, in Cass County, MO, Bro. Joseph Gerber, aged 89y., 6m., 4d. He was born in Stark County, O., April 16, 1816, In 1840 he was married to Sarah Wingard, who survives him. They moved to Indiana in 1856, to Johnson County, Mo., in 1870, and to Cass County, Mo., in 1903. To them were born seven children, five of whom survive, and three

of whom were present at the funeral. He also leaves 36 grandchildren, and 21 great-grandchildren to mourn their loss. Funeral services were held at the Sycamore Grove church by Daniel Raber and Levi Miller in English, and Peter Zimmerman in German. Joseph married Sarah Wingard on 8 Aug 1840 in Stark, OH. A child from this marriage was:

Mary M. Gerber

Sarah Wingard, daughter of Joseph Wingard and Mary Kauffman, was born on 8 Aug 1821 in Somerset, PA and died on 26 Mar 1909 at age 87. Sarah married Joseph Gerber on 8 Aug 1840 in Stark, OH.



JD Miller & Nancy Yoder

Joseph D. Miller, son of Daniel Miller and Mary Maria Mast, was born on 12 May 1816 in Somerset, PA and died on 12 Feb 1875 in Hickory, MO at age 58. Joseph married Anna “Nancy” Yoder on 12 May 1835 in Somerset, PA. A child from this marriage was:

Anna "Nancy" Yoder, daughter of Yost Yoder and Elizabeth Stutzman, was born on 20 Oct 1815 in Somerset, PA and died on 9 Mar 1898 in Lagrange, IN at age 82.

Anna married Joseph D. Miller on 12 May 1835 in Somerset, PA.

Daniel Raber, son of Christian Raber and Susanna Egle**,** was born on 1 May 1825 in Babenhausen, Starkenburg, Hesse-Darmstadt, Germany, died on 22 Oct 1905 in Johnson, MO, USA at age 80, and was buried in Medford Cemetery, Rose Hill Township, Johnson, Missouri, United States.

When Daniel, as a young adult, was living with his family in Iowa, he took an extended visit to his sister who was living in Wayne County Ohio. While there, he met and was enamored by his sister-in-law Susanna Nafziger. They got married there in Ohio. On hearing of his marriage, his father, Christian Raber built a home for Daniel and his new bride. However, before Daniel returned to Iowa, his father died. So Daniel and Susanna made a hasty return to Iowa to help take over the affairs of the family.

At some later date, they learned that the land that his Father had purchase was not available for sale or purchase. It was situated in the Southeastern corner of Iowa that is now known as Lee County. It had been unknown to them that that land had been set aside by the United States as a Native American Reservation specifically for those individuals that were of mixed race between the Sioux and Apache Indians and were known as Half-Breeds. This reservation was hence called the Half-Breed Tract* and the broker who had originally sold the land to the Rabers and other settlers, had done so illegally.

Thus Daniel and Susanna had to again move. This time to an Amish Mennonite settlement in Johnson County Missouri, where they found that they were neighbors of the James family, whose sons

were the infamous Frank and Jesse James of railroad robbery notoriety.

The family also experienced difficulty and persecution during the Civil War where they were pacifists in a slave state. See the book, *A History of the Christian Raber Family.*

Obituary

In Johnson County, Mo., Oct. 24, 1905, Bro. Daniel Raber, aged 80 Y., 5 M., 24 D. He was born in Baden, Germany, in 1825. At the age of twelve years he came with his parents to America, to Butler County, Ohio. Later he went to Lee County, Iowa, where he was married to Susanna Nafziger. In 1858, with his family, he moved to Hickory County, Mo., and in 1890, to Johnson County, Mo. He was the father of twelve children, of whom eight survive, with his aged companion, and seven of them were present at the funeral. He also leaves 44 grandchildren and 16 great-grandchildren, who mourn the loss of a kind husband, father and grandfather. He suffered about two years with a sore foot, but bore it patiently and was always cheerful and willing to depart this life and be forever with the Lord in whom he trusted and whom he served. He was a member of the A. M. church and as long as he was able he attended and took an active part in church and Sunday school. He was buried in the Pleasant View cemetery, Oct. 26th. Funeral services at the church were conducted by Benjamin Hartzler and Levi Miller. We believe he was at peace with all men and died in the hope of a glorious resurrection. Peace to his ashes.

Daniel married Suzanna Nafziger in 1848 in Lee, Iowa. A child from this marriage was:

1. Catherine A. “Katie” Raber

Suzanna Nafziger, daughter of Christian Nafziger and Catherine Schantz, was born on 2 Aug 1827 in Esterbach, Rhenish, Prussia, died on 25 Mar 1917 in Pettisville, Fulton, Ohio, United States at

age 89, and was buried in Medford Cemetery, Rose Hill Township, Johnson, Missouri, United States.

Susanna immigrated to America as a single young adult. She landed in New York but did not have enough money to travel to her sister's (who had immigrated some time earlier) home in Wooster, Wayne County, Ohio. The sister sent her money to make the trip and she went down to the Hudson River to read the accompanying letter when a breeze came up and blew the money into the river, never to be seen again.

She worked in New York for about a year to earn sufficient money to make the trip to Ohio. She purchased passage on a Stage to Ohio. On the early sections of the trip there was a family with a child or children with measles. Susanna caught the disease and by the time she arrived in Ohio, she was quite ill. She walked from the stage depot to her sister's home but just as she got to the gate, she fainted from the fever.

A neighbor lady saw her distress and helped her into her sister's house. When Susanna awoke, she saw that the neighbor was smoking a pipe. She was quite appalled by this, but little did she know at the time that she would later take up smoking a pipe.

In fact when her granddaughter Rosa Lee Miller, was an infant, Susanna came to visit. As she leaned over the crib a coal fell out of her pipe and landed on the child's forehead. Anyone who knew Rosa could attest that to her death, she bore the scare on her forehead from her grandmother's pipe.

Obituary

Susanna Nafziger Raber, was born near Esterbach, Prussia, Aug. 2, 1827; died March 21, 1917; aged 89 y. 7 m. 21 d. She with her brother Jacob emigrated to America in 1846, and located in Wayne County, Ohio. She was converted to the Christian faith in her early youth and united with the Amish Mennonite Church, remaining

faithful to the end.

On Feb. 22, 1848, she united in matrimony with Daniel Raber. In the same year they moved to Lee County, Iowa, where they experienced all the hardships of pioneer life. In 1858 they moved to Hickory County, Mo. Here they suffered greatly during the Civil War, in addition to the privations of the pioneer life of that district. They again moved in the year 1890, this time making their home in Johnson County, Mo., at which place the husband died on Oct. 14, 1905. After his death she made her home with her son Samuel W., until 1912 when she came east.

She stayed part of the time with her son Daniel B., of Aurora, Ohio, and part of the time with her daughters Mrs. L. S. Nafziger of Goshen, Ind., and Mrs. Henry Rychener, of Pettisville, Ohio, at whose home she died. She leaves to mourn their loss 5 sons, 2 daughters, 46 grandchildren, 74 great-grandchildren, and a large number of friends and relatives. Besides her husband, 3 daughters, 8 grandchildren, and 8 great-grandchildren have preceded her to the spirit world. Funeral services were conducted by E. L. Frey at the Pettisville Union Church, after which her remains were taken to Johnson County, Mo., to be laid besides those of her husband.

Suzanna married Daniel Raber in 1848 in Lee, IA.

The Missing Samuel P. Miller

Frank R. King III

Samuel P. Miller was my great-grandfather. Several years ago, my father, Frank R. King, was visiting with a fellow volunteer, Vernon Miller, at the Mennonite Voluntary Service Unit in Brownsville, Texas. He loaned Vernon the book *Full Circle: Stories of Mennonite Women*, in which there is a story about my grandmother, Rosa Lee Miller King, the oldest daughter of Samuel P. Miller.[3] A short while after borrowing the book, Vernon came rushing over to Dad's travel trailer and exclaimed, "Frank, you and I are second cousins! Your grandfather and mine were brothers. We always wondered what happened to the missing Samuel P. Miller, and now I know!"

Our family didn't think much about the fact that we did not know our Miller relative, since we didn't know any of our King relatives. Samuel was born as the eighth and last child of Joseph D. and Nancy Yoder[OBJ]

Samuel P. Miller

Miller. Joseph and Nancy had lived in Somerset County, Pennsylvania, where the first three of their children were born. They then apparently moved to Cambria County, where the next four children were born. Each of the male children was given the middle initial "P" for Pennsylvania: Daniel P., Joseph P., Moses P., and Jacob P. The family moved to LaGrange County, Indiana, sometime between 1854 and 1857. It was here, near the town of Emma, where Samuel P. Miller was born. He, too, was given the middle initial "P," allegedly to give him a tie to Pennsylvania and to be consistent with his siblings.

According to our family legend, Samuel P. always had the urge to wander. At the age of twelve, without his parents' knowledge or permission, he took a team of horses and joined a wagon train that came through their Indiana community, headed west. He ended up in Hickory County, Missouri. I have a photograph that was taken during this time. It would have been highly unlikely that a teen would have his picture taken alone. Usually the first posed pictures were of a couple's engagement. This photo is no doubt part of his way of demonstrating his freedom and independence.

About 1869, the remainder of the Joseph D. Miller family moved from Indiana to Missouri. Whether this migration was related to Samuel's earlier trek is not clear. It can only be surmised that the family was reunited in Hickory County.

Life was not easy for the Millers in Missouri. The elements made farming much harder than it had been in Indiana. They experienced hail, torrential rain, drought, hot winds, and insects. It has been said that had Joseph not been an excellent shot, the family could have easily starved He kept them fed on small game during more than one long Missouri winter.

Then the real trouble came, In 1874 there was a pestilence of grasshoppers. Survivors claim that the insects ate every trace of vegetation: wheat, corn, vegetables, grass, leaves, and shrubs. Once

the vegetation was consumed the grasshoppers even destroyed the wooden handles of tools and utensils. The family survived the grasshoppers, but during that winter Joseph died. His date of death was February 12, 1875, but his cause of death is unknown. Thus, during the summer of 1875, the widow Nancy and the entire Miller family, with the exception of Samuel and Joseph, returned to LaGrange County, Indiana.

On Christmas Day 1880, Samuel married Katie Raber, daughter of Daniel and Susanna Nafziger Raber. The stories of how Daniel and Susanna individually got to America and ended up in Missouri is quite interesting. Suffice it to say at this point that Katie came by her wanderlust naturally. Together, she and Samuel made quite a pair for seeking new horizons and

Samuel & Katie Miller, circa 1880

adventure.

The Miller family began to grow on their homestead in Missouri. Rosa Lee was born November 1, 1881. Two years later, November 27, 1883, a sister Susanna joined the family. Two sons followed: Joseph “Ami,” born January 1886; Daniel Webster, born March 19,

1888; and finally another daughter, Minnie May, born May 4, 1890.

In 1894, Samuel heard that the last portions of Oklahoma Territory were opened up to homesteading with some parcels of land made available about 300 miles from Hickory County, Missouri. The thought of new and free land was exciting for Samuel. In the fall of 1894, he left his small family in the care of his father-in-law, Daniel Raber, and headed for Oklahoma. Finding a desirable section of land near Ponca City and the Arkansas River, he staked a claim. In order to "prove up" a claim and have a place to move his family, Samuel needed to build a house. He began by digging a cave where he lived during the winter of 1894-1895, while building a house. This house was a frame structure while many of the neighboring homesteaders lived in sod houses.

The Dawes Commission, established by the United States Congress in 1893, had made the land that Samuel claimed available. This act made available to white settlers land that had belonged to the Tonkawa and Pawnee Indians. These people were forced from the lands that the American government had promised would be theirs "forever." This opened the way for the land rush of September 16, 1893, when over 50,000 people claimed land in one day. The lands were made available through lottery and through direct claim. It is not clear how Samuel obtained his claim.[OBJ]

The farm where Samuel & Katie Miller lived near Ponca City, Oklahoma

Samuel worked diligently on the house, completing it in February 1895. During that time he communicated with his family, in Missouri, through letters. When the home was finished, Katie and the children, along with their possessions, moved to their new home in Oklahoma by train. The cave, which first served as Samuel's residence while he built the house, later came to be an important part of the homestead. It served as a root cellar, tornado shelter, and refrigerator.

For the most part, life in Oklahoma was good to the Millers. It seems that Samuel was constantly aware of who originally possessed the land and lived where he and his family and other white settlers now lived. There is one story of how he instructed the harvest workers to allow the thresher to spill grain onto the ground between the wagons into which the grain was being loaded. When asked why he was doing that, he pointed to the Indian squaws, who could usually be seen along the edges of the fields, and said, "Remember, they were here before we were!"

For the winter and Christmas of 1897, the Millers decided to go to Missouri for an extended visit with Grandpa and Grandma Raber and the other members of the Raber family. Aunts Josie and Sarah as well as cousin Charlotte had been visiting the Millers in Oklahoma. It was

Samuel & Katie Miller, date unknown

decided that the aunts, Charlotte, Ami, and little Minnie, would travel by train, while Sam, Katie, Rosa, Dan, and Susie would take the two covered wagons. The train trip would only take one day while the wagon trip would take two to three weeks. Sam had carefully planned the trip so that if he left on a Monday, they would be able to arrive in Missouri in time for worship at the end of the third week.

My grandmother, Rosa, used to tell the story about how, when they were half way back to Hickory County, her younger brother Chris (Christian Raber Miller) decided it was time to make his entry into the world. Sam had been driving the one wagon with Katie as his passenger. Rosa, the oldest of the children, was driving the other wagon with Dan and Susie riding along. Sam suddenly stopped his wagon and he and Katie disappeared inside while the children were warned to stay out. Soon they heard the cries of a baby and realized what had happened.

Three days later, they arrived at the nearest home, which was near Yates Center, Kansas. Mrs. Bates, the resident, made up a bed to which Sam carried Katie and the baby. It was decided that Susie would stay with her mother and baby Chris while Sam and Rosa

would drive the wagons on to Missouri. Ten days later, Katie, Chris, and Susie boarded a train to Garden City, Missouri, where Sam and Rosa had now arrived and waited for them, before pressing on to Wheatland. The fact that they were almost a week late in arriving was forgotten when the rest of the family greeted the new family member.

The family returned to Oklahoma in time for spring planting. Crops and life was good for the Millers except for the fact that the Mennonite community that Samuel had hoped would develop there failed to materialize. Finally in 1899, when Rosa was eighteen years old and it was determined time for her to make a commitment to the church and find a husband, Sam and Katie decided to move back to Missouri. By this time another son, Samuel Edwin Miller, joined the family. They sold the homestead farm and in August headed back for Missouri.

En route, the family stopped in Yates Center to visit with Mrs. Bates, whom they had met several years before under very different circumstances. On returning to Missouri, they settled near Holden in Johnson County, where a Mennonite congregation had been established. Several months later, Sam returned to Oklahoma to sell a farm that he had subsequently purchased near the Osage Indian Reservation. They lived in this community for several years and then moved further west to Garden City in Cass County. The last member of the Samuel P. Miller family, Otto Julius, was born in 1901.

During this tenure in Missouri, the children began finding mates and starting their own homes. Rosa met Harry Lee King who had been born in Indiana and lived for a while in Missouri before his mother joined the gold rush and took him with her to Cripple Creek Colorado. When Harry was thirteen, his mother died in Colorado and he returned to live in Missouri with his uncles and grandparents. Harry Lee King and Rosa Lee Miller were married in

Garden City, on the last day of 1902, by Bishop J. J. Hertzler.

Susie married Felty Kauffman and they established their home and family near Guyman in the panhandle of Oklahoma. Daniel married Lilly Miller and they moved to her home in Kansas. Ami married a local girl, Lydia Katherine Schrock, and they set up their home near Garden City.

Third Generation

Amos' Grandparents

Jonathan N. King, son of Jonathan D. King and Lydia Plank, was born on 8 Feb 1852 in Fairfield, OH, died on 25 Nov 1912 in Perry, Noble, IN at age 60, and was buried in Topeka, LaGrange County, Indiana.

Jonathan N. King was born in Ohio and moved with his parents to Noble County Indiana sometime between 1860 and 1870. His first wife was Mary M. Gerber to whom he had one child Harry Lee King. Mary's parents lived in Missouri and when Harry was about 1½ years old Mary said that she wanted to take Harry to visit with her parents over Christmas. Once there she wrote back and said that she was not going to return home until Jonathan would leave his mother's home and provide a home for her and her family. This had been a matter of disagreement for some time. However, Jonathan's father had died several years earlier, his mother was a widow, there were several younger siblings at home, and the family finances and farm were not doing well.

Jonathan filed for divorce in 1885 on the basis of abandonment and abducting his child. The divorce was granted. Jonathan did not remarry until after Mary died in Anaconda, Colorado, where she and her adolescent son Harry had gone as part of the Gold Rush to the Cripple Creek Colorado district.

Jonathan married Celia Miller in 1902 and had 4 children to that union: Almeda "Opal," Orlando "Orlie" J., Paul J. and Jay D. Opal and Orlie never married and lived together managing the family farm until they were unable and died intestate. Paul was born in 1906 and died just after his 2nd birthday on July 4, 1908, and his

brother was born the next day July 5, 1908 and lived to the age of 23. Thus Jonathan's son Harry was the only one of his offspring that married and had progeny of his own.

The King farm was on the northern border of Noble County, Indiana. Later in life Jonathan had purchased

Jonathan N. King

land across the road in Lagrange County, and part of this property he donated to what was then the Hawpatch Mennonite Church (now the Topeka Mennonite Church).

Jonathan did not see his son, Harry, after Mary had left with him in 1882 until 1900 when Harry was 21 years old when he returned to Indiana to visit his father and half siblings and some cousins.[4]

Obituary

Jonathan N. King was born in Wayne County, Ohio, Feb. 8, 1852 and died Nov. 25, 1912, aged 60 years, 9 months and 17 days. When a boy Mr. King's parents moved to the farm south of Topeka, where he spent the remaining days of his active life. Mr. King was married to Miss Mary Gerber to them was born one child, Harry Lee King, living at Baden, ND. Later he was married to Celia Miller June

22, 1902 to this union was born four children, one died in infancy the others, Opal, Orla and Jay D. at home with their mother. Mr. King has one brother, Isaac King of Ligonier and five sisters. Mrs. Leah Plank of Harrisonville, Mo., Mrs. Mary Zook of Normal, Ill., Mrs. Nancy Stigamier, Clyde, Ohio, Mrs. Rebecca Bowman and Mrs. Fannie Bowman of Topeka. Mr. King has been a faithful member of the Topeka Mennonite Church for many years. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. J. C. Lehman Wednesday morning at 9:30 o'clock from the Topeka Mennonite Church. Burial at Maple Grove Cemetery.

Jonathan married Mary M. Gerber on 1 Jan 1880 in Johnson, MO. The marriage ended in divorce on 31 Jan 1895.

A child from this marriage was:

1. Harry Lee King

Jonathan next married Celia Miller, daughter of Noah I. Miller and Mary Kenagy, on 22 Jan 1902 in Indiana.

Children from this marriage were:

2. Almeda Opal King was born on 13 Apr 1903 in Noble, IN and died in 1969 in Topeka, LaGrange, IN at age 66.
3. Orland J. King was born on 14 Nov 1904 in Noble, IN and died in 1979 in Topeka, LaGrange, IN at age 75.
4. Paul J. King was born on 20 Jun 1906 and died on 4 Jul 1908 at age 2.
5. Jay D. King was born on 5 Jul 1908 and died on 18 Nov 1931 at age 23.

Mary M. Gerber, daughter of Joseph Gerber and Sarah Wingard, was born on 27 Oct 1852 in Starke, IN, died on 31 Aug 1894 in Anaconda, Teller, Colorado, United States at age 41, and was buried in Holden, Johnson, Missouri, United States.

Mary was born in Stark County, IN to Joseph D. and Sarah Wingard Gerber. At some point the family moved to Cass County MO.

Mary married Jonathan N. King of Noble County, IN. How they got together is not known, except that perhaps they knew each other while she was still living in Indiana with her parents.

Mary had wanted a home of her own, but Jonathan was unwilling to leave the home of his widowed mother and several younger siblings since he was the oldest child at home and the family was apparently experiencing some financial difficulties. In 1893, when her son Harry was just 18 months old. She took her son and ostensibly went to visit her family in Missouri over Christmas. She never returned to her husband's home and he filed for divorce on the grounds of abandonment and abduction of his child.

In 1893 on hearing of the gold rush in the Cripple Creek (now Teller County) Colorado, Mary along with a cousin OBJ

Mary M. Gerber, date unknown

and her 12 year old son joined the gold rush. The second gold rush was there. Mary staked a claim to a plot of ground, did laundry and cooking for miners and townspeople. No records have survived of

her life there, but Harry kept a lump of gold ore that has now passed on to a second great granddaughter.

An epidemic swept through the gold fields and Mary succumbed to the disease on August 31st, 1894 in Anaconda, Colorado. A brother traveled by train, which now served the Cripple Creek region and took her remains and her adolescent son back to Missouri where her body was interred in the Cemetery in Holden.

Mary married Jonathan N. King on 1 Jan 1880 in Johnson, MO. The marriage ended in divorce on 31 Jan 1895.

Samuel P. Miller, son of Joseph D. Miller and Anna "Nancy" Yoder, was born on 18 Nov 1857 in Lagrange, IN, died on 8 Nov 1915 in Surrey, Ward, ND at age 57, and was buried in Fairview Mennonite Cemetery, Surrey, Ward, South Dakota.

Obituary

Samuel P. Miller was born near LaGrange, Ind., Nov. 18, 1857; died very suddenly at his late home near Surrey, N.D., Nov. 8, 1915; aged 57 y. 11 m 20 d. At the age of 14 he left home and joined a wagon train, ending up in Hickory County Missouri. On Dec. 25, 1880, he was united in marriage with Sister Katie Reber, also of Hickory County, Mo. To this union were born 5 sons and 3 daughters as follows: Rosa L. King, Susanna Kauffman, J. Annie, Daniel W., Minnie M. Glick, Christian R., Samuel E., and Otto J. Bro. Miller united with the Church of his choice in early life, remaining a consistent and faithful member until death; a man of peaceful disposition and willing to exercise his God-given talent, therefore often engaged in teaching a Sunday school class. On June 13, 1915, he was chosen to the office of deacon and ordained to serve the congregation known as the Fairview Mennonite Church near Surrey, N.D., which office he faithfully and ably filled the few months he was permitted to do so. In 1890 he moved with his family to Johnson County, Mo. In 1894 to Oklahoma, in 1900 to Cass County, Mo., in 1908 to Oscoda County, Mich., and in spring

of 1914 to Surrey, N.D., where he had won many friends; shown by the number gathered to show the last tribute of respect when his body was lowered into the grave. Preparations were made to move to another farm the following day of Bro. Miller's death, but his move was to another house.

The funeral was held on Nov. 12. Services at the house by the writer and at the church by the brethren, D. B. Kauffman, and L. A. Kauffman of Kenmare, N. D. Text, Phil. 1:21. The death of Bro. Miller was the first in the family, but he was permitted to see the whole family members of the Church. Besides a sorrowing wife and 8 children, and 14 grandchildren, there are many who feel the loss of Sunday school teacher, a worker in the Church, and a friend in the community. All the children were present at the funeral except Susanna and J. Annie, who had been called home to mother's bedside a few months ago. Christian and Samuel Reber of Mo., brothers of Sister Miller, attended the funeral. While we deeply feel the loss of our brother just at this time, we want to say, "God's Will be done."

Samuel married Catherine A. "Katie" Raber on 25 Dec 1880 in Hickory, MO. A child from this marriage was:

Rosa Lee Miller

Catherine A. "Katie" Raber, daughter of Daniel Raber and Suzanna Nafziger, was born on 12 Jan 1863 in Hickory, MO, died on 17 Jan 1917 in Fulton, OH at age 54, and was buried in Fairview Mennonite Cemetery, Surrey, Ward, South Dakota.

As a child, Katie's family lived as neighbors to as family by the surname James. Katie was a contemporary of two of the boys of that

AUCTION SALE

SEPTEMBER 19, 1916

I will Sell at Public Auction 2½ Miles East and 1 Mile North of Surrey, N. Dak., Beginning at 10 o'clock, The Following Descriced Property:

HORSES

1 team iron grey mares, 4 years old, in foal
1 grey mare 5 years old, in foal
1 grey mare 6 years old, in foal
1 black mare 13 years old, in foal
1 black mare 13 years old
1 sorrel gelding 11 years old
1 brown gelding 4 years old, family horse
1 bay gelding 16 years old
1 spring mare colt

CATTLE

1 Jersey cow 5 years old, giving milk
1 part Jersey cow 5 years old, giving milk
1 part Jersey cow 4 years old, giving milk
2 yearling steers
1 spring heifer calf
1 spring bull calf

HOGS

2 O. I. C. sows

CHICKENS

20 full blood White Orpington hens
2 full blooded White Orpington cockerels
30 full blooded White Leghorn hens

FARM MACHINERY

1 8 ft. Minnesota binder, new
1 tripple box wagon, good as new
2 14-in. John Deere gangs
1 26-ft. harrow
1 22-single disc drill
1 John Deere Giant mower
1 disc harrow
1 bob sleigh, with box
1 top buggy
5 sets work harness
2 sets single buggy harness
9 horse collars
1 19-bbl. galvanized water tank
1 tank heater
1 garden cultivator
1 hand cultivator, with attachments
Hoes, shovels, forks, axes, etc.

HAY

About 10 tons

HOUSEHOLD GOODS

1 cook stove
1 heating stove
1 sink
1 cabinet
1 16-ft. extension table
1 center table
7 beds
1 lounge
1 dozen chairs
2 rocking chairs
2 chests
1 mounted deer head
1 8-day clock
Dishes, pails, lamps, jars and other articles too numerous to mention

TERMS:- All sums under $10 cash. All sums of $10 and over credit will be given until Nov. 1, 1917, on Bankable Paper, Interest at 8%. 5% off for cash.

FREE LUNCH AT NOON

Mrs. S. P. Miller, Owner A. H. Thomas, Auctioneer
C. R. Miller, Manager W. S. Young, Clerk

Flyer for the auction of Samuel Miller's estate following his death

family, namely Frank and Jesse who became infamous as train robbers. It is said that her brothers were friends of Frank and Jesse.

Obituary

Katie A. Raber Miller, wife of Deacon S. P. Miller deceased, was born in Hickey County, Mo., Jan. 12, 1863. In early life she united with the A. M. Church.

On Dec. 25, 1880, she was united in marriage to Bro. S. P. Miller.

To this union were born 5 sons and 3 daughters. She was spared to see her children all grown and members of the Church of her choice, and all married but the three youngest.

In the spring of 1914 with her family they moved from Oscoda, County, Michigan, to Surrey, North Dakota. The family circle remained unbroken till a year ago last November, when the husband and father was suddenly called home.

Sister Miller was sadly afflicted for several years with nervous attacks which at times affected the mind. In September last she left home to visit among relatives and friends in Indiana and Ohio in hopes of gaining her health and returning again to North Dakota to make her home with some of the children. But God saw different and she was relieved of her affliction on the evening of Jan. 17, 1917, at the home of her sister-in-law in Fulton County, O. Her age was 54 y. 5 d. She leaves to mourn 8 children, 18 grandchildren, 2 foster grandchildren, 5 brothers, 2 sisters; also her aged mother in her 90th year, with a host of relatives and friends. As a member of the church she was true to her vow; as a mother and wife she was kind and affectionate and much concerned with the future welfare of her children.

The body was shipped to Minot, N. D., where services were held at the home of her daughter, H. J. Glick and at the Fairview M. H. on Jan. 23rd, conducted by J. S. Glick, I. S. Mast, and D. T. Dierdorf. Interment in the cemetery near by. Peace to her ashes.

Catherine married Samuel P. Miller on 25 Dec 1880 in Hickory, MO.

Closing Circles

Frank R. King III

A synthesis of two articles originally published in Mennonite History magazine in 2001 and 2005

All through childhood and most of my adult life, I knew no King relations beyond those of my own immediate family: my three uncles and their children, my immediate first cousins. We were like an island. We knew there were other Kings out there, but we always very quickly said, when asked if we were related to another King, "No!" You see, we knew to whom we were related to and we knew of no others.

This situation came to be as the result of a course of events that began in Topeka, Indiana, about 1880. My great-grandfather Jonathan N. King was born February 8, 1852, as the ninth child into a family of twelve in Wayne County, Ohio.

Jonathan N. had an older brother Christian who joined the Union forces during the Civil War and was blinded in the battle at Shiloh. Jonathan N.'s father Jonathan King died December 18, 1875, just short of his 65th birthday. Jonathan N. was 23 at the time. He had a younger brother and two younger sisters living at home. Apparently Jonathan N. felt obliged to continue to live at home and provide for his mother and younger brother and sisters.

In 1880, he met and married a striking and strong-willed young lady, Mary M. Gerber, from Johnson County, Missouri. Mary (Oct. 27, 1852-Aug. 31, 1894) was the daughter of Joseph and Sarah (Wingard) Gerber. We will probably never know how a young man from Topeka, Indiana, met and courted a girl a thousand miles away in Missouri when transportation was so difficult. However, young Mennonites would often gather for social occasions of Bible Schools, traveling from all over the country by train.

We do know that Mary was born in Starke County, Indiana, and as a child moved with her family to Missouri. It is entirely possible that Jonathan N. and Mary knew each other as children. In any event, they were married in 1880. It is quite unlikely that they knew that their respective immigrant ancestors (John Gerber and Samuel Koenig) owned adjoining properties in Cumru Township, Berks County, 100 years earlier.

From the very beginning, Mary asked Jonathan to have a home of their own. He was, however, adamantly committed to providing for his mother and living in the family home. Jonathan was one of eleven children of Jonathan and Lydia Plank King. For some reason, Jonathan Jr. was unwilling to leave his parents' home even after he and Mary were married. Apparently, Mary continually asked Jonathan to have a home of their own, which he persistently refused to do.

On June 16, 1881, Mary gave birth to a son and they named him Harry Lee King. When Harry was about eighteen months old, Mary took her son and went to visit her family in Missouri for the Christmas holiday season. This is no doubt the first time that her parents saw their grandson. While there, she determined that she was not going to return to Indiana until or unless Jonathan N. would get their own home. He never did, and to the best of our knowledge, Mary never did go back to Indiana. As near as we can tell, while in Missouri, Mary wrote back to Jonathan and informed him that she and Harry were not returning home.

Noble County, Indiana, records have a divorce filed between Jonathan N. and Mary M. King on January 31, 1885. Although it was her own flesh and blood family, I am sure that they were not open to accept her freely into their homes. Apparently Mary lived and worked in the area for several years. We can only imagine that it was difficult being a single parent in a Mennonite-Amish community more than 100 years ago. Although she was family, it is

our understanding that she was never able to return to full fellowship with them because of her decision to leave her husband - an act that in either Amish or Mennonite circles would have been strictly “verboten.” Years later some of her relatives in Missouri remember Mary saying that she simply could not stand Jonathan's mother or his family. However, others remembered her as their “favorite” aunt.

In 1890, Bob Womack, a Colorado cowboy, discovered gold in Poverty Gulch, also known as Cripple Creek, on the south slope of Pike's Peak. This spawned the second great OBJ

Harry as a young child

gold rush in the history of the United States. By 1894, the town of Cripple Creek had grown to 20,000 people and by 1900, 50,000 people lived in the area. In 1893, word came to western Missouri that gold had been discovered in Cripple Creek, Colorado. Mary caught gold fever, and got a female cousin to join her. At some point between 1890 and 1894, she along with her son Harry and this cousin took the train to Cripple Creek, and then traveled by stage coach to the gold mining town. Mary, along with a female

friend or relative, and young Harry - he would have been twelve years old in 1893 - took the train to Colorado Springs and then either hiked the remaining miles to Cripple Creek or rode the by now regularly-scheduled stagecoaches to the bustling community on the back side of Pikes Peak.

Here Mary staked a claim on a plot of ground. Her real occupation was doing laundry and cooking for some of the miners and townspeople. It is also believed that she ran a boarding house. We have a piece of gold ore that Harry brought back from that area. Harry King said that, as a boy, he had a burro which he hauled supplies to the miners. Harry tells the story about how one day Coxey's Army came through where he was and stole his burro, which he never recovered. There is no record that an army, as such, ever went through Cripple Creek. However, in 1894 there were major conflicts between the mine owners and the miners, which erupted into a full-blown shooting war. At the same time, about 2,000 miles to the east, a man by the name of Jacob Coxey led a march of unemployed workers from Massillon, Ohio, to Washington, D.C., as a form of labor protest. He called his band of men “Coxey's Army.” Therefore, it is quite conceivable that some of the protesting miners

Harry & Jonathan King, 1901

fancied themselves as Coxey's Army protesting their working conditions in Colorado.

The other things that arrived at Cripple Creek were sickness and disaster. The city burned to the ground twice between 1895 and 1900 and along with it most of the paper records. I have spent many hours with the Teller County archivist searching for any records on Mary M. King or Gerber, to no avail. Several epidemics swept through the district causing much sickness and death. Mary was the victim of one such epidemic, which resulted in her death on August 31, 1894. Then tragedy struck. In 1894, an epidemic swept through Cripple Creek, killing many of the city's residents. Mary was one of the victims. Her death occurred on August 31, 1894.

Harry was 13 years old when his uncle arrived on the train to take him and his mother's body back to Holden, Missouri. Here Mary's body was interred in the cemetery in Holden. We located her gravestone a number of years ago. It had seriously deteriorated over time, and we replaced it with a new one. Harry was then taken into the home of

Rosa & Harry, circa 1902

Joseph and Sarah Gerber, his maternal grandparents, who raised him to adulthood.

In the winter of 1901, Harry traveled to Indiana to meet his father, whom he had not seen since he was taken to Missouri as a toddler.[5] He spent a year in Indiana. According to his diary, he worked for numerous farmers in the area and spent a lot of time with many relatives and Mennonite young people. During that time, he also took a trip with several others to visit Niagara Falls and go into Canada. He also took the train to Wayne County, Ohio, where his father was born. Here he also met relatives and made the acquaintance of many Mennonite young people.

He then returned to Missouri, where he began courting Rosa Lee Miller, the oldest daughter of Samuel P. and Katie (Raber) Miller. They were married on New Year's Eve 1902. It was said of their wedding, which was held in her parents' home, that there were so many guests that they were afraid the floor would break.

Earlier that year, on June 22, 1902, Harry's father Jonathan N. remarried. His second wife was Celia Miller (November 5, 1866–1947), the daughter of Noah I. and Mary (Kenagy) Miller. Jonathan and Celia had four children: Almeda Opal "Opal" (Apr. 19, 1903–1969), Orla "Orlie" J. (Nov. 14, 1904–1979), Paul J. (Apr. 20, 1906–July 4, 1908), and Jay D. (July 5, 1908–Nov. 19, 1931). None of these siblings married or had children. Paul died at just over the age of two. The day after his death his younger brother Jay was born. Can you imagine the emotional nightmare for this family to lose one child and have another born before the first is even buried? Jay died at the age of 23 after a protracted illness. "Orlie" (Orla) and "Opal" never married. They continued to live in the family home in Noble County. Later in life they sold the family farm and moved to a smaller property on the northwestern boundary of Topeka in Lagrange County. They passed away in a nursing home in Topeka. I inherited the family Bible that has “J. N. and M. M. King” embossed on the front cover, apparently purchased while Jonathan was married to Mary. However the family entries were made by Celia and do not include Mary or Harry.

Harry had crops yet unharvested in Johnson County. So the newlyweds returned to the Holden area where he finished his harvest. They returned to Cass County by March and settled on a rented farm about five miles northwest of Garden City. Here they started their family. On Christmas Eve 1903, a daughter was born. She was named Edna Lee. Almost two years later a son arrived. He was named Ralph Edwin.

One should not be surprised that Harry and Rosa eventually became restless and felt hemmed in. For Rosa, it must have felt like watching her father get interested and excited about free land on the frontier territory of Oklahoma. In this case, Harry was learning about wide-open spaces in North Dakota. Mennonites from various parts of the country were taking advantage of this free or inexpensive land. Several Mennonite communities were springing

up in this remote and undeveloped part of the country. Harry traveled to North Dakota one summer and worked on the harvest for Mennonites in the area. He found what he felt was a good opportunity and decided to move his family there the next spring.

Harry rented an “immigration car,” which was basically a railroad boxcar. This he loaded with all of their household possessions, tools, farm equipment, animals, and livestock, at the railroad siding in East Lynne. He rode with the animals and possessions in the immigration car while Rosa with Edna (age 4) and Ralph (age 2) followed several days later by passenger train. The place they rented was a farm near

L to R: Amos, Harry, Edna, Samuel, Ralph, Elmer, & Rosa, circa 1913

Coulee where they lived, temporarily, in a sod house. A year later, another son joined the family. Samuel Jonathan “Sam” was blessed with the names of his two grandfathers. Amos Christian arrived in 1910, and in April 1913, Elmer Otto.

Later that same year, 1913, Harry was able to purchase 160 acres near the town of Kenmare, just about 20 miles from the Canadian border. A widow, Mrs. Rohrer, who lived back east, owned the land. The exact terms of the purchase are not clear but amounted to

a down payment and a share of the annual crops and income. This home was close to the Spring Valley Mennonite Church, which the King family joined. They became active members. Harry with his strong bass voice was one of the regular song leaders and served for a while as the Sunday School superintendent. The children attended a one-room schoolhouse, Spring Valley School #2, Baden District, where they learned the basics of education. They walked the half mile every day regardless of the weather.

Harry and Rosa had three more sons: Franklin Roy “Frank” in 1916, Harry “Lloyd” in 1919, and Emery Daniel in 1922. Within two years, in 1924, dark clouds began to appear on the horizon for the King Family in what would become a litany of pain, suffering and loss. Their second son, Ralph, got sick and was finally diagnosed with osteomyelitis. He was in the hospital for seven weeks before passing away on June 16, 1924.

In 1927, Edna met and eventually married Albert Yoder (Sept. 13, 1905–Dec. 30, 1990), the son of Moses F. Yoder from Wolford, North Dakota. Edna moved to Wolford with Albert. They began their family and between 1927 and 1935, they had six children, of whom four died in infancy. The surviving sons were Vernon Leroy, born in 1929, and Clarence Edwin, born in 1930. In the winter of 1927–28, Frank got sick. His body began to swell up. They took him to the hospital where he learned he had Bright's Disease, a form of kidney failure. Miraculously he survived but spent a month in the hospital.

The year 1928 was a year of infamy for the King family. It started off with Frank's illness. Not long after Frank returned home, Elmer got sick with rheumatic fever that turned into pneumonia. He passed away on June 4, 1928. Then Harry had an accident feeding the calves: one of

L to R: Edna, Frank, Ralph, Elmer, Harry, Rosa, Emery, Amos, & Samuel

them gouged out his eye with its short horn. The eye was removed and replaced with a glass eye. That summer was the first year of the dust bowl in North Dakota. For the next seven years there was no measurable rainfall.

That fall Harry had surgery for appendicitis and gall bladder problems. After he returned from the hospital he was never able to regain his strength and developed a bad cough. The dreaded diagnosis was tuberculosis. He was taken to the local hospital and eventually to the T.B. Sanitarium at San Haven, about 70 miles from Kenmare. He finally succumbed there on June 23, 1929.

My father, Franklin Roy King, was twelve years old at the time his father died, almost the same age that Harry was when his mother died in Cripple Creek. Harry's death was in June. By October, the Great Depression hit the country, compounding the King family's difficulties. This was followed by the dust bowl days—seven years of severe drought that virtually prevented crops from growing throughout the prairies.

For the next years, Rosa and the boys did their best to keep the farm going. Every spring they borrowed money for seed, which they planted and saw sprout with the moisture from winter snows, only to wither and die. The government stepped in with seed and aid but, in exchange, required able-bodied men (Frank was fourteen but had to work as a man) on public works projects. They mowed thistles and tumbleweed for hay but it had very little nutritional value. The number of cows was rationed according to a farm's ability to maintain them. Extras sold at \$20 each. Sick and weak cattle were shot and buried. Slowly and gradually the bank owned more than the Kings did. Dark clouds would form on the horizon and their hopes would rise, only to find that the clouds were nothing but dust storms. In winter the temperature would drop to -50˚F and the snow would blow through any cracks and crevices in the house just like the dust in the summer.

By the spring of 1935, when the crops again died and there was no hope of change in sight, Rosa decided to take her three sons and two motherless grandsons to Pennsylvania, where most of her brothers and sister were now living. One sister, Suzie, stayed in Oklahoma and brother Ami stayed in Missouri. Frank first went to Oregon to spend some time with his older brother Sam before joining his mother and brothers in Pennsylvania in fall of 1935. They lived in a rented property just east of Gap in Chester County, Pennsylvania. Things were much better for the Kings in Pennsylvania, but in 1940, another brother, Harry Lloyd, contracted tuberculosis and succumbed to the disease in March of that year.

Frank met and married Lydia Belle Mast. They found that they had a lot in common. Both Frank and Lydia also had older brothers Elmer, Ralph, and Samuel. They each had one older sister, Edna, who both had birthdays at Christmas time. Both Ralphs died of osteomyelitis and both Elmers died of pneumonia. Both of the Ednas married an "Al"—Albert and Alvin—and they both had a first son Vernon. The Kings found that they appreciated the worship and

fellowship at the small Frazer Mennonite Church, about thirty miles east of Gap. It was much like the congregation they were familiar with in North Dakota.

Frank and Lydia were the first to be married at the Frazer Church. They had asked to be married at the church, but were informed that it was not appropriate to have a wedding in the church unless it was part of a regular worship service. So they were married during the regular Sunday worship service on May 29, 1938, by Pastor Milton Brackbill. They soon all joined the small Mennonite church in Frazer and moved to and lived in that community for over fifty years. Rosa passed away in her home on Mother's Day 1969.

My oldest sister, Rosella, named after her grandmother Rosa, graduated from Lancaster Mennonite School. During the year after her graduation, she met a striking young man from Missouri by the name of Richard Schrock. Richard was serving his two years of VS/1W service at the State Mental Hospital in nearby Norristown, Pennsylvania. Richard and Rosella were married in 1958 and moved to Cass County, Missouri, where he commenced farming with his father and brothers.

One day in 1963, when Grandmother Rosa was visiting with Richard and Rosella, they were driving to Harrisonville. When they were just a mile west of their home, Rosa said, "This is where Harry and I used to live." They stopped and looked around the former home site. All that remained by this time was an iron pitcher pump in the well and parts of the foundations of buildings. It was, in fact, the place that Harry and Rosa first lived following their marriage over sixty years before in 1902. They then met and visited with Harry Troyer, a first cousin to Harry King, and other old-timers from the area who knew and remembered Harry and his mother, Mary M. Gerber.

How remarkable this chain of events that brought our family full circle, after an incredible chain of circumstances. But now, as Paul

Harvey would say, “the rest of the story…” I grew up and moved away from home, living in New York City, Iowa, Idaho, and Washington state. Returning closer to family and roots, I moved my family back to Pennsylvania in 1984. I like to think that the quest for new horizons comes naturally through my grandparents and, as I would later learn, other King ancestors.

In the late 1980s, we learned of a set of books by H. Harry Hartzler, *King Family History*, a comprehensive attempt at the genealogy of the descendants of immigrant Samuel Koenig. Just as we did not know to whom we were related, the rest of the King family did not know who we were. Hartzler had correctly identified Jonathan N. King and his marriage to Celia Miller, along with their four children. He was also able to identify one of my uncles, Amos Christian King, his first wife, and several of their children, but was not able to establish the relationship. The reason for this difficulty was the same as the reason we had not known our linkage to the extended Kings.

Because Mary M. (Gerber) King and her only son basically severed the relationship with the Kings, we had no way of knowing to whom we were related. Nor did the other Kings know who we were. (I have recently made contact with one of my distant cousins, whose family retained the name Koenig and many of whom still live in Berks County, Pennsylvania.) This was compounded by the fact that none of Jonathan N. King’s children by his second marriage married or had children. A single child, Harry, carried on the name and the genes. (Several years ago, my younger brother, Barry, was visiting a Mennonite church near Lebanon, Oregon. After the service an elderly lady turned around and said that she heard Harry King singing behind her. She was Edna (Hershberger) Kauffman, who had been a friend and neighbor of the Kings in North Dakota. Little did she know that Barry was Harry’s grandson.)

In the Hartzler book, we learned that my maternal grandmother,

Emma King Mast, was also a descendant of Samuel Koenig. Furthermore, Richard Schrock and his first cousin Dwight Hershberger, who married my sister Edna, were descendants of Samuel Koenig through their maternal grandfather, Levi Zook. This was an exciting revelation for us, because for the first time we knew who we were and where we came from.

I eventually moved to Cumru Township, Berks County, Pennsylvania, where I now make my home. Several years ago, I was in discussion with church historian John Ruth. Among other things, he asked me if I was related to the Amish Kings in Lancaster County. I told him I thought I wasn't. I returned home after that visit and pulled out the Hartzler book to prove that I wasn't of Amish descent. Not only did I confirm that I am related to most of the Amish-Mennonite Kings, but one other piece of information jumped out at me. I read that Samuel Koenig had lived in Cumru Township, Berks County, Pennsylvania.

As soon as I could, I went to the Berks County Courthouse and started looking through records, some of them original documents in German. Sure enough, I was now living less than three miles from the place that my immigrant ancestors lived over 200 years ago! Even as I think about these incredible events, I get goosebumps. For many years, we did not know to whom we were related, just as none of the other Kings knew who we were. Counting several generations of descendants and spouses, there are over 100 of us in the Jonathan N. King family. We are delighted to know that we are not alone.

Second Generation

Amos' Parents

Harry Lee King, son of Jonathan N. King and Mary M. Gerber, was born on 16 Jun 1881 in Topeka, Noble, Indiana, United States, died on 23 Jul 1929 in San Haven, Rolette County, ND at age 48, and was buried in Spring Valley Mennonite Cemetery, Kenaston, Ward, ND.

Harry was the only child of Jonathan N. King to grow to adulthood, marry and have progeny. He was born in Noble County, Indiana but left there in the custody of his mother in 1882. Ostensibly he was taken to visit his Gerber grandparents in Missouri over Christmas but his mother chose to not return to her husband.

He lived in Hickory County, Missouri near his maternal grandparents until about 1893 when his mother took him and along with her cousin joined the Gold Rush to the Cripple Creek Colorado district. He told a story about how as an adolescent he had a burro and would take supplies from the Stage and later the train to miners in the surrounding hills. That was until one day a group of labor strikers who called themselves "Coxes Army" "confiscated" his burro, never to be seen again. When his mother died in an epidemic that ravaged the area, an uncle from Missouri came by train and took young Harry and his mother's body back to Missouri.

He married Rosa Lee Miller and homesteaded in Cass County Missouri until 1902, when he discovered that cheap land was available in North Dakota and a new Mennonite Church was being established. He moved the family, farm, and household goods along with the farm animals in a rented railroad box car. When they first arrived in North Dakota, he erected a sod house that they lived in

until he was able to construct a frame house. Frank R. King Jr. has in his possession a journal that Harry kept of his journey to North Dakota on the train.[6] Life was good for Harry and the King family until 1929 when he had an accident involving a young calf. He was leaning over the barn stall to feed the calf when it butted him and with its short horn gouged out his one eye. While in the hospital recovering from this incident, as well as surgery for appendicitis and gall bladder, he contracted Tuberculosis. He was eventually sent to a Sanitarium at Sun Haven in eastern ND when he eventually succumbed to the disease.

Obituary

Harry L. King was born near Topeka, Ind., June 16, 1881; died at the state Sanitarium at San Haven, N.D., July 23, 1929; aged 48 y. 1 m. 7 d. On Feb. 10, 1929, he underwent an operation for appendicitis and gall bladder at the Kenmare Deaconess Hospital. After the operation he appeared to be getting along nicely, so returned to his home; but not gaining in strength he returned to the hospital and in an examination it was found he had contracted tuberculosis of the lungs. On May 30 he was removed to the Sanitarium where he passed away very suddenly with a hemorrhage. He leaves his loving wife, one daughter (Mrs. Albert Yoder), and five sons (Samuel, Amos, Franklin, Lloyd, and Emery); also one grandson, a stepmother, a half-sister, two half-brothers, and many other relatives and friends. His father, mother, two sons, and one grandson preceded him in death.

“Rest on, dear father, your labor is o’er, Your willing hands will toil no more, A faithful friend so true and kind, No one on earth like you we’ll find.”

Services at the house by Bro. L. A. Kauffman and at the church by brethren Archie Kauffman and E. G. Hochstetler. Texts, Job 14 and John 11:25, 26.

Harry married Rosa Lee Miller on 31 Dec 1902 in Garden City,

Cass, MO. Children from this marriage were:

- Edna Lee King was born on 24 Dec 1903 in Garden City, Cass, MO and died on 16 Apr 1935 in San Haven, Rolette County, ND at age 31.
- Ralph Edwin King was born on 28 Aug 1905 in Gunn City, Cass, MO and died on 16 Jun 1924 in Kenmare, Ward, North Dakota, United States at age 18.
- Samuel Jonathan King was born on 9 Apr 1908 in Coulee, Mountrail, North Dakota, United States and died on 29 Jul 1973 in Albany, Linn, OR at age 65.
- Amos Christian King
- Elmer Otto King was born on 1 Feb 1913 in Coulee, Mountrail, North Dakota, United States and died on 4 Jun 1928 in Kenmare, Ward, North Dakota, United States at age 15.
- Franklin Roy King was born on 7 Sep 1916 in Kenmare, Ward, North Dakota, United States, died on 28 Jan 2012 in Lititz, Lancaster, PA at age 95, and was buried on 30 Jan 2012 in Frazer Mennonite Church Cemetery, Malvern, Chester, PA.
- Harry Lloyd King was born on 13 Sep 1919 in Kenmare, Ward, North Dakota, United States and died on 19 Mar 1940 in Rush Hospital, Philadelphia, PA at age 20.
- Emery Daniel King was born on 12 Jun 1922 in Kenmare, Ward, North Dakota, United States and died on 12 Sep 1998 in Marsh Hill, Lycoming, PA at age 76.

Rosa Lee Miller, daughter of Samuel P. Miller and Catherine A. “Katie” Raber, was born on 1 Nov 1881 in Wheatland, Hickory, MO and died on 12 May 1969 in Frazer, Chester, PA at age 87.

Rosa Lee Miller[7] was born in Wheatland, Hickory County

Missouri and lived there with her family until 1894 when she moved, with her parents to Ponca City, OK as part of the famous Land Rush that opened up the Oklahoma Territory to homesteading. In 1900, the family returned to Missouri but this time to Cass County. It was here that she met Harry Lee King who returned from the Colorado Gold territory in 1895 and was living with his maternal grandparents. They were married on December 31 st (New Year's Eve) 1902 at the home of her parents.

Harry and Rosa homesteaded in Cass County until he heard of cheap land available and a growing Mennonite fellowship near Kenmare ND. They moved in a rented railroad box car and lived in a sod home for about a year until Harry was able to build a frame house.

Harry died in 1929 at the beginning of the depression and the Dust Bowl. Rosa was widowed with her three youngest sons (two had died as teens) and the others had already left home to make homes of their own. She was overheard pouring out her grief to God in the outhouse during which time she admitted to God that she just couldn't make it and she gave her sons to Him to care and provide for them. After 6 years of drought with no harvestable crops, Rosa with her two youngest sons and two motherless grandsons, took what she could carry and rode the bus to PA where she had brothers and a sister who promised to help her if she moved closer to them. Son Frank went for several months to visit with his brother in Oregon and then returned to PA to join his mother and brothers.

She and her boys lived near Gap PA until they all joined to Frazer Mennonite Church and they all moved to that portion of Chester County.

Rosa lived for several years in the home of her youngest surviving son, Emery and his family. Eventually Milton Brackbill,

one of the pastors of the Frazer church, donated land and the sons and church members built a duplex that was shared by Rosa and Katherine Rohrer, for her remaining days.

She enjoyed canaries and African violets and always had them in her home. She was well known for her potato salad and every pot luck meal was favored by ”Aunt Rosa’s“ (As she was called by everyone) potato salad. She also baked hundreds of pies and cookies, of course never using a recipe. She also sewed many miles of bandages from old sheets for MCC relief efforts.

Rosa died on Mother’s Day morning 1969. Her son and granddaughter took turns sitting with her during her last hours and both heard her comment about the beautiful big white birds outside. Where she lay in bed, it was impossible for her to see outside and only later did they realize that she was seeing the angles that had come to take her “Home.”

Rosa married Harry Lee King on 31 Dec 1902 in Garden City, MO.

Amos’ sister **Edna King (King) Yoder** and four of her six children died of tuberculosis. Her obituary was printed in the Ward County Independent in Minot, North Dakota on Thursday, April 25th, 1935:

> Kenaston: The Spring Valley Mennonite church, south of Kenaston, was the scene of two funerals last week, Ellen Harris on Thursday, and Mrs. Albert Yoder, Friday. Edna King Yoder was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. King and was born in Garden City, Mo., December 24, 1903. The family moved to the Kenaston vicinity when she was a young girl. Mr. King died several years ago. She was married November 24, 1927, to Albert Yoder, of Wolford. Four sons and two daughters were born to them, four of whom died in

infancy. Soon after moving to Kenaston, in the fall of 1934, Mrs. Yoder became ill and early in 1935 she was taken to San Haven, where she died, April 16. She leaves her mother, husband, two sons, Vernon and Clarence, and five brothers, Sam and Amos in Pennsylvania, Frank, Lloyd and Emery at home. Services for these rites were conducted by Rev. Levi Kauffman and Rev. Archie Kauffman, Rev. Eli Hochstecler of Wolford preached the sermon. Music for both funerals was rendered by the Spring Valley choir.

Pickin' Fights With Mennonites

What I learned from my great grandfather’s 1901 journal.

Vic King

My daughters love it when I tell them stories of when their grandpa was a boy. But when they asked me about their grandpa’s grandpa, I had to do some research.

Harry Lee King, 1881-1929

My father's father's father was born on 16 June 1881 in Indiana. When Harry was a year old, his mother Mary left his father Jonathan and took toddler Harry with her. They lived with her family in Missouri, and in 1893 she moved (with 12-year-old Harry) to a gold rush town in Colorado. When Mary fell sick and died the following year, Harry was brought back to Missouri and spent his teenage years with his mother's parents.

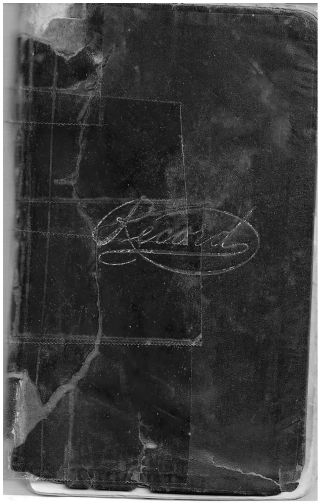
On New Year's Eve 1902 he married Rosa, and in 1907 the young family moved to North Dakota in a rented railroad boxcar. They’d heard the land was cheap and a new Mennonite church was being formed there. My grandpa Amos was born there in 1910.

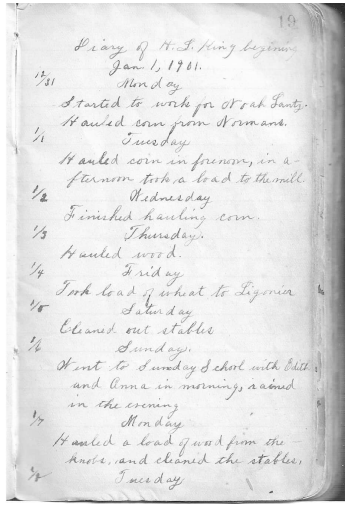
Life went well for the King family until the mid 1920s. Two of their sons died in their teens, and as the Dust Bowl and the Great Depression were setting in, more tragedy struck. Harry caught a cow’s horn in his eye. While recovering in the hospital, he caught tuberculosis, and a month after his 48th birthday, he died.

This much I learned from a genealogical document I got from one of my cousins. But there was another detail that piqued my curiosity. “Harry kept a journal of his journey to North Dakota.” A few emails later and I had a scanned copy of this journal.

The Record Book

The first page began, “Diary of H. L. King beginning January 1st 1901.” I couldn't wait to read it. What was life like for my dad's grandfather? And at first, I was disappointed. Most entries were devoid of any personality or emotion. The "journey to North Dakota" section was a page and a half of travel times and mostly-banal details.





The cover of the book said “Record,” and that's what it was - a log of Harry's work, of the weather, of his comings and goings. The bulk of the daily entries spanned January 1 to December 14, 1901. The rest of the book was lists. Debts owed and held, cattle bred and sold, and the occasional recipe or home remedy. But as I reread the daily entries, details arose that gave more texture to his life.

I began to see my forefather as he toiled at the turn of the last century, and at the threshold of adulthood. It’s a terse self-portrait of a young man who had grown up without his father, then lost his mother, now trying to find his way in the world.

Work

Most weeks, Harry worked six long days. He sawed and hauled logs off and on throughout that winter. He often worked with or for others, especially during harvests or when hogs were being

butchered. Sowing seed, shocking wheat, hauling manure or stone or sand… these are all things that my dad is doing now, 124 years later, but with help from internal combustion engines.

Weather

The one thing that could stop him from working, it seems, was foul weather. The winter of 1901 had stretches where it "snowed and blowed all day," and not much could be done. If the weather got bad when guests were visiting, they'd often stay the night rather than risk the blizzard. Occasionally his entry ended with a simple verdict like "Fine sunshiny day."

Sundays

Harry spent most of his Sunday mornings at a Mennonite church. The rest of the day he'd visit and eat with friends or family. He seemed to be at a different house each week. Some evenings he went to "YPM," which I've heard stands for Youth Prayer Meeting, which was probably a great chance to pray… and meet eligible young women.

Vittles

The only foods that get a mention in Harry's diary are pork (he helps several people with butchering hogs), rabbit (a hunt with his friend Enos yielded a single hare), apples, and oysters. He mentions several oyster dinners, one with sixty people! I haven't a clue how anyone in the Midwest got oysters enough to feed sixty people in 1901, but there it is.

Travels

Harry seemed to travel any chance he got. He'd work in different towns in Indiana or Ohio for days or weeks at a time. He took day trips Detroit and Ohio. Trains or streetcars were for longer jaunts. He did quite few miles walking (sometimes into the early hours of the morning) or on his "wheel," which is what he called his bicycle.

His furthest trip was to Buffalo, New York, for the Pan-American Exposition. He went for a long weekend in October right before the 1901 World's Fair ended. President McKinley had been assassinated there the previous month. But Harry's only remarks in his journal were that he "got in with a couple of boys from Ohio" for excursions to Niagara Falls and Canada, and "bummed around town all forenoon."

OBJ

The 1901 Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo, NY

Travails

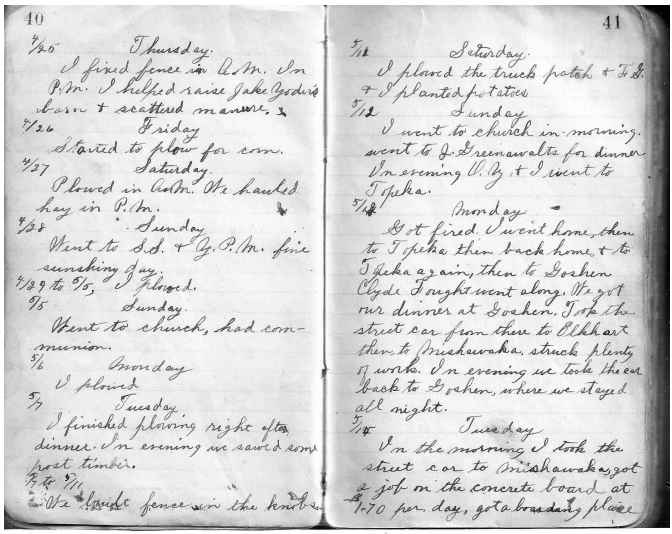
There were hardships aplenty, recorded without reflection. One example is Harry's entry from Monday, May 13, 1901:

"Got fired. I went home, then to Topeka then back home + to Topeka again, then to Goshen. Clyde Fought went along. We got our dinner at Goshen. Took the street car from there to Elkhart then to Mishawska, struck plenty of work. In evening we took the car back to Goshen, where we stayed all night."

Who he was working for, why he was fired, how he felt about it... nothing! The next day:

"In the morning, I took the street car to Mishawska, got a job in the concrete board at $1.70 per day, got a boarding place $3.50 per week. Started to work in PM and worked till Saturday."

OBJ



40

4/25 Thursday.
I fixed fence in A.M. In P.M. I helped raise Jake Goodrich barn + scattered manure.
4/26 Friday
Started to plow for corn.
4/27 Saturday.
Plowed in Cotton. We hauled hay in P.M.
4/28 Sunday
Went to S.S. + Y.P.M. fine sunshiny day.
4/29 to 5/5, I plowed.
5/5 Sunday.
Went to church, had communion.
5/6 Monday
I plowed
5/7 Tuesday
I finished plowing right after dinner. In evening we sawed some post timber.
5/8 to 5/11
We bought fence in the town

41

5/12 Saturday.
I planted the truck patch + T.B. + I planted potatoes
5/12 Sunday
I went to church in morning. went to J. Greenawalts for dinner In evening U.B. + I went to Topeka.
5/13 Monday
Got fired. I went home, then to Topeka then back home, + to Topeka again, then to Goshen Clyde Enright went along. We got our dinner at Goshen. Took the street car from there to Elkhart then to Mishawaka, struck plenty of work. In evening we took the car back to Goshen, where we stayed all night.
5/14 Tuesday
In the morning I took the street car to Mishawaka, got a job on the concrete board at $1.70 per day, got a boarding place

But that Saturday, he's "engaged a job through haying and harvest to Jep Plank and Frank Hall." And then on Monday he "struck a job shoving in the gravel pit @$1.25." Was he continually getting laid off, or jumping from one job to another based on his own inscrutable reasons? By Wednesday he was injured: "I shoveled gravel in the AM. About noon the pit caved in + I got my leg hurt, covered Sam Neufer up but did not hurt him much. I was laid up till Friday morning, when I went to work again leveling off."

Worker's comp wasn't around yet, apparently. He worked that job another two weeks, and was then back to farm work with various folks.

The Paternal Puzzle Piece

This, to me, is the most curious uncharted territory in the entire journal. For most of the months recorded, Harry was in Indiana visiting his father Jonathan and his father's family. It was the first

time he'd been with his dad since he was a toddler. But there are only 3 mentions of “Pa,” all incidental and unremarkable.

What was their relationship like? The chaplain in me is chafing with questions for Harry. What words passed between you and your pa? What images of God hold sway in your imagination? What sorts of thoughts fill your mind as you saw logs, shock wheat, sow clover? The journal leaves almost no clues. Almost.

Reading For Character

Some of the first pages in Harry’s journal are his sundry notes from a book he was reading, The Vicar of Wakefield. Should I be surprised that a Mennonite farm boy was reading one of the most popular British novels of the Victorian era? Perhaps not. But these notes contain the nearest clues to what Harry cared about.

He conducted “character studies” of several of the main characters, noting the qualities that he (apparently) appreciated or disapproved of, with section/chapter citations for each:

Characteristics of Pr. Primrose

Observance of the rules of good breeding. Loves his children.
Philosophy of life.
Hospitable.
Conservative in his views.
Honesty with himself.
Proud of his ancestors.
Attitude to the world.
Ignorance of the world.
Readiness to forgive.

It seems like Harry admired this character… Numbers 3 and 9 in particular are quintessential Mennonite values.

Mr. Purchell

Sympathetic nature.
Experience of worldly matters.

Mrs. Primrose
Superstitious.
Rises above herself.

Mr. Thornhill
Artful and deceitful.
Cunning.

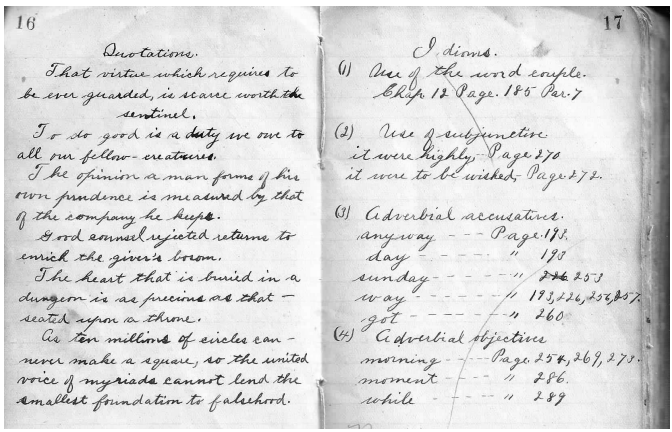
Harry's opinions of these three characters are less clear. What's interesting to me is not whether he was reading the characters well, but what these notes reveal about how he was reading, and what that reveals about his inner life.

He wrote out several quotations that stood out to him in some way. He didn't comment on them, but I will.

> *That virtue which requires to be ever guarded, is scarce worth the sentinel.*

Heh. Clever turn of phrase.

> *To do good is a duty we owe to all our fellow creatures.*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Quotations.

That virtue which requires to be ever guarded, is scarce worth the sentinel.

To do good is a duty we owe to all our fellow-creatures.

The opinion a man forms of his own prudence is measured by that of the company he keeps.

Good counsel rejected returns to enrich the giver's bosom.

The heart that is buried in a dungeon is as precious as that — seated upon a throne.

As ten millions of circles can never make a square, so the united voice of myriads cannot lend the smallest foundation to falsehood.

17

Idioms.

(1) Use of the word couple.
Chap. 12 Page. 185 Par. 7

(2) Use of subjunctive
it were highly Page 270
it were to be wished, Page 272.

(3) Adverbial accusatives.
anyway - - - Page 193.
day - - - - - " 193
sunday - - - - - " ~~246~~ 253
way - - - - - " 193, 226, 236, 257.
got - - - - - " 260

(4) Adverbial objectives
morning - - - Page 254, 269, 273.
moment - - - " 286.
while - - - " 289

True, but blandly put.

The opinion a man forms of his own prudence is measured by that of the company he keeps.

Huh?

Good counsel rejected returns to enrich the giver's bosom.

Kinda smug, ain't it? It's the Victorian version of "haters gonna hate." Final quote from the Vicar:

As ten millions of circles can never make a square, so the united voice of myriads cannot lend the smallest foundation to a falsehood.

I love this one. And the contrarian streak runs deep. Another of my ancestors, John Yoder, was jailed in PA in 1779 along with 13 other Amish farmers. Because they refused to serve in the militia, their farms were seized, and when they still refused on pacifist principle, they were sentenced to death.

Within days of their scheduled execution, a German Reformed pastor petitioned the authorities on their behalf, citing freedom of conscience, and the peace-loving prisoners were freed and their land restored (on condition of an annual fine for militia non-participation).

Pickin' Fights

As I read my great-grandfather's entries aloud one evening, my wife began to laugh. "You King men," she teased me. "All work and no feelings!"

"Hey," I balked. "We're changing!" But she had a point. German Anabaptists in general, and my family in particular, have often been hardworking to a fault, and sometimes lacking in emotional expression. Like Colter Wall sings in "Saskatchewan in 1881,"

Don't be pickin' fights with no Mennonites
Don't be raisin' cain while they're plantin' grain
And workin' through the night
They're gonna let you know if you ain't actin' right

I'm thankful for my hardworking, hardscrabble heritage. I know that I owe them in many ways for the circumstances of my life, which have been better than most. But I also wonder - and am beginning to discover - how the wounds they bore in silence shaped the man I am today.

Poring over the pages, I felt closer to the world around Harry, but not much closer to the world within him. Did he have the twinkle in his eye, the almost impish grin that I remember from his son Amos, and that lives on in my father and me? (That mischievous smile has been muted on my father's face and mine by a 'stache and a beard, respectively.)

Did he tell his kids he loved 'em? Did he know any recently-freed enslaved people, and how did he treat them? What things in life did he care about the most? I may never know. But as I write this, I'm thankful for his life however troubled and happy it was. His sand castle has long been washed away, but more than a few grains from his have made it into mine. And I'll face the waves, cheerfully defiant, for as long as the Maker gives me.

Rosa King: An Ordinary Woman In Extraordinary Circumstances

From the book *Full Circle: Stories of Mennonite Women*

Edna Mast

The gritty taste in her mouth, the sand in her shoes, the sting of the wind in her eyes, dust pictures and names drawn anywhere and everywhere inside the house and out by her children - all these brought Rosa King, a farmer's wife in North Dakota in the late 1920s, to the point of exhaustion. Would it never rain? She could thank God, though, for the never-failing well of water that nourished both family and flock.

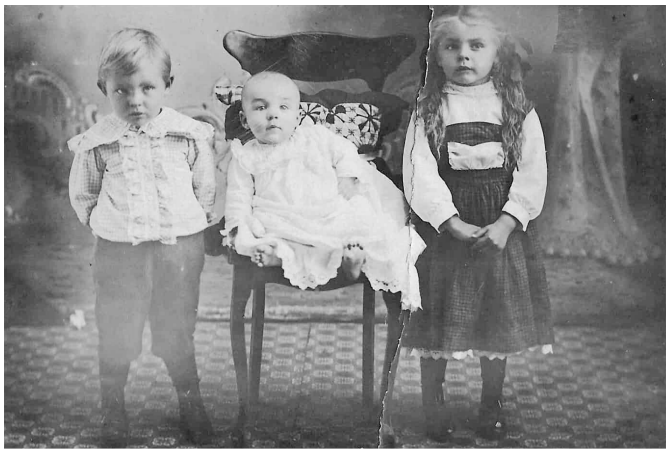
Worse than dry weather was the illness of Harry, her tall, hardworking and faithful husband. Never as robust as his wife, he couldn't afford to be sick. Rosa remembered her feeling of lostness when she learned that he had tuberculosis. How empty the house seemed the first night after he went to the sanitarium, seventy long miles away.

Seventy miles. It might as well have been seven hundred. Yet there was always a way. Her nearest neighbor, Norman Westover, assured her, “Let me know whenever you want to go see Harry. I'll take you.” Rosa thought of the visit when Harry told her to bring his overalls the next time she would come. “I am going to get well.” How delighted he was when he could wave to his little grandson, Vernon, through the hospital window. The last time she was there Harry had said, “I wish you could bring me a great big piece of watermelon the next time you come.”

And so on July 23, 1929, Rosa started early in the morning for another trip from Kenmare to the sanitarium. Norman drove and two friends, Rosie Harris and Elma Kauffman, went along. It would

be a long day, the sun hot, the wind dust-laden as usual, and the road full of chuck holes.

Rosa's mind darted in two directions. Her mother-heart went back home to her five boys who were bravely trying to do the farm work without Father, boys who swallowed hard to keep the tears back. Just as anxiously she looked forward to seeing her husband. Surely he[OBJ]



L to R: Ralph, Samuel, & Edna circa 1909

would be better this time. Maybe they would be able to bring him home.

She patted the package on her lap. It contained a huge piece cut from the heart of the best watermelon she could buy. Their vines would yield nothing this year. She would not need to speak, for the gift would be a symbol of their love, saying, “This is the best I can bring you, Harry. You know we have no money, and not much of anything else. But we have each other. We have our five sons at home, and our married daughter, and God. May this watermelon be as refreshing and satisfying as our love has always been.”

The sun was high in the sky when the Model T chugged to the entrance of the sanitarium. Elma and Rosie followed the eager wife

as she hurried to the reception desk. The lady there greeted her with, "Good morning, Mrs. King. Go right up to see your husband." When they reached Harry's door, Rosa wondered why it was closed and felt an unusual quietness, though she did hear footsteps hurrying toward her in the hall. She opened the door, slipped to the bed, pulled aside a curtain and saw that her husband's face was covered with a sheet.

“...He's gone!”

“I'm very sorry, Mrs. King!” gasped the nurse, following her into the room. “Why on earth did they let you come up here without telling you? I'm so sorry! When Mr. King was eating his breakfast this morning he started hemorrhaging. He said, ‘It won't amount to much,’ and then he was gone.”

“Oh!”

The piece of watermelon was forgotten. Harry, Rosa's husband for twenty-six years, was dead.

Rosa L. Miller was born in Hickory County, Missouri, November 1, 1881, to Samuel P. and Katie Raber Miller, the oldest in a family of eight children: Rosa, Susie, Ami, Daniel, Minnie, Christ, Samuel and Otto. She lived with her family in several places in Missouri, then moved to Oklahoma in a covered wagon, and later back to Missouri.

One day, Rosa met Harry Lee King in a crowd and they were immediately attracted to each other. Rosa felt pity for Harry because he was an orphan living with his grandparents, and Harry was fascinated by the dark-haired, olive-complexioned Rosa, a young lady of great dignity. They were married on December 31, 1902. Rosa was twenty-one.

Harry and Rosa made Missouri their home for five years, then pioneered in North Dakota on a rented farm near Coulee. In 1913 they bought 160 acres near Kenmare, where they settled and joined

the congregation at Spring Valley Mennonite Church.

They became the parents of one daughter and seven sons: Edna, Ralph, Samuel, Amos, Elmer, Frank, Harry Lloyd and Emery. Harry King was a good father whose influence was felt by his sons long after his death.

The story is told that when Samuel was just a toddler he wandered into the meadow where his father was mowing 'slough' hay. Not being able to find his daddy, he lay down and went to sleep in the tall grass. Harry stopped the cutter bar within inches of his son, and carried him to his mother. "I almost mowed into our little boy." Both parents wept. They

King boys L to R: Lloyd, Frank, Elmer, Amos. Sam, and Ralph

wept together too when Samuel got his fingers in the hand wringer as Rosa was washing with a scrubbing board and wringer.

The deaths of two sons broke the King family circle before their father died. Ralph, the oldest son, developed osteomyelitis and died a painful death at eighteen years of age. Elmer died suddenly of pneumonia.

Harry, too, experienced much physical pain. He had an eye put out by the stubby horn of a small calf. Then he had surgery for

gallstones, and had not recovered entirely from that when he became ill. Now, at age 48, he was gone.

On the way home from the sanitarium the wind pierced Rosa, but she didn't feel it. Darkness fell; she didn't notice. All she could do was mutely pray, “Oh God, what'll I do? How can I raise my boys without a father? How can I feed them?”

She had called Edna from the hospital, and so came home to a houseful of people. “Thank you, everyone, but…”

Their pastor had told the boys that Daddy was gone. Lloyd and Sam were cultivating corn on the Renno place. “Let's unhitch and go home.”

Friends came and went. The day of the funeral came and went. One day followed another like horses' hoofs on the prairie.

“I'm being brave,” Rosa said to herself, “for the sake of my children.” She moved like a machine, working from sunrise to sunset, then dropping into a bed that was a pit of loneliness. The heartache, the hard work, the insecurity caused a spiritual dearth within her more devastating than any drought.

After the boys went back to school she had too much time to think. “I could have wrung my hands and screamed when no one was near,” she admitted later.

Then, one day alone in the outhouse, the widow went to pieces. She cried until she couldn't cry any more. Then she cried some more. Tears ran down her cheeks. Her apron was put to good use.

“What will happen to my boys? O Lord, what shall I do with them? They need a father. So far I have managed to feed and clothe them. You have provided. But I want them to be good men, men like their father and You.”

God spoke. “I have Harry. Now give me your boys.”

“Lord, you can have them,” was all Rosa could whisper.

Then peace came.

The first winter after Harry's death, one day as she was returning from helping a neighbor dress turkeys, Rosa slipped while getting out of the sleigh when the horses started up too soon, and broke a bone in her leg. X-rays revealed a piece broken off her tibia. A cast was put on from hip to toes. A day or so later the doctor told her he wasn't satisfied with what had been done, and planned to open the cast and nail the chip in place. When the boys came to the hospital she told them of this but added, “I don't think he will. We're going to ask God to heal it the way it is.”

The next morning the doctor said, “Mrs. King, we are not going to operate after all.”

She replied, “I knew you wouldn't.”

“What?”OBJ

King men working the land, date uncertain

“I asked the Lord to heal it the way it was, and I knew you would change your mind.”

Rosa wore the cast for several months. The boys took over the cooking. Amos's specialty was rice with raisins, and Frank could bake a huge chocolate cake without eggs. What an ordeal, though,

for the boys to decide who should wash the dishes.

“When will it rain?” If the King family had known that they were in the midst of a seven-year drought, they would have given up hope of keeping the farm as long as they did.

A black cloud promised rain, but brought grasshoppers instead - cruel, crunching grasshoppers that hid the sun. Walking through the grass, the insects would fly up like swarms of bees. They added to the “agony of waning hope.” Turkeys died with their craws full of grasshoppers.

The boys tried mowing Russian thistles or tumbleweeds when green for hay. Cattle sold for around twenty dollars a head when they could be sold. Stock died because they swallowed too much sand with dry grass. At one time the Kings had five fresh cows and not enough milk for the table.

At fourteen years of age, Frank got a job working on a Works Progress Administration (WPA) project of road construction. He took a man's place driving a team of horses hauling stones. Sam went to Montana to find work. The natural buoyancy of youth and the Kings' faith in God, however, made life worth living.

Blizzards could be cruel, bringing temperatures down to as low as fifty degrees below zero. They tried to make of the King farmhouse a white coffin, but the family saw to it that it remained a place of comfort and cheer. And after the storm, what fun sleighing and sledding! When they ran out of fuel they burned dried ‘chips’ of cow manure. They learned that horse manure would not burn; it deadened the fire. They learned survival.

The family had to create its own entertainment. The boys spent many happy hours in the summertime trying to snare gophers. They would take a string, loop a noose around a gopher hole, back up and lie flat on the ground, pulling the string when a head appeared.

By the mid-1930s, however, Rosa realized that things were not

getting any better; drought and the depression had spelled a double disaster. Their life then was comparable to what Laura and Almanzo Wilder of *Little House on the Prairie* fame had experienced in Dakota Territory in the 1890s. To borrow money for seed for crops that dried up, and feed for stock that was always hungry, to borrow again season after season, to see the deterioration of cattle and farm, ended with the realization that no crops meant no more credit and no money to pay interest or taxes. Finally, the farm and the little that could be salvaged belonged to the bank. For a short time the family was forced to accept welfare. "We were down and out." Rosa admitted years later, "but we were all in the same boat, and neighbors helped each other."

Rosa's sons did not go hungry. If anyone went hungry, it was she. Her prayer of blessing at the table expressed gratitude to God for His goodness, and a concern for her boys whether at home or away. The sons now associate her tear-filled eyes with this rite.

Often ‘poor man's gravy’ made a substantial meal. Her recipe: “Put a

Sam & Amos with skunk pelts. On skunks, see also “Skunk on a Unicycle.”

dab of lard or bacon drippings into a skillet, brown in that several

tablespoons of flour, season with salt and pepper, and add milk, simmering slowly." 'Poor man's gravy' spooned onto homemade bread or potatoes built strong men.

Then help came. Three of Rosa's brothers - Christ, Samuel and Otto - lived in southeastern PA and extended an invitation for their sister and family to move there. So Rosa and sons Frank, Harry Lloyd and Emery, and grandsons Vernon and Clarence, 'sold out' and went to PA in 1935.

Emery says of these years: "For two years after we moved to PA, what remained of our family was separated. This Mother could not stand any longer, so she rented a house and established the home again. How good it was to be together again! Mother dearly loved her family and felt it her God-given privilege and responsibility to keep her family together."

From Montana, Sam had gone on to Oregon, where he married Esther Nafziger. They made their home there, except for the first year of their marriage which they spent with his family and relatives in PA. Amos married Agnes Ogburn and moved to Westover, Maryland, where he was ordained a minister.

Rosa and the younger boys lived near Gap, PA, for several years, then moved to Frazer and became permanently affiliated with Frazer Mennonite Church.

In 1935 Rosa's daughter Edna, who had married Albert Yoder, gradually weakened and died of tuberculosis after having moved home to be with her mother. Her baby daughter had died when only a few months old. In 1940, tuberculosis took its toll again, claiming Harry Lloyd as its victim. When he went to the hospital, his mother (with heartbreak) said, "He'll not come back alive. I know too well how that disease works. It has taken too many of my family." She was right. He died in his twenty-first year.

After Frank married Lydia Mast and Emery married Ruth Brackbill,

the King sons built their mother a small cottage near the home of their pastor, Milton Brackbill. Here she lived her remaining days.

In her living room a sturdy yet attractive cupboard caught one's eye. Made in PA for Rosa's grandfather, then belonging to her father, then to Rosa, it had made a full circle, going from PA to Missouri to Michigan to North Dakota, then back to PA.[8] Snapshots spanning four generations decorated the glass doors. Her matching set of "butter dish, sugar, creamer and spooner" told the story of sixteen-year-old Rosa and the traveling peddler who stopped regularly at her girlhood home in Oklahoma. Now priceless, it was “just cheap, costing not much more than a dollar.”

Rosa became known affectionately as Aunt Rosa in the church and community. To her family she was Grandma King.

Emery says, “I don't remember Mother ever having a savings or bank account. She certainly never had much of this world's goods. What she had, she was so unselfish with. It was hard for her to get the aid from the state, feeling she was getting something she didn't deserve.”

Declining health did not stop her from keeping busy. She loved to bake

Rosa with her sons, date unknown

bread and give it away. Each Saturday morning she made a blueberry pie for grandsons Glenn and Danny. At sewing circle she asked for take-home work, and so started crocheting bandages for Mennonite Central Committee. She made over a mile of three-inch bandages, and at the time of her death her 258th bandage was waiting to be finished.

Granddaughter Lois King Huston gives this remembrance of G'ma (as she signed her name):

Many times we were left in G'ma's care. We would play dominoes, build domino houses, or look at her scrapbooks with their lovely magazine pictures. And of course there were always 'black cookies' (oreos) in her old cookie jar for our consumption. When Grandma baked pies, which she loved to do, she would take the leftover dough, shape into 'birdies,' sprinkle with cinnamon and sugar, and bake for us.

She always carried a fairly large black purse, which always contained rolls of Life Savers for the children; much to the dismay of parents at times!

Grandma was always concerned about others and was ready to lend

a listening ear. Of course, she did her share of talking too, but that was G'ma.[OBI]

Water, Frank, Rosa, Emery, and Amos King, and Vernon Yoder, November 1955

The prayer and praise service at Frazer Mennonite Church Thanksgiving morning is a yearly highlight. The congregation always looked forward to Aunt Rosa's fresh testimony of God's faithfulness and guidance through the years. A test of faith came early in 1967, when Rosa had surgery. Her granddaughter, Edna Hershberger, a registered nurse who lives nearby, became her standby from then on. Rosa stayed out of bed as much as was humanly possible, and made a remarkable recovery, saying it was because "people all over the world are praying for me." The spring of 1969 brought a gradual physical decline. On Mother's Day at her request many of her family members stopped in to see her. She had been in church the previous Sunday. Sons Amos, Frank and Emery took turns at her bedside.

Rosa with Amos & Walter on the Pocomoke River in the Kingfisher, a boat Amos & Walter built that has since been restored by AJ & Victor

Amos recalls his mother asking several times during the afternoon, “What are those big white birds doing out there?” He saw none. “Could she have heard angels’ wings?”

The following morning she slipped quietly away to her eternal home. Some folks when they grow old, long to ‘go home,’ especially when so many loved ones are on the other side and they have had so much trouble here. But when she learned at the age of eighty-five that she had cancer, Rosa had cried and said, “I don’t want to die. I enjoy my family too much.” She liked it here!

Trunk

Agnes, Amos, Martha, & Their Children

Agnes Ogburn OBJ

Our Ogborn Lineage

Bruce King

Our Ogborn lineage has significant history, including beginnings in England, west of London. From my research, the earliest mention of the Ogborn name is in 1725, when the name was spelled Okebourne. It was compounded from “oc” meaning oak and “burn” meaning stream or forest. In other words, the stream flowing through the oak trees or the oak forest. The “k “preceding the “b ” was not euphonious and the name early became Ogbourne.

Ogborn is a rare name in England now, but from the early thirteenth century through the sixteenth, there were many Ogbournes both in London and in several other places. By that time they had already spread out from Ogbourne, Wiltshire. In Wiltshire there was a second village, Ogbourne Saint Andrew, and there seems to be little doubt that the earliest of the family came from one of these two villages.

Walter de Okebourne lived in Wiltshire in 1273. Some Ogbournes with the French “de” preceding the last name are found in English literature, and at least four with the English “Sir” preceding the first name. There has been some other conflicting evidence that they may have originated in Wales earlier than the 1500s. There is a legend that the earliest Ogborns were famous potters in Wales and immigrated to England in the 1600s.

Most of the history of the Ogborn lineage appears to have been Quaker, the religion having been started in England around 1650.

Throughout my research, I have found several variations on the name, ranging from Ogborn, to Ogborne, to Ogbourne, and also Ogburn. Further back variations could have also included Osborne. It seems that most of our lineage has had an “o” rather than the “u” in their names.

It is interesting that many of our ancestors have the name Ogborn, with only the last 3 generations switching their spelling to Ogburn. For some reason, Agnes's father switched the spelling to Ogburn. It appears that many of the original Ogburns in the US are likely not directly linked to us, but rather a

The Ogborn family crest

descendent of a man named Symon Ogburn who settled in Virginia in the mid-1650s. His descendants branched out through the South, and it appears likely that some of them were slave owners. This resulted in a sizable number of African-American Ogburns, as slaves usually took the last name of their owners. I have not found any evidence of slave ownership amongst our Ogborn ancestors.

There are some discrepancies amongst the different sources for the first one or two Ogburn ancestors in our lineage. Some contain different first names or dates regarding these two persons. It is hard to discern, since these records are close to 400 years old. I have tried to document as best as I can, but I would hope that in time, some future family member may uncover more documentation of our ancestors.

It seems that many of the original Ogborns were Quakers. It appears that the Mennonite transition only happened in the last several

generations, similar to what we have seen in the Wert family history. Growing up in these families, which were more conservative than my secular peers, I always thought that the Wert and Ogburn Mennonite history was more extensive, and went back many years.

Our direct lineage for the Ogborn name, back to the first Ogborn emigrating from England, are as follows:

1. John Ogborne
Born 1644, Died November 19, 1716, in Burlington, New Jersey
Married to Sarah Bromell, born 1669

2. William Ogborne
Born 1670, Died Feb 10-13, 1713
Married Mary Cole on November 17, 1698

3. John Ogborne
Born 1700, Died May 23, 1774
Married Sarah M. Shreve on January 19, 1723

4. Caleb Ogborn Sr.
Born 1729, Died 1784
Married Elizabeth Maquire,

5. Caleb Ogborn Jr.
Born June 1775, Died November 25, 1828, Married Ann Lee Parker

6. William Ogborn (possibly Methodist, moved from New Jersey to Ohio) Born February 12, 1790, Died November 6, 1843
Married Hannah Mason

7. Amos Ogborn Sr. (possibly United Brethren)
Born March 17, 1816, Died April 26, 1894
Married Lucinda Gage, later married Rebeccah Williamson

8. Charles W. Ogborn
Born December 24, 1852, Died September 11, 1935
Married Nancy Ann Shipman

9. Amos C. Ogborn
Born November 7, 1874, Died April 5, 1962
Married Lydia Ann Kauffman

10. Agnes Elizabeth Ogburn
Born July 7, 1907, Died July 12, 1946
Married **Amos C. King** on September 13, 1933

1. John Ogborne

I have not been able to find the actual confirmed date and ship from when our Ogburn ancestor came to North America, but it surmised that it was John Ogborne. It is thought that this John Ogborne arrived in Maryland in 1677 (see *The Early Settlers of Maryland* by Gust Skordas). It is likely that John was brought here by a Thomas Thurston, who was somewhat of a rebel Quaker, bringing trouble and dissension amongst the church when he arrived. Our ancestor John Ogborne is thought to have come from Thornbury, England, which is in the far southwest part of England, essentially below Wales.

This is the John Ogborne who then moved to New Jersey, starting quite a few generations of Ogborn(e)s in New Jersey. The following notes were composed around the turn of the century about John Ogborne who, with Samuel Ogborne, was a settler in Burlington County, New Jersey in the 17th century.

> In New Jersey the name was favorably known through the State for many years, especially in the vicinity of Middletown, but now, save in its application to the site of an old homestead, "Annie Ogborne's Corners," on the road between Middletown and Holmdel. It is extinct in 1900, and even this name is lost, for to this locality the name on the sign-board and in Ellis' History has been corrupted to Ogden.
>
> The Ogbornes were socially a prominent family, but, with few exceptions, held no political positions. Through the female side

of the house have descended the late Amos R. Manning, Esq., of the Supreme Court of Alabama; the Hon. Edward Scudder, of the Supreme Court of New Jersey; Prof. John Stillwell Schenck, of Princeton College; the Drs. Stillwell, of New York City; Ex-Governor Bedle, of New Jersey; the Taylors, of Middletown, N.J., and others.

Documented transactions by the original John Ogborne

1684, 6, 11mo. John Ogbourne bought of Joseph Blowers, for £110, a house recently erected, in Burlington, and one hundred and fifty acres.

1685. John Ogborne recorded his cattle-mark, at Burlington.

1686, 3, 6mo. He, then residing at Burlington, sold the above property to Walter Humphary, of Burlington, Carpenter, for £110.

1691 2, 4mo. John Ogbourne, yeoman, of Burlington County, bought one hundred and fifty acres, in the First Division of lands, from Charles Reade, of the town of Burlington.

1694. John Ogborne located three hundred acres of land at Oneanickon, in Springfield, which he sold, in 1697, to Eleazor Fenton.

1699, Apr. 20. John Ogborne, of Burlington County, carpenter, bought, for £3, from Thomas Kendall, bricklayer, of Burlington County, a lot, in Burlington, on the High Street

1699, Apr.29 Thomas Kendall, of Burlington, for £31, sold to John Ogborne, of Burlington, a lot on High Street.

1701. He was Town Clerk, of Burlington.

1707, Apr. 4. Thomas Kendall, of Burlington, sold, for £100, to John Ogborne, of Springfield, carpenter, property on High Street, in Burlington, near the Market House.

1711, May 3. Richard Ridgway, of Springfield, for £100, sold to John Ogborne, of Springfield, yeoman, one hundred and fifty acres, in the township called Mattacopeny,

1716, Nov.19. Will of John Ogborne, of Springfield; proved Mch. 28, 1720, mentioned Wife, but no name is given, "now in England."

Daughter, Sarah, 4, now in England.

Daughter in-law, Anna, wife of John Hocton [Stockton?]

Grandson, John Ogborn

Grand-daughter, Hannah

Francis Roe, widow, a bequest

Grand-daughters, Sarah and Anna, daughters of his deceased son, John Ogborne. Elizabeth, Mary and Hannah, daughters of his deceased son, William Ogborne.

1719-20, Mch. 15. The inventory of the personal estate of John Ogborne, taken this date, amounted to £I78-6-7 1/2

2. William Ogborne

Little is available on William's life. He was born in 1670. He married Mary Ann Cole November 17, 1698. They had 3 children recorded, with our ancestor John being the middle child, between two sisters. They lived their whole lives in Burlington, N.J. William died on February 13, 1713 at the age of 43. I was able to find William's will on record which is copied below.

Will of William Ogborne

Died February 13 1713 aged 43 years
Buried St Mary's Churchyard, Burlington, NJ

In the Name of God Amen. I William Ogborne being subject to bodyly weaknes but of sound memory Doe make & ordaine this

to be my Last will & testiment following:

First I committ my soul to almighty God my maker & my body to the earth in hopes of a happy Resurrection thorough the merits of my saviour Jesus Christ.

Next I give my land & plantation to my son John Ogborne to enjoy it when he comes at age according to the Law to him & to his heirs & assigns for ever.

Also my wife Mary to have the use of my said plantation or the benifit thereof till my said son comes at age or till she marryes which first happens as Also all my personal estate beside what I here following doe give away; shee paying or consenting to be paid all my Just Debts & funerall charges But if in case she marryes then to devide two thirds amongst my children Elizabeth Haneh & Mary.

Only I give to my said wife my best horse & the sidesadle at my cecease & also a red mantle that was hers

Lastly I doe herby request nominate & appoint my father John Ogborne & my said wife Mary & Samuell Lipingcot to be my excecutors of this my Last will & Testiment revoaking all other wills heretofore made Testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand Seal this 18th of January 1708/1709

William Ogborne

Signed sealed published & declared to be the Last Will of William Ogborne before us

John Talbot
John Roberdes
Daniel Leeds

3. John Ogborne

John was born in 1700 in Burlington, N.J. His father William passed away when he was 13 and his mother when he was 21. He

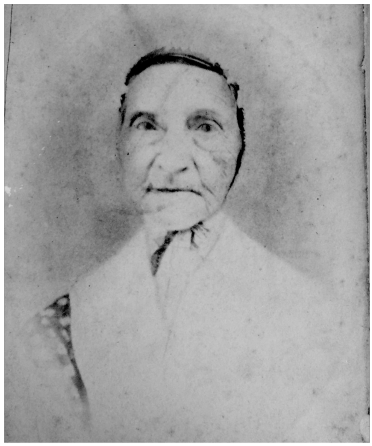
married Sarah Shreve on Jan 19, 1723 in Burlington, N.J. He and Sarah had 5 children over the next 6 years, with our ancestor Caleb being the last one. His wife Sarah passed away 10 years later. He remarried Tabitha Neblett but had no children with her. He passed away on May 23, 1774 in Monmouth, N.J.

4. Caleb Ogborn Sr.

Very little is known of this ancestor. Caleb Ogborn was born on 1729 in Burlington, New Jersey. He married Elizabeth Maguire on November 1, 1749. He and his wife and family lived their lives in Burlington. He died in 1784 at 55 years of age.

5. Caleb Ogborn Jr.

Caleb was born in Mount Holly, Burlington, N.J. in June of 1763. He married Ann Lee Parker on Sept. 11, 1783 in Tuckerton, Burlington N.J. His father passed away the following year. He and Ann starting having children two years later, with sons being born every two years for the next six years, with our ancestor William being the third boy. Two girls followed, and then three more boys. One of the later sons had the first name Fothergill, which I thought was a very odd name, but then I have encountered some unusual names back in the 1600s and 1700s. Caleb Jr. lived most of his life in Burlington, but there are residences in Philadelphia when he was 35 and then Warren, Ohio when he was 65, possibly living with adult children. He eventually returned to Burlington, where he passed away on November 25, 1828. His wife Ann would survive him another 13 years, passing away in 1841. One of Ann's historical records is within the Quaker documents, supporting OBJ



Hannah Mason, 1790-1874

that she and Caleb were Quakers.

6. William Ogborn

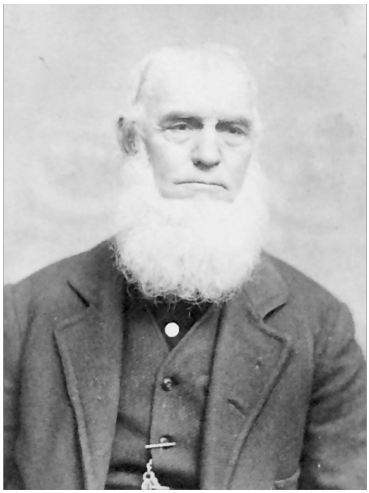
William was born in Burlington, N.J. on February 12, 1790. He married Hannah Mason in 1810. They had eight children by the time they emigrated to Pickaway County, Ohio, when he was in his early thirties. They had five more children while in Ohio. By the time he was forty, he and his family were back in New Jersey, living in Upper Freehold, Monmouth, and then back to Burlington by the time he was 53. William lost three of his children when they were in their early twenties with one daughter in 1831 and two sons in 1835. There were influenza and cholera pandemics that went through the country during this time, but it is unknown how his children died in the prime of their lives. His religion is listed as Methodist in one source. His passing was recorded on November 6, 1863 in Clinton County, Ohio at the age of 73. It is likely he moved his latter years to be closer to children.

7. Amos Ogborn Sr.

Amos was born in Little Egg Harbor, N.J. on March 17, 1816. I have not found out what motivated Amos to leave New Jersey, where the

Ogborns had been for generations. Maybe it was the lure of new rich farmland. He was a farmer his whole life, so maybe he wanted something more than New Jersey offered him. The early 1800s were land rush times for Ohio and Indiana, so there could have been significant incentive for Amos to leave New Jersey.

Amos married Lucinda Gage on June 14, 1838 in Cincinnati, Ohio. They had thirteen children together. When Lucinda passed away on April 4, 1865, Amos remarried to[OBJ][OBJ]



Amos Ogburn at age 71

Rebeccah Williamson, widow, on August 7, 1865 in Clinton Ohio. He was 49 and she was 43 when they married. They remained together until his passing on April 26, 1894 at the age of 78 years.

8. Charles William Ogborn

Charles was born into a large family. He was born into the middle of twelve other siblings. His father and mother had children over a span of 23 years. Two children died the same year they were born, and three died at ages 7, 11, and 13 years old.

He lived in the Pine Village area of Indiana for his childhood. He married Nancy Ann “Annie” Shipman on February 8, 1874. Charles was a farmer most of his life. By the 1900 census, Charles and his family had moved to St. Clair, Missouri and farmed there. By the time of the 1910 census, he had moved to the Baden/Minot part of North Dakota, still farming. Only their youngest son Otis was still living at home and working on the farm. Once again Charles and Annie moved, this time to Westover, Maryland where he continued to farm for another ten years before retiring. He suffered from a weak heart in his latter years that continued to diminish his energies until he could no longer function alone. There in Westover they stayed until Charles’ passing on[OBJ]

Front Row: Charles Ogburn, Otis, Annie; Back Row: Clara, Amos, Lula

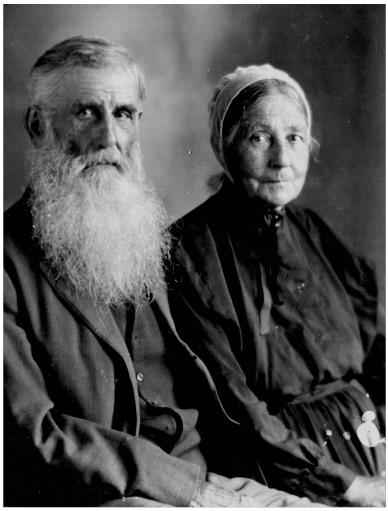
September 11, 1935.

Annie had a difficult life as a child and young adult. I have included a short excerpt from her family’s story below. The link is from Jefferson County, Illinois family histories page, written by Marvin

Ogburn, the great grandson of Annie but not a direct relative of the King family. Annie was known as the Shore's great grandmother around Pocomoke, Maryland. When she died at 88 years old, she had many great-grandchildren and one great-great-grandchild. Many friends and family members called her "Grandma Ogburn." In her obituary, it mentioned that "this dear lady will be greatly missed by all on account of her lovely disposition and her kindly and helpful words for all."

In summary, Nancy Ann Shipman Ogborn had a very difficult early life. At age 5, her mother, baby brother and half brother dies.OBJ

At age 7, the family moves to Iowa leaving behind her young brother. Tradition indicates that the wagons were so full of goods that there was no room for the children to ride. So they walked from Indiana to Iowa (about 400 miles) and their shoes were so bad that they walked most of the way bare footed. When in Iowa, Nancy Ann was shifted from one home to another. I assume working to take care of younger children. At age 9, her father remarries. At age 14, her father joins the Union Army and dies two years later. At age 16 a few months after the death of her father, she marries James Price and they have a child one year later. Nancy Ann's husband, James Price, dies leaving her a widow with one child. At age 25, Nancy Ann marries Charles William Ogborn, who is four years younger.OBJ



Charles & Annie Obgurn, 1917

9. Amos C. Ogborn

Amos was born in Pine Village, Indiana on November 7, 1874. He was the firstborn within his family. He was a farmer for most of his life, and also served as a deacon in the

Amos & Lydia Ogburn

Mennonite church for approximately 50 years, serving lastly at Mummasburg Mennonite Church from 1937 to 1962. His family moved to Missouri between 1880 and 1900. When they moved to Missouri, they lived beside his paternal grandparents Amos and Rebecca Ogborn. By the next national census in 1910, he was living in a different location in North Dakota, was married and had four children, including Agnes, who was two years old. By 1916, he and

Lydia Ogburn

his family had moved to Westover, Maryland. He stayed in the Westover area for the next 24 years before moving to Gettysburg, PA. Both of his parents, Charles and Annie, died in 1935 in Westover, only two months apart. His wife Lydia passed away on June 30, 1960, and he followed two years later on April 5, 1962.

10. Agnes Elizabeth Ogburn

Agnes was born on July 3, 1907 in Baden, North Dakota. She was

born into a small conservative Mennonite community. Her family moved to Maryland in the later 1910s, and her parents later moved to Gettysburg in 1936. She

Agnes & Amos, newly wed in North Dakota, 1933

Ogburn family reunion June 1946, just one month before Agnes passed away

married Amos King on Sept. 16, 1933,

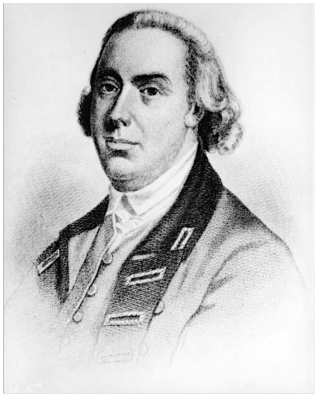
when she was 26 years old. She and Amos soon started their family, with Elmer being born the following year. Over the next nine years, she expanded their family further by adding Walter in 1937, Ruby in 1939, and Harry in 1943. Unfortunately, she soon became ill, and she was discovered to have Hodgkin lymphoma.

The treatment of this cancer was still rudimentary in those days. The newest treatment had been discovered as a side product of the World Wars. Nitrogen mustard gas was used as a weapon in those wars, but it was also found to have some benefit in treating Hodgkin lymphoma. Agnes was treated with these mustard treatments, each time making her very sick and bedridden.

Each time she would start feeling better, she would spend her time

teaching Elmer and Walter how to do chores around the house such as cleaning and cooking. She realized that she would likely not survive, as Hodgkin lymphoma was mainly a terminal cancer at that time. After each treatment, she would be further weakened, and would not able to return back to her previous levels, but was somewhat improved for a short time. In 1946, her doctors determined that the treatments were not working. They recommended a warm arid environment for her. Amos and Agnes decided to pack up what they could and try to make the trip to the West, somewhere like Arizona or New Mexico. They started their trip from Maryland and had only made it as far as Gettysburg when Agnes got worse. They realized that she would likely not survive the trip further west, so they stayed with her parents in Gettysburg. The children were distributed to several of the nearby relatives so that Amos and family could focus on taking care of Agnes. She did not last much longer, passing away on July 12, 1946.

Our Ogburn Ancestor, Thomas Prence OBJ



Thomas Prence

If you follow a different ancestor heritage line branching back from Amos Ogborn's wife Lucinda Gage, through her maternal family line of the name Hopkins, you will find an interesting story and ancestor, Thomas Prence, who came to America on the ship "Fortune" and was part of the beginnings of the original Plymouth colony. This ancestor was a Puritan, like many of the original settlers. Prence was a successful and wealthy[OBJ]

The ship 'Fortune'

person who left England and took leadership positions amongst settlements in the colonies. He was a staunch Puritan who persecuted Quakers in his midst. I thought this to be rather ironic, since other branches of this family line were prominent Quakers. Thomas Prence lived in the Plymouth community, only a few doors

down from the famous Miles Standish. He was one of the founding members and served as governor of the Plymouth colony for approximately

Thomas Prence's home in Eastham

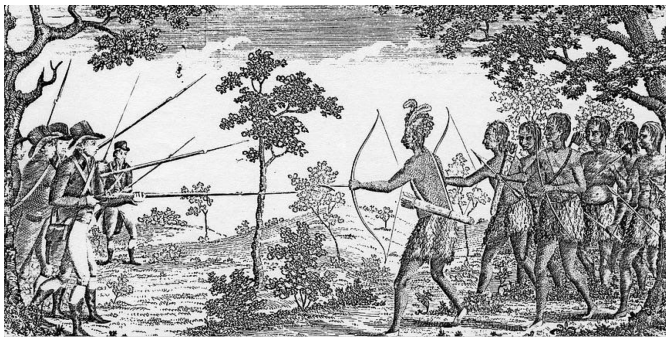
twenty years (not consecutively, but rather three separate terms). He later moved to Eastham with a break-off group that left Plymouth, but eventually returned to Plymouth to die and be buried there. William Brewster was the father of Thomas Prence's first wife, Patience. There is much available on both Thomas Prence and Patience Brewster.

The Gage Family in the Pierce Massacre

Agnes' great grandfather Amos Ogburn Sr. married Lucinda Gage. This Gage family has interesting colonial ancestors, including Thomas Prence, mentioned above. If you follow the Gage family name back to colonial times, you'll learn of three brothers of our ancestor, Benjamin Gage: John, Henry and William Gage. These three were killed in a Native American Indian massacre during the time of what was known as King Philip's War, sometimes called the First Indian War. This was an armed conflict in 1675-1678 between New England colonists, their indigenous allies (Wampanoag) and their enemies who were indigenous peoples of the Northeastern Woodlands (Narrangansett).

On March 26, 1676, a Captain Michael Pierce led approximately

sixty Plymouth colony militia and twenty Wampanoag warriors in pursuit of the Narrangansett tribe, who had burned down several Rhode Island settlements and attacked the Plymouth colony. Pierce's group were ambushed in what is now Central Falls, Rhode Island. They were surrounded, and although they fought for two hours, the colonist militia and their allies were all but wiped out, including three brothers



An 1810 engraving of King Philip's War

of our Gage ancestor. Ten of the colonists were taken prisoner and nine of them were tortured and killed. When the colonists finally found their bodies, they erected a monument to those men at a site in Cumberland, Rhode Island. This monument is thought to be the oldest military monument in the United States, with the site marked with some form of cairn of stones continuously since 1676. This site is known as the "Nine Men's Misery" site.[OBJ]

The monument in Cumberland, R.I.

The names of the slain as given by Rev. Noah Newman, of Rehoboth: Capt. Michael Pierce, Samuel Russell, Benjamin Chittenden, John Lothrop, Gershom Dodson, Samuel Pratt, Thomas Savary, Joseph Wade, William Wilson, Jeremiah Barstow, John Ensign, Joseph Cowen, Joseph Perry, John Perry, John Rose, John Sprague, Benjamin (Soule) Soal, Thomas Hunt, Benjamin Nye, David Berrey, Caleb Blake, Job Gibbs, Stephen Wing, Lieut. Fuller John, Lewis Eleazer, Samuel Linnett, Samuel Childs, Samuel Bereman, John Matthews, John Gage, William Gage, Henry Gage, Henry Gold (or Gould).

Amos King

OBJ

Life In North Dakota

Amos King

Many years ago, while Ward County, North Dakota, was still very young, there lived a family of Kings: Harry Lee and Rosa Lee Miller, who came there from Missouri in search of free land. By the time they arrived, all of the land had been taken by homesteaders, and many had plowed it, meeting the necessary qualifications to become possessors of their land for just a few dollars.

The Harry King Family - Father Harry and Mother Rosa, daughter Edna, sons Ralph and Samuel - came to Coulee, Montreal County from Missouri, rented a farm, and started farming. After about six years, some folks thought that they had had enough of pioneering, sold their land, and went back where they came from. Harry saw this as a chance to own his own place, and bought a farm of 160 acres and moved there. It had a small house, quite a large barn and some of the land was cultivatable. They also had a number of cows and horses.

By this time their family also increased - Amos and Elmer were added to the family. The winters were hard, and it was a job to keep water for the cattle that were kept in the barn. They melted snow in the barn with a water tank and a coal-burning tank heater. Harry had to put tar paper around the house and bank it with horse manure to keep the cellar from freezing. Here they kept their winter supply of coal, sugar-cured pork, barrel of sauerkraut, and potatoes.

One winter Harry got an infection in his ears, and they were draining. He had a fever and could not do chores, and the boys were too small to do much in the barn. They milked the cows and separated it for the cream, which was their main source of income. They were about out of kerosene and a few other necessities. So about the only thing to do was for Rosa to take the cream to the

store in Kenaston, three miles away, and trade it for necessities.

A hired man hitched a team of horses to the big bob sled and put a lot of straw in for Rosa to stand on. Rosa bundled up and put Harry's big felt boots on. Over her wraps she put on Harry's big buffalo hide coat with its big collar and his fur-lined buffalo mittens and started out for Kenaston.

When she arrived at the store, Mr. Milkie came out and said, "Mrs. King, What are you doing out today? It is forty degrees below zero!" He blanketed the horses, and Rosa went into the store where the big pot-bellied stove was red hot. How they thawed the cream is not known, but she accomplished her task and returned home okay.

As a small boy I remember Mother coming home and driving by the house. The horses were white with frost. Their necks and shoulders were covered white from their breath. Icicles were hanging down from their nostrils a foot long and mother said she had to keep urging the team ahead. It seemed that they just couldn't go. This is one of the 40-degrees-below-zero days we experienced in North Dakota.

Musings of a North Dakota Boy

Frank R. King, Amos King's brother

I remember:

- the bright, clear, quiet spring mornings after a shower the night before
- splashing in the overflowing wooden rain barrel
- making faces at my reflection in the half-empty rain barrel
- the melodious song of the meadowlark from his fence post, and the brightness of his yellow vest and bold black tie
- the thrill of hearing the first whistle of the gopher in the spring and

rejoicing with him over his liberation from the long winter's hibernation

- ewes giving birth to little lambs, adding their bit to the new life of spring
- the firmness of their tightly curled wool, their eagerness at sucking, and their tails keeping time with the nudging of their noses
- my surprise at seeing thirteen little pigs in the pen with their great big mother OBJ

Amos with Walter & Elmer in North Dakota

- later, seeing with my own eyes how it all happened, impatiently waiting and watching setting hens for three weeks, and finally hearing the "peep peep" of a little chick under its mother
- the mystery of how an egg I could have eaten for breakfast became a real live chicken
- the pleasure of holding one of the cute little balls of fluff in my hands and feeling him peck at my skin

- the thrill of finding a sparrow's nest in the barn, with its dainty, speckled eggs
- my surprise the day I reached in to investigate and felt the terrified mother trying to get out past my arm

King farm in North Dakota, undated

- the way the turkey hens hid their nests where we couldn't find them all and the lost ones suddenly reappearing one day with little flocks of their own
- the awkward, gangly little colts who soon became the most beautiful and graceful little fellows in the whole world
- the soft, warm, velvety feel of a horse's nose and the wonderful horsey smell as I nuzzled up against that nose
- the feeling of comradeship we shared belonging to each other and needing each other
- seeing the tired sweaty horses drink deeply from the fresh cold water in the tank with their nostrils wide and half submerged
- also seeing how daintily they could sip the water, straining it through their lips when the wind had blown it full of hay and straw

- the joyful freedom of the horses when they were turned out after a hard day's work, rolling over and over in the grass.
- the joy of watching the cool dark fertile earth turning over on the moldboards of a two bottom plow behind a 5 horse team.
- how unafraid the flocks of blackbirds and graceful seagulls were as they followed the plow back and forth, from one end of the field to the other.
- my sprightly stop-and-start race to catch a baby jack rabbit.
- the perfect little black "star" in the center of its forehead, and its twitching little nose.
- the little gopher families sitting like pickets on their mounds trying to get my attention with their familiar whistles.
- their sudden disappearing act, and "good bye" whistle when they decided I had crept a little too close.
- my favorite springtime sport of snaring the little creatures with a loop on the end of a string placed over the entrance to their hole...
- the long, silent wait, flat on my belly and then when his head finally popped up. jerk I... and I got him I ... maybe.
- the proud, wise-looking burrowing owl sitting motionless on his borrowed badger hole mound.
- his amazing head that seemed to twist on his body as I walked in big circles around him.
- the way we "broke" hens that wanted to "set" when they were supposed to lay eggs (baptism by total immersion in the water tank).
- the long period of coaxing and begging my mother every spring until I was finally allowed to take off my long underwear and go barefoot.

- the wonderful feel of soft earth against my feet as I helped to plant the garden.
- the thrill of pulling and eating the very first radish ... even though I didn't like radishes!

An Interview with Amos, Part I

On Thanksgiving weekend 1991, Sidney King interviewed Amos on video for a high school project. Sid's questions surfaced stories not recorded anywhere else.

Sidney: Amos C. King. Where were you born?

Amos: I was born in Coulee, North Dakota, Mountrail County.

S: Is there any interesting story connected with your birth?

A: Oh, yes. It was freezing up. I was born October the 5th. It was freezing weather and Mom and Dad had potatoes to dig. Dad went and plowed out some potatoes and they went out there picking them up and all at once Mom says, "I've got to go to the house." They took them into the house and they got the doctor and a lot of potatoes froze because they didn't get picked up. It froze hard that night, and they lost a lot of potatoes because it came all of a sudden like that.

S: How did your position in the family affect you?

Amos riding a goat with a younger brother

A: I was a fourth child and I don't know how it affected us because we all had to work and we had to share what we had to eat.

S: You weren't affected much?

A: I don't think so. Parents loved me and I got along with my brothers pretty good, and my sister.

S: Tell me about an early experience with your family that stands out in your memory.

A: Oh, one stands out. We borrowed our neighbor's surrey with a fringe on top and a pair of horses, and the whole family drove 50 miles to one of the grandparent's funerals, grandpa's funeral, our mother's father. We parked along the river, let the horses eat, and I remember opening a can of salmon we had for lunch. Mom says we got to clean it out of there and eat it all up, because if you leave it in the tin can, it'll get poisoned. Now the cans aren't like that.

S: What activities did your family enjoy?

A: Working. [laughs] We enjoyed a lot of phonograph records and playing dominoes, thats about all. We played Parcheesi.

S: What kind of jobs did you have as a child?

A: I'd get up and take out the ashes and empty the chamber bucket and carry up coal from the basement cellar. Chunks of coal we'd put in the stove overnight.

S: What hardships did your family have?

A: We had a lot of hardships. First of all, my oldest brother got osteomyelitis, first in his shoulder and then his back, and then in his pelvic area. He was hospitalized a lot and he died at about 19 years old. That was a hardship.

S: What do you remember most about your father and your mother?

A: My father was a hard-working man.

A: We had cattle and we didn't have much of a water supply, so wintertime, my dad had fixed up a big water tank inside the barn, packed it around with straw and stuff, and put in a tank heater, burnt coal in it, that chimney out through the side barn, and you'd have big chunks of snow he'd put in this tank and it would melt. We melted a lot of snow for the water for our cattle. Dad was the fellow that always improvised and made things handy, like had a cistern, pumped water to the house in the summertime when it wasn't freezing.

They used water out of the cistern for all winter and they were running the largest pitcher pump in the house to get water out of the cistern. Dad was always trying to make things handy and convenient, quite an improviser.

S: How did you get your water in the summer?

A: Summertime, we had a windmill that pumped the water. First before we had that, we depended on water in the ponds or a shallow well, draw it out a shallow well, draw it out with a bucket, and pour in the trough or a pit. In the wintertime, of course, the cattle ran loose pretty much. We had straw piles, everybody had straw piles. Cattle would run loose in there, and they'd live mostly down the snow and what water they could get from around ponds, it wasn't frozen over too hard.

S: What do you remember most about your mother?

A: Mother always could make a meal out of something. One thing I remember about mother, she had seven boils on one arm and eight boils on the other one, and she never stopped washing her clothes. Had an old copper boiler where we washed the clothes, put water on, and then put the clothes in there and powder soap, and bring it to a boil. Then she'd take them out and rub on a scrub board, wash clothes that way. She was a good cook, good provider, and she had a sense of humor.

S: What was your first school experience like?

A: First year at school, we had to walk a half a mile to school and the oldest person carried the lunchbox. We had bread and butter and syrup, and a few things, syrup on our bread, few things like that. I remember one of the first years I was in school, buttons came off of my pants in the back, and all the big boys, they'd come around and yank my pants down. [laughs] One eighth grader, she called me to her and she chased the boys off, and she reached inside her clothes somewhere and got a safety pin, pinned my pants, it was the greatest act of [OBJ]

Unidentified King boys helping harvest pumpkins

kindness I ever experienced in school.

S: Were you in first grade?

A: Yes, around the first grade. It might have been second, I don't know.

S: What subject did you like best?

A: I liked arithmetic. I'd done pretty good at spelling. I spelled the whole class down there in the fourth grade, but that's because everybody else had missed it. They'd spelled it every way they

could. There's only one way to spell it anymore. I spelled the whole school down.

S: What was the word?

A: I don't remember the word anymore, but I listened. It had been spelled everywhere.

S: Which subjects were hardest for you?

A: Oh, I never liked civics. We had civics. What would it be now? It corresponds with government.

S: Describe a teacher that you especially remember.

A: One I remember we had a man teacher, we always had all women teachers. We had this man teacher, and he was a real man teacher. I tell you, he was tough if you didn't answer him right. When he warned you too, you were in trouble. I remember he came to school, the county would send letters to him to "Ms. Royal Mackins." His name was Royal Mackins, and he'd get this mail from the school board to "Ms. Royal Mackins" and he'd throw it down and say, "Ugh." One day he was writing down the school records, and I don't know, the pen didn't work. He tried writing and he [OBJ]

Norman, Amos, and Andrew, L to R

threw it down, it bounced off the desk and came down right on the point in the floor.

The one thing about he had a fourth-grade class that they couldn't get fractions. He kept them nervous, so they couldn't. He asked one of the boys, he said, "How much is four-fourths?" One of them said, "It's a half." He said, "If I busted your head into four pieces and put it back

Amos with a sled at the milk barn

together again, you wouldn't have half a head, would you?" We counted to four. [laughs]

S: Tell me about a school prank or an adventure that you recall.

A: At school, we had gophers, flicker-tailed gophers. In the spring of the year, they were all over the place, and not on the school ground, but he'd let us go off the school ground at noon. We had an

hour afternoon and he let us go off the school ground. We had buckets of water everywhere, snow melting. When the gophers first come

School #2, Baden District #34, Ward County. This drawing by Frank King was marked, "This school is in the prairie near Kenmare, North Dakota. It is where Frank R. King got his R.R.R. degree." All seven of Harry and Rosa's boys and their one daughter got their education here.

out, the ground was frozen pretty bad. Boys would go around and get a bucket of water and pour it down a hole and out would come a gopher or two or three or whatever in there. The boys would chase them and then catch them.

We arranged with the teacher, the same Royal Mackins, that he would ring a bell five minutes before. That would give us time to get back to school and get straightened up. Another boy and I figured that the bell chain came down through the ceiling. There's a chain and the door was right there and there's a trap door right beside it. We figured if we could pull that chain up a little bit and slip a nail through it, then he couldn't ring a bell. We'd stay out as

long as we wanted to until he came to get us, but that was out in the hall and I was holding the door. One of the neighbor boys, he crawled up on the door and he pushed this trap door up and we just about to get the nail through the chain and the

Amos, Rosa, & other Kings making music, date unknown

teacher heard us and he come out there and Donald was hanging up there with his hands in the trap door like that and the teacher pushed the door back and he got him by the feet and says, “Come down from there, come down from there.” Donald said, “I’m coming down.” When he let go, he just let him down like this and his butt hit at the floor at the same time, and wham.

That’s the kind of tricks we played in school.

Amos the baker & milkman

S: Which year in school was your best year?

A: Oh, I think about the seventh.

S: Which was your least favorite?

A: I don't really know that I had any that weren't very good. I guess along about the fourth grade we started getting too many subjects. We had geography and that kind of thing. We used to like the geography because it was a big book and we could stand it up like we were reading and we could do all kinds of scribbling, writing notes and things back.

S: What did you like to do with your friends from school?

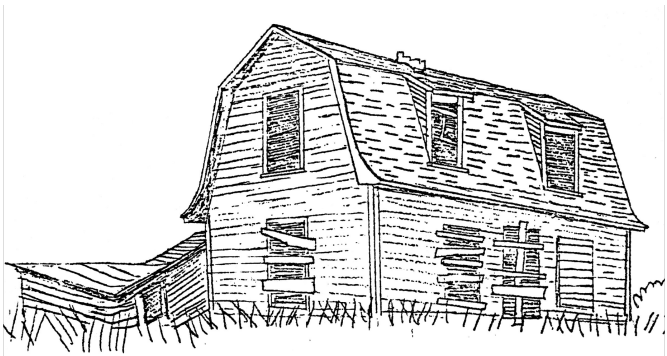
A: Oh, gopher hunting and rabbit hunting. Slaying, sliding down hills and sleds in the wintertime. Bogging, skiing. Did a lot of rabbit hunting. We had no season on rabbits and gophers.

S: How many years did you go to school?

A: I went through the eighth grade and passed the grade every year.

S: What accomplishments did you achieve during your education?

A: That's a hard one to answer. I don't know. At school, we did try to make it in the school basement, but boys[OBJ]



Drawing by Frank R. King, dated 1998 and labeled "The Old House, where the King family lived, six miles south of Kenmare, N. D. from 1913 to 1935"

made what they call an ice sled. There was a three-corner platform with ice skates on three. One on the steer and a sail on it. Clear ice where you could use a sailboat, ice boat. Get it going good and pour it around, fast ship up on one wheel.

S: What do you think of schools today compared to your experience?

A: They waste more time. We went to study, not to be entertained.

S: What role did church play in your family's life?

A: A big part. We all went to church every service we had. Drove in the spring wagon, a team of horses. One thing I remember about that is go to church and they'd go to sleep on the way home. They'd lay on the back seat or down between the seats. Then we'd get home and tie the horse, somebody would hold the horses while Dad carried us in and laid us on the floor or[OBJ]

somewhere. Then you could put the horses away and they'd come in and get us ready for bed.

We were woke up two or three times, especially evening meetings. That was evening meetings. Morning meetings, we went to neighbors just like we do today with a team of horses.

S: When were you baptized and what experience surrounded it?

A: I was about 12 years old when I was baptized.

S: What was the first job you had for which you were paid?

A: I imagine the first job was sheafing wheat. Just taking the bundles and making them, taking the sheaves and making a sheaf out of it. The binders go on and cut it and take the bundles out and we'd have to sheaf them all. I imagine that's what the first job was pretty tough.

S: Did you enjoy that job?

A: Not very much.

S: How much did you get paid?

A: Oh, I don't know what I got paid for. We exchanged work to one farmer to another. A bunch of kids that were big enough to sheaf

wheat, we traded work back and forth. A lot of work was done that way.

S: What other types of work experience did you have?

A: Out in North Dakota, I sheared sheep one summer. I sheared sheep for eight cents a piece, tied the wool, and put it in a bag. I caught my own sheep, set him on his tail and sheared him, took the wool and tied it in a bundle, and then took the wool and put it in a bag. Eight cents a piece.

Come Look Down My Rain Barrel

Frank R. King

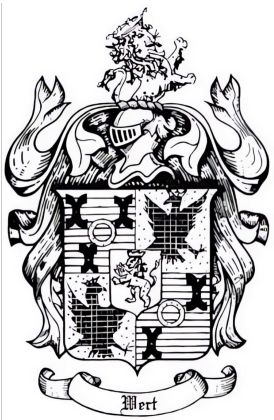
As I was growing up in the northwest corner of North Dakota, we always had an old wooden rain barrel under the rain spout on the southeast corner of the house. Because it was sometimes weeks or even months between rains, the old rain barrel was empty or almost empty most of the time. In my earliest recollections I could barely get my nose over the edge while standing on my tiptoes. But as I grew taller, I could stand and look down into the barrel. If someone would blindfold me and stick my head in that old barrel, even sixty years later, I would be able to identify it by its unique dank musty odor. When it had some water in the bottom of it, I used to look down at my mirrored face and head silhouetted against the bright blue sky. Then I would start hollering at myself as I lowered my head into the barrel, and notice the way the echoes changed as my head got further and further into the barrel, until the reverberations of my own voice almost broke my eardrums. When we did get a good rain, the old barrel helped supplement the well and the cistern for washing clothes.

Most showers occurred in the afternoon or evening, but one shower came in the morning, and after the shower, the eastern sky broke open and the bright morning sun formed a beautiful rainbow in the western sky. Our beloved bishop, Isaac S. Mast, who lived

elsewhere in the state had stayed with us overnight. As we were gathered around the breakfast table, my dad asked him to lead in our morning devotions. First, he commented on the nice shower we had and the unusually brilliant rainbow, and then read from Genesis giving the account of the first rainbow and God's promise. That was the first I remember hearing that story, and I was so excited I could hardly contain myself. It made God seem so close and personal! That morning the rain barrel was running over with fresh clean water. The sky had been washed and rinsed and al the world seemed to be fresh and clean, and on top of that I had gotten a beautiful handwritten message from God. How could I but help but praise Him for His greatness, His majesty, and His faithfulness! Come on over, look down my rain barrel, and remember God's unfailing promise to all of us!

Martha Wert OBJ

Our Wert Lineage OBJ



The Wert family crest

Bruce King

The Wert name, like many family names, has gone through quite a few transitions, including: Wirt, Wirth, Wuerth, Wirtz, and Weert. I have traced the Wert lineage back to a gentleman named Ulrich or **Hans Wuerth**, who was born in 1465 in Zurich, Switzerland. He would be my 13th great grandfather in that lineage. When you track ancestors back that far, the reliability of what you find is questionable, since there is very little corroborating evidence.

The Werts in our lineage have not been in the Mennonite community for too many generations. They were mostly Lutheran for many generations, until John Womer Wert came along. He was the grandfather of Martha (Wert) King. The first immigrant to America from the Wert lineage was **Johann Adam Wirth**. Johann and at least his uncle arrived on the ship “Two Brothers” in 1753. The Werts had been Lutheran for many generations and have only breached into the Anabaptist realm within the last three generations.

Below is a chronological listing of our Wert ancestors back to the original immigration.

Johann Adam Wirth, 1727-1806

Johann Philipp Wirt, 1773-1845

John Wirt, 1810-1897

John Womer Wert, 1846-1922

Joseph Daniel Wert, 1877-1965

Martha Elizabeth Wert, 1917-2000 and Titus Timothy Wert, 1901-1992

I am not sure how many of the younger generations are aware of the mixing of the Werts in our immediate family. Martha is the sister of Titus Wert. Titus was the father of Esther Wert King, wife of Elmer, the oldest of Amos' sons. As the story goes, when Sharon was born and Elmer called home to give the good news, Martha answered and Elmer asked Martha if she wanted to be a grandmother or a great aunt because of this linkage. Even though intermarriage within Mennonite families was not that uncommon in generations past, Elmer's maternal line was through the Ogborns, so marrying a Wert was not an issue. Did this connection from Elmer to the Wert family through his wife somehow aid in Amos connecting with Martha? I am not aware of this, but maybe there were some shared conversations between Kings and Werts to help get those two together.

Johann Adam Wirth

Jonathan Wert wrote this about Martha's ancestor:

> The early founder and donor of the land for the present Salem Lutheran Church, Killinger, Pa., was Johann Adam Wirth (1727-1806) who married Eva Elizabeth Schnug Wirth (1730-1800) in 1755, and settled in Upper Paxton Township about 1765. Johann Adam was born in Berod, Westerwald

Region of Germany; and he came to America on the Ship “Two Brothers,” arriving in Philadelphia, Pa., in 1753. Birth and baptism records for Johann Adam Wirth can be found in the Parish records at Hochstenbach. He came to Lykens Valley from the Lebanon area, and on several occasions traveled to Lykens Valley to clear land as early as 1760.

During this period, villages of Indians lived along the Susquehanna River, the Shawnee, Tutelo, Delaware, Susquehanna or Conestoga, and Tuscarora tribes. Shikellamy, an Oneida Indian was the viceroy of the Six Nations and ruled as their; representative in the Susquehanna Valley. He was a Christian and made a lot of treaties with the white settlers. Shikellamy died in Sunbury in 1784.

As a result of Indian uprisings, Johann Adam Wirth was frequently driven off his land in Lykens Valley, and during these times from 1760-1769, he would return to his home in Lebanon. Prior to 1765, the French and Indian Wars made it very risky or unsafe for many people to live in Lykens Valley. Johann Adam's land, over 800 acres, was obtained through land grants from the Province of PA. His house and farm was located by an excellent spring which now feeds a pond on the Harrisburg North Golf Course, and his land holdings extended West through the Killinger area. Some of Johann Adam's land was divided among his sons who lived their entire lives in Upper Paxton Township, Johannes, Johann Jacob, and Johann George Wirth. They were all farmers.

Johann Adam and Eva Elizabeth Schnug Wirth had eleven known children, nine sons and two daughters. Names of the sons and their spouses include: Johann Adam Wirth, Jr. (a Revolutionary War soldier) married Elizabeth Preiss Nye, Johannes Wirth (a Revolutionary War soldier) married Anna Maria Miller, Johann Christian Wirth (a Revolutionary War

soldier) married Catharine Bretz, Johann Jacob Wirth married Sophia Miller, Johann Henrich Wirth married Elizabeth Enterline, Johann George Wirth married Catharina Miller, Johann Peter Wirth married Elizabeth Sheesley, **Johann Philip Wirth** married Elizabeth Loos, and Johann Joseph Wirth married Barbara Kitch. Names of the two daughters and spouses include: Anna Margaretha Wirth married Michael Radel, and Anna Catharine Wirth married Sebastian Metz.

The German inscription on Johann Adam Wirth's tombstone reads: “THE PURCHASER OF THE LAND AND DONOR OF THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CHURCH TOGETHER WITH THE BURIAL PLACES UPON WHICH HIS REMAINS SLUMBER UNTIL THE MORNING OF THE RESURRECTION.”

Wirth's Church (Wert's Church) was the early name given to the church because two different congregations used the same building which also doubled as a school during the week. The two congregations included: Wirth's Evangelical Congregation and the Reformed Congregation. The official record keeping for Wirth's Church began in 1770. From 1770-1773, it did not appear that Wirth's Evangelical Lutheran Church had a full-time preacher. In those days, a preacher may have been committed on Sunday to a large congregation in a more populated area than Lykens Valley. However, preachers were known to ride on horseback into wilderness settlements during the week.

Although the members of the Lutheran and Reformed Congregations got along well, over the years their views changed. It was at this time that Johann Adam Wirth donated a farm to each Congregation. The land was provided for the Congregations to construct two churches and cemeteries. Even though the building and land had been provided for Wirth's Church many years earlier, the land was not officially deeded to both Congregations until June 3, 1805 according to records at

the Dauphin County Courthouse. On July 15, 1815, the name of Wirth's Evangelical Lutheran Church was changed to Salem Lutheran Church by constitution. The first church building was an old log house which was located east of the oldest cemetery.

From 1765-1785, wild roving animals were as much of a problem to churchgoers as the Indians. Some people walked to church, others rode horses or traveled in wagons. Because of the dangers, it was not uncommon for the early settlers to carry their guns to church services. If there was no preacher available, prayer services were conducted by an elder or teacher for the school or church. At those times, religion was a very important component of one's education, both in school and at home. The early German settlers established parochial schools to teach their children to read, write, cipher, and also learn the word of God through the Bible.

The Werts used the Bible frequently in teaching their children. One record indicated that three teenage Wert children wanted to travel to Perry County to visit relatives and friends. They would be away from home for three nights. They asked their father if they could go. He told them yes, but under the following conditions: 1) you must memorize specific verses or passages from the Bible that I select, 2) you must be able to recite the verses to me verbatim, and 3) you must be able to discuss the meaning of the verses to my satisfaction. The father selected verses that could possibly have had relevance to real life situations or decisions that the three youngsters might encounter on their trip. By doing this, the father would feel more secure that his children could make mature and responsible decisions concerning the events in their lives.

Johann Phillip Wirth

Johann Philip was born in Dauphin County, the son of J. Adam Wert and Eva Elizabeth Schnug. Born in 1773, he was the tenth of

their eleven children. As per German tradition, he was known by his middle name. Around 1802 he married Elizabeth Loos, from another German family. Her parents' names are not known. She had brothers George and Jacob who lived in Middleton Township, Cumberland County. Since this was quite a distance south of where Philip lived, there is a question of how Philip and Elizabeth met.

By 1810 they had five children, three boys and two girls. They were farming in Mahantango Township, Northumberland County. Originally Mahantango was a sprawling township lying along the Mahantango Creek, adjoining Lykens Valley to the south. It was later divided into several townships, in several counties. By 1820 Philip and Elizabeth had moved their family across the Susquehanna to Mt Pleasant Mills in Perry Township, Union County.

Philip and Elizabeth had at least six children, as counted in the census records. The record of 1820 shows them with two daughters under 10, two sons 10 to 15, and a daughter 16 to 25, plus the parents. They almost adjoined Philip's brother Adam in the census listing. In 1830 they were still in Perry Township, with four children at home, two males and two females. Philip Wert Jr, their son, was listed separately.

Elizabeth died between 1830 and 1840. In the 1840 census Philip had four people in his household. He died on August 5, 1841, at age 68. They are buried in St John's Lutheran cemetery at Mt. Pleasant Mills, like several of their children.

Only three of their children were known to have married. One did not marry. One died as a youth. If the census records are accurate, they had several other children who died young.

Children of J. Philip and Elizabeth:

- J. George, b. 1804, d. 1820, buried at St. John's Lutheran Ch. at Mt. Pleasant Mills

- Mary Magdalene “Polly”, b. 1805, d. April 1846, m. Joseph Pannebaker, son of William & Elizabeth. They lived in Juniata County. Polly died in 1846, leaving Joseph with eight children under the age of fifteen. Joseph married Elizabeth Moist. He died in 1853 and is buried in the Messiah Lutheran Cemetery in Mifflintown with Polly. Children: Philip, Ann, Daniel, Mary, Joseph, Rebecca, Moses, John.
- Philip, b. 1806, d. 1877, m. Susannah Daugherty, lived in Perry Township, both buried at St. John’s Lutheran. Children: Magdaline Martha, Catherine, Elizabeth, Fannie, Joseph.
- Mary Barbara, b. 1809, d. 1895, unmarried, buried at St. John’s Lutheran.
- **John**, b. 1810, d. 1897, m. Catherine Womer; he is buried at Lost Creek Mennonite Church. She died in 1865 and is buried at St. John’s Lutheran. They lived in Perry Township, and had children Michael, **John** and Daniel. After Catherine died, John worked in the household of Napoleon Brosius, a well-to-do farmer in Perry Township.
- Eve, no further information
- Another daughter, b. between 1810 and 1820
- Another son, born between 1815 and 1820

Black Pete

Another colorful ancestor in the Wert tree is a gentleman by the name of Peter Wert, who was well known as Black Pete. He is not a direct ancestor of ours, but a nephew of Johann Philipp Wert, who is in our line. Black Pete was a mill owner and a member of the Underground Railroad during the 1800s, ferrying slaves from the south on their way to Canada. His brother, Captain John Wert were

both abolitionists. He was not called Black Pete because of his connection with slaves, but rather because he had a very dark complexion. I wonder if this is a Wert trait that has been passed down over the years. There were two sons of Daniel Wert, who was a brother to Martha and Titus, that had darker complexions and dark hair, different from other Werts. They were named Daniel and Robert Wert. Those who have gone to Wert reunions in the last generation would likely remember this last Daniel Wert, as he frequented these reunions and passed away in 2024. Could these two brothers have shared a trait with Black Pete?

This passage from *The History of Crawford County*, published in 1912, recounts a story about the Wert brothers:

> The escaping slaves entered this county in the eastern part from Iberia, where there was a prominent underground station, this little village being filled with sympathizers of the fleeing fugitives. It was this town which furnished almost the last incident in regard to punishment of men for assisting slaves in making their escape. A professor in the college at Iberia had been arrested for assisting and escaping slave and had been sentenced to a term of imprisonment and one of the first acts of President Lincoln was the pardon of this man. The most prominent man in this county connected with the Underground Road was perhaps Peter Wert, first of Leesville and later of New Winchester. He was known as Black Pete. He was a man of strong determination. He had a wheel shop at Leesville Ohio, and here the slaves came to him after night. They generally arrived just before daylight, a signal was given by them which was recognized by him and they were brought into the house, given food and a place of shelter during the next day, and when night again came, they were given explicit directions to their next stopping-place which was probably the Robinson mill on the Sandusky river, near the old Luke tavern.

About this same time Captain John Wert (lived near the southeast corner of Mansfield and Spring Streets in Bucyrus Ohio), west of where his brother Peter Wert lived. He had a wheel-wright shop on the same lot and did work at this and carpentering. He had several sons and all were strong abolitionists. One night a slave owner came to Bucyrus with two of his followers, having been given private information that his slave would be found secreted at the house of Capt. Wert. He had closely followed him from the Ohio river, and he went immediately to the house of Captain Wert and demanded the slave. Being refused, they threatened to enter the place by force and make a search. Mr. Wert seized a gun and stated that the house could not be searched without the proper papers. The sons also had their guns, and the man with his two slave-catchers came back up town to secure the necessary papers. The news soon spread, and in half an hour when the slave owners returned there was quite an excited crowd with them. The captain still warned them off with his gun and parlayed with the officials. Stones were thrown and brickbats, some of the windows were broken, but the grim old man, gun in hand, stood firmly by his position, but after half an hour he yielded and the house was searched but no slave found. it was freely stated by some in the crowd that a negro had been seen there early in the evening. He may or may not have been seen, but whether he had or not, two of the sons were missing when the house was searched, and later it was learned that while the man had gone up street to secure his papers the sons had taken the slave to a safer abiding place farther north, and the parley of the old man had been simply a pretense to gain time.

Outside Bucyrus City Hall in Crawford County, there stands a marker honoring the Underground Railroad that mentions Black Pete.

John Wirt 1810-1897

I have not been able to find much out about this ancestor's life. It does seem that he was not the most agreeable chap in his latter years. Although he was Lutheran, he lived with his Mennonite convert son and family after his wife's passing and was buried in the Mennonite church and not the Lutheran church cemetery with his wife.

They lived in Perry Township, and had children Michael, John and Daniel. After Catherine died, John worked in the household of Napoleon Brosius, a well-to-do farmer in Perry Township. Late in life John lived with his son and grandchildren. The grandchildren remembered him as stern and "crabbit," a Scottish term for bad-tempered or grumpy.

John Womer Wert 1846-1922

John Womer Wert was born in what is known as Potato Valley, Snyder Country, Pennsylvania. John helped his father clear the land on their farm. He often told of the great blazing fires set to consume the giant oak trees and other timber felled to create open fields for the crops. As a young man John learned the carpenter trade and was one of those

Lydia Sausman

employed to build the Thompson Mill at Thompsontown. John

“stole” Lydia Sausman from a man courting her. John had a fight with the man and eventually married Lydia. John, born a Lutheran, converted to the Mennonite faith of his wife after a conversion experience while working in the field. He had had a disagreement with his brother, but after his conversion he settled the dispute. He eventually became a deacon in the Mennonite church. John bought his father-in-law's farm.

Robert Darr Wert

During my searches I found a distant family member who was an artist: Robert Darr Wert. He was a graduate of Bucyrus High School (the same town as our abolitionist relative Captain John Wert), a graduate of the Cleveland School of Arts, and a World War II veteran. He was the proprietor of the Country Prints Studio on River Rd just south of Gill in Franklin County, Massachusetts. He had started the business in Northfield in 1948 and moved to River Road in 1950. Robert Wert was a print maker and textile designer with a modernistic folk art style. His products included silk screenings, linens, towels, wall hangings, hot plates, tiles, napkins, framed prints, table cloths, and trivets. At the time of this writing, several of Robert’s prints were for sale on Ebay.

Joseph

Prints by Robert Darr Wert

Daniel Wert 1877-1965

J.D. Wert's Obituary

Wert, Joseph Daniel, son of John and Lydia (Sausman) Wert, was born in Juniata Co., Pa., Dec. 16, 1877; died at his home in Jonestown, Pa., Sept. 8, 1965; aged 87 y. 8 m. 23 d. On Jan. 17, 1901, he was married to Minnie Sieber, who survives. Also surviving are 5 sons and 5 daughters (Titus, Daniel, William, Joseph, Lydia-Mrs. Blanchard Patterson, Mary-Mrs. Robert Miller, Phoebe-Mrs. Clarence Malin, John, Martha-Mrs. Amos King, and Naomi-Mrs. John Stover), 45 grandchildren, 51 great-grandchildren, one brother (Samuel), and 2 sisters (Phoebe Saner and Katie Sieber). He was a member of the Dohner Church. Funeral services were held at the Lauver Church, with Donald Lauver, Aaron Shank, and Paul Ebersole officiating.

Memories from Judy Houser, daughter of Robert and Mary Miller, granddaughter of J.D. Wert

> Joseph Daniel Wert, son of John Womer Wert and Lydia Sausman, was the fourth child in a family of eight. On January 17, 1901, he was married to Minnie Alma Sieber, also of Juniata County. This marriage was blessed with 13 children, two of whom died in infancy.
>
> An interesting happening OBJ

J.D. & Minnie Wert

occurred during the early dating days of Joseph and Minnie. It may be that Joseph was trying to impress this young lady when he rounded a corner too fast with a horse and sleigh. The sleigh upset and Minnie ended up in a snow drift. Apparently, it did not chill her feelings towards him.

Early in their marriage, they lived in Freeport Illinois. I do not know if they followed Joseph's sister and her husband Katie and Boyd Sieber to Illinois or if Joe and Minnie were the first of the family to move there. From what my mother (Mary Miller) told me, I thought they moved to Virginia from Illinois, but the book "Building at Mt Pleasant" written in 1980 by Robert Mast, has them moving from Juniata County to Mt. Pleasant, MD which is in the Chesapeake Bay area, in 1905. They had four children when they moved to Virginia. That same year, Joseph, at age 26, was ordained as a minister for a small congregation with a charter membership of ten. Three years later, he was ordained as bishop. As their home was the largest, services were often held there. The first Sunday school was held in their barn in October 1907. This same book says "he was an able leader and

his ministry was much appreciated." By 1910 there were 63 members with 11 applicants. In 1911, the family moved to Amelia County, Virginia, where they lived before returning to Juniata County. I know my mother (Mary Miller) was born in Amelia County in 1912, but I am not sure if she was the only one born there. After living in three different locations in Juniata County, they moved to Lebanon County in the spring of 1920, where they lived the remainder of their lives. My mother (Mary Miller) remembered that trip by train from Harrisburg to Annville. Her older brothers rode in the cattle car with the livestock.

In 1939, when my parents (Robert and Mary Miller) married, Robert took over the farm, and for a short time, both families lived in the same house, with my parents living at one end and Grandpas at the other end. I do not know the year that Grandpa's moved about ¼ mile down the road to a smaller farm at McGillstown. I do remember when he milked three cows and how I loved to have a glass of warm milk fresh from the cow. Grandpa farmed with horses or mules the first years after moving because I clearly remember riding the back of an animal while he worked the field. He later had a small tractor. I also recall my fear of riding with Grandpa's in their car (the machine, as he called it) as he seemed to forget that there was no horse leading the way and he enjoyed the passing scenery. Grandma was the one who had her eyes on the road and would remind him with a sharp "Poppy, look where you are going!" Fortunately, speed was never a factor when he drove.

Wert Reunion, 1955 (Martha is in the bottom row, second from left)

WE children would often walk down the road to Grandpa's house to get milk. My sister, Rosemary, remembers sitting on their front porch, Grandpa and Grandma in their rockers and we sitting on the steps on a summer evening, watching the few cars go by. I do not remember our family ever eating a meal at my grandparent's home. As a young teenager, I often did cleaning, etc. for them and sometimes ate with them then. Grandpa and Grandma had many OBJ

Wert Reunion, approx. 1937 (Martha is in the top row, second from left)

friends, and they were faithful in visiting the sick and aged. In return, they were the recipients of many visitors in their later years while living with us, as my mother's diaries attest.

I never knew Grandpa without a beard. Apparently Grandma didn't like it but his reason was that it kept him from getting a sore throat in the winter. By the time I came along, it was a permanent fixture, not just worn over the winter. He never had a mustache.

I tried to find in my mother's (Mary Miller) diaries what year Grandpa and Grandma moved in with us. Unfortunately, either she did not keep a diary that year, or that book is missing, as are some other years. My sister remembers that our mother said Grandpa's lived with us for about 9

years. Mother's diary of 1958 mentions several times near the end of the year when Grandpa was not feeling well and someone stayed with them overnight in their home. I think it must have been 1959 when they moved in with us. I know Grandpa had a stroke and I vaguely remember that it was January when we set up a hospital bed in the south end of our living room. When he improved, they moved into two rooms upstairs. As their health declined, I became their nurse and bathed them, shaved Grandpa, etc.

Joseph was a member of the Mennonite church for his entire

life. He enjoyed music, having attended and taught in singing schools. He also led congregational singing for many years, using a tuning fork to find the key. He was accomplished at playing the harmonica, and in his last years could play hymns on request even though his memory had failed.

Joseph died at the home of his daughter, Mary Miller, Jonestown, PA. on September 8, 1965. He, along with his wife, Minnie, is buried in the cemetery at Lost Creek Mennonite church, where his parents are also buried.

Reflection and further research by Bruce King

Judy's memories give us a backstory as to why Joseph was engaged in Sunday school teaching and leading music. Through the book *Building at Mt. Pleasant,* it describes a scandal in which Joseph was accused of inappropriate or sinful activities and was removed as Bishop and was not able to hold a leadership position in the church after that scandal. Reading the account in the book, it doesn't really clarify what the actual misbehavior was. It does tell that there were testimonies given by several persons that incriminated Joseph in these wrongdoings. The conference bishops came to the conclusion that J.D. needed to be removed from membership of the church and the VA Leadership council decided that he would not ever be able to hold a leadership role in the church. It seems that there were personnel issues within the church and there was essentially a power struggle and this all came about as a result of it. It appears years later, that at least one of those involved in the incriminations came clean, saying it was all fabricated to get rid of him.

I have seen this occur in my own home church, where laypersons have a different agenda than the pastor and manipulate people and the situation to serve their agendas. It is another example to me that churches, regardless of denomination, are filled with flawed humans, vulnerable to the temptations of power and influence, like other situations in the rest of the world. The church is not

necessarily a refuge from such behaviors.

Walter King remembers Joseph having a beard, but we have a pic from a late 1930s reunion where he does not have a beard. Other memories Walter has of Grandpa Wert: He took corn to the mill & had it ground into cornmeal. Their diet staple was cornmeal porridge for breakfast, leftovers were put into pans & sliced & fried as fried mush for supper. When he was in the lot to become bishop, some notable ministers circulated “bad stories about him,” so his name was removed from the lot. He was bitter about that till his dying days. He had a car - a terraplane - and when he was driving it, it sounded like an airplane taking off. And Grandpa Wert was always moving every few years, so when they hit Jonestown, Grandma said “I am not moving again.”

Agnes & Amos, 1933-1946

OBJ

The First Westover House OBJ

Agnes & Amos with his brothers, mother, and nephews in North Dakota

Elmer: I remember the first place we lived by Holly Grove there, which Nolan Good's live at now.[9] We had a well outside that we had to pump water out of, and a pump outside. I can remember one time we pumped, and we pumped up a piece of a snake that had fallen into the well and drowned. Remember that, Daddy? We pumped and pumped this old snake out of the well. I don't know how we managed to purify the water out of the well after that, but that was not very palatable.

It was a hand-dug well out by the house. Another thing I remember about that house is sitting in the kitchen and eating when the wind was blowing and we were having a terrible storm. We had boards across the ceiling that were tongue and groove. The house shook that much, and we were trying to eat in here. The dirt was coming down through the boards of the ceiling, that was quite disturbing. I thought the whole house was getting ready to fall down at that point.

I can remember we used to have prayer meetings at our house, and what we used to call the hall tree. It was in the hall, and you lifted

up the door. It was like a bench on it, and you could store things in there.

There was a mirror overhead[OBJ]

Agnes & Amos with their first four kids

and things to hang coats on. I can remember having prayer meetings there. A few people came in, kneeling at the old hall tree there for prayer meeting while everybody prayed, I can remember that. Sometimes I had to go back upstairs to sleep because as I got older and other people came in the family, I had to go upstairs. That was a terribly lonely thing to go upstairs and sleep in that center room at the top of the steps.

We were you all by yourselves up there, but it was such a nice thing when it rained because the porch roof was tin. It came off the top roof and onto the porch roof, and it was just such a nice-when it rained real hard, you had that staccato of rain just coming down on the tin roof.

I can remember being there too when mom went to the hospital to have some biopsies done, and laying there and crying myself to sleep because we didn't know what was happening.

I remember waking up one night and looking out the window, and the whole sky was just all kinds of lights flashing back and forth. It just scared me to death. I just knew that the Lord was coming back. It was the Aurora Borealis, that was before the air was so contaminated that we could see the Aurora Borealis there from time to time. A couple times in winter.

After I understood what it was, I've been really been able to enjoy it, but I didn't enjoy it that night. Then we moved and we went over to the house where we live now. I can remember cleaning the house, and we burned sulfur, I think. Yes, I think it was sulfur. Burned sulfur in the house, and daddy and I went somewhere, and left this sulfur burning to try to get rid of the vermin that was in it. When we were cleaning getting ready to move in.

Well we went somewhere, I don't know where we went, but we looked and we saw this pillar of smoke going up, straight up. We drove like crazy to get back to the house thinking maybe the house was on fire because of the sulfur burning. We got back, and it didn't. Somebody else had some bush burning somewhere. That was a real frightening kind of thing.

I remember going down to Queen Sound, and daddy would get a row boat, and we'd get some peelers, and we had taken the wash boiler along, and we'd row out in Queen Sound, and in a days time we could catch enough fish to probably last us for most of the week for food.

We had a special ice box. We didn't have electricity then. When we lived at Nolan's we had this special ice box, it was about so long and so big. Joe would bring us ice and put in there, and we'd chop that up and put it in.

We'd pack this fish in this ice, and it had a drain at one end with a bucket we have to take and dump out every so often. We would cut slabs off of that there, and that was a good eating for a week. It would last about a week packed in ice like that. I don't know

whatever happened to that one.

When we lived over where Nolan's lived, I was going to put the telephone wires in. Somebody had told me, and they had shown that if you take a string and put it between two tin cans you could talk to one another. I was going to wire this, so I wired the toilet, and put baling wire around through the corn house, and through some of the other buildings there, and then hook a tin can up on one end, and we were going to be able to talk from place to place. It just didn't work.

Many years later I went back there and I saw that those wires were still there, nobody took them down. Probably nobody even knew what the were there for.

Also, out from the house was a woodshed. The woodshed was used for something other than wood. Daddy took me out there when I wasn't behaving myself. When you go out behind the building and get your[OBJ]

Amos & Frank sawing a log, unknown child to the right, date unknown

butt paddled you know what it's all about. That was another use for the woodshed.

I also remember we cut timber out of the woods and had it-- we cut these pine trees down with a two-man crosscut. We cut enough

timber there to build a barn. The barn was never built, but the chicken house was built after. I can remember when we started to move some of this lumber here, it was full of copperheads underneath it.

Puddles of Moonshine

Elmer: Maud Hook's husband made moonshine, and had it hidden in the barn in gallon jars. Brown bottles.

She wanted to get rid of it, and she wanted to be able to tell her husband that she didn't know who did it. She didn't do it. It had to be more than one of us in there, because she wouldn't know who dumped it. So we dumped it out. Pulled the cobs out, dumped them in the gutter. Middle of the day.

He was back in the woods probably making another batch. He was a relative of Martha's, she was a church member and he was backslider.

Agnes' Illness & Death

Elmer: Well, back during that period of time, Mom was sickly and in a wheelchair. She had a big, old wooden-fashioned wooden wheelchair. Periods of time, she would be very, very ill then she would have a lapse period where she was doing pretty good.

We didn't know what it was at that point. The doctor wasn't sure initially whether it was Rocky Mountain spotted fever or not. That's why she went in for biopsies at that time. Mom would teach Walter and I how to cook, how to iron, how to do the washing. We did all of that. When Walter was 10 years old, he could go out and catch a chicken in the chicken yard, cut its head off, pull the feathers off of it, and he could cook a Sunday dinner with fried chicken.

She was preparing us to go on without her. She couldn't help it. She

couldn't do anything. Somebody had to feed the family. Daddy had to go to work as much as he could, so we had to carry on. We had the old wringer washing machine with double tubs to rinse and hang it out on the line. I remember Harry standing in a chair, frying eggs before mother died. We knew she was going to die, a couple of years in advance. She doesn't look terribly ill in that picture, but she died eight days later.

Dan: We left before school was over, and mother's illness was in cycles, so they had planned to start this trip before she would get sick again, and just before we went to Gettysburg, she got sick. Her cycles were coming faster than they had in the past.

Amos: We slept in the bedroom together. I knew she was very ill. We talked, and everything went well that day. She was glad she was sleeping. I slept with my hand on her shoulder. We both went to sleep. I felt her stop breathing, and checked on her, she was dead.

Elmer: I was eating breakfast at Uncle Lawrence Hartman's, had a big dish of cereal. It was a crime not to clean your plate up. The word came through that mother had died. I said, "Do I have to eat the rest of my breakfast?" They said, "No you don't."

Ruby: Grace and I were in bed upstairs at Uncle Farry's and he came in from the barn. When I heard the footsteps on the thing, I don't know,OBJ

Walter, Harry, Amos, Agnes, Ruby, and Elmer, on July 4, 1946 in Gettysburg.

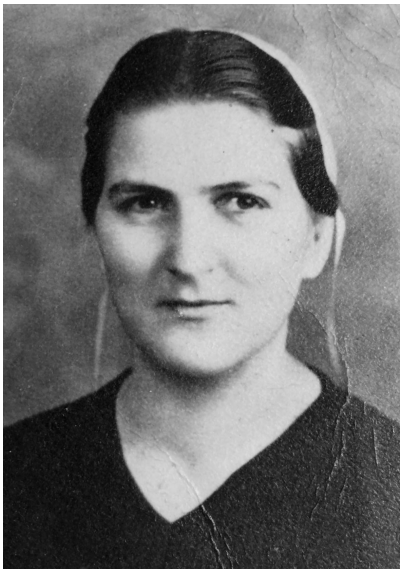
on the bed, I knew she is gone, and I started crying. We brought her body back to Ogburn's house and Harry said, "Mama's got her lipstick on." Daddy took his handkerchief out of his pocket and wiped the lipstick off of mother. We were all standing there.

Martha: I think it was certainly the leading of the Lord that Daddy and your mother had planned that trip, and that they spent their last days with the Ogburns, because if you had been down there where you had no close relatives, and here you were, each one of you, in the different homes where you were loved and cared for. I often think of how wonderful it was that they started on that trip and got just that far. They were going to go back to North Dakota where they had been married. They planned on this trip, and they were going to leave the older children, the three older ones with relatives, and take Harry with them, and she got too sick, but they just made it to Gettysburg, and that's how far they got.

Amos & Martha: Childrearing 1947-1975 OBJ

My Mother

Rosa King



My mother, Martha Elizabeth Wert King, was born in Juniata County, Pennsylvania on October 5, 1917. She was one of twelve children, but two siblings died in infancy, and a brother died from illness as a young man. She attended a one room public school that went only to the eighth grade. She loved school and stated that she read every book in the school.

At the age of fourteen, Mother began working for wealthy families on the Main Line west of Philadelphia as a maid. Two of her sisters did similar work on the Main Line, helping to supplement the family income, which was mostly from farming. She continued that work for many years and eventually became known for her care of newborns and their mothers.

Mother‘s long-term goal was to be a missionary nurse. She completed a correspondence course for nursing, but was not able to

obtain the clinical experience. Mother craved more education and was eventually able to attend high school classes at Harrisonburg, Virginia. She took many Bible study classes and also an English class that involved writing essays and poetry. One poem she wrote was about the smells and spices in the kitchen, and was very well written. Mother noted that a very meaningful time in her life was when she was able to go to West Virginia in the Appalachia area, to teach Bible School. She enjoyed visiting local people. The terrain was very hilly, and she rode a horse as her mode of transportation.

In her late twenties, Mother's life

Amos & Martha's wedding day

took an unexpected turn. She had taught Summer Bible School at Holly Grove Mennonite Church as she did at other churches during the summertime, and the next year she heard that the Bible School Director, Rev. Amos King, had become a widow. Amos had four children, and his mother came to help him with the children and the household. This was a very stressful time for Amos, the children and his mother, and eventually some church leaders in PA talked

with Amos and recommended that he marry a woman who could be a helpmeet for him. The person they recommended was Martha Wert. A correspondence ensued and eventually they agreed to marry.

It must have been overwhelming for Martha to immediately have four children with the responsibility they entailed, as well as being a preacher's wife. She eventually had five more children, making a total of nine children in the family. She never called the older children half-siblings or made any indication that we had different mothers. We were all one family.

Mother became known for her many skills. She prepared the most delicious soft shell crab and fish fillets that I've ever had in my life. She made strawberry jam every year, and my daughters have wonderful memories of picking strawberries with her and helping her make the jam. She preserved many fruits and vegetables for the winter. A very frightening memory for me is when she was canning corn and the pressure cooker blew up, with the lid making an indentation in the ceiling and corn and glass going all over the kitchen floor. Luckily no one was hurt, but to this day, I am wary of using a pressure cooker.

Mother greatly enjoyed reading. Anytime the house was empty with the children gone fishing or to the beach, she would read until it was time to start dinner. She enjoyed reading many books about the Bible and about the Wycliffe Bible translators, to which she donated on a regular basis.

Mother was known for her many sayings. She would often say at the end of a meal, "I knew just how much to cook." Sometimes I thought I would've liked to have seconds of the meal, but I never went hungry. She proportioned out the food fairly. I did not think of us as poor when I was growing up, despite having meals rationed, and needing to use the outhouse toilet, since there was no bathroom inside.

Another saying that I recalled many times from my childhood was that “Rome was not built in a day,” and this was helpful, since I tended to be impatient and want things to happen more quickly than was realistic. The best quote of my mother’s that I have remembered my entire life is: “One second of carelessness can cause a lifetime of regret.” Good advice!

Mother tried to help my sister Miriam and I to become more feminine, but she never succeeded in that. I remember her making remarks like “You girls sound like two elephants walking upstairs. I don’t know why I couldn’t have had more quiet daughters.” When Mother looked at MimE’s and my crusted and dirty feet after a summer of bare feet, she proclaimed: “No man will ever want to get in bed with you with those feet.”

My sister recalls some other words of wisdom from our mother: “If you’re not happy single, then you won’t be happy married.” And when someone complained about a complicated situation, Mother would say, “Well, you said you didn’t want to be bored.”

Maybe the greatest gift that my mother ever gave her children was her constant prayer. At nighttime she would wait until everyone was in bed, and would kneel in the living room and pray for each child and grandchild by name, praying for our protection and blessing. She was loved by many people in her OBJ

Martha with her five birth children

church and neighborhood and was a very generous person.

Many of her children and grandchildren received her love for reading and learning. She did maintain her conservative ideas about the role of women, however. When I told her that I was going to start medical school, she voiced her complaint: “How dare you waste your wonderful domestic talents!” Years later, when I finished training and was working as a family physician in Virginia, a church member noted that my mother was very proud of me being a family physician. Time can open our minds and bring healing.

Saturday Night Baths

Harry: I have fond memories of Saturday night baths. One time in our life and we had a double-sized galvanized metal tub. We’d sit in the kitchen and depending on the time of the year and how we were heating, we would heat the water on a coal or wood stove or gas stove, depending on the time of the year. We’d start, generally, with the youngest one and pour a little bit of water in and bathe them. Then that would get cool and they would get out and you’d add a little bit more hot water. The water was pumped by a pitcher pump on the back porch and heated on the stove.

Then the next one would get in and you'd add a little bit more water and you'd hope that the younger kids didn't pee in your water too much.

If there were things that were floating around in it, those were either strained out or if we're really feeling good, we'd dump the water out and start over with fresh water. Then we'd try before it got too much water in it, somebody would come and dump the water out in the kitchen sink and it would start all over with fresh water. You couldn't keep adding too much water, it'd get too heavy to pick up and dump back in the sink. That was a Saturday night ritual.

The other Saturday night ritual that I still have visual and scent memories of, was the kerosene refrigerator. That we normally filled up on Saturday night too if I remember. The kerosene refrigerator would run all week on five gallons or less of kerosene. Every once in a while, it wouldn't work too good and we'd have to go in and dig the carbon out around where the wicks came up so the flame would burn right, to make the refrigerator cold. We were just a little bit ahead of our neighbors who still had an ice box. The ice man would come around with lots of ice and the ice tongs and pick up a big piece of ice and carry it in and put it in the refrigerator. That's what they used for their-- We were a step ahead of our neighbors. They had an ice box, we had a kerosene refrigerator.

The Outhouse

Stories told at the old outhouse, now restored at AJ's home in Westover.

AJ: We are telling the King story here, and we'll pick it up at 100 years ago in an outhouse in North Dakota, where an amazing woman had a difficult conversation with her God.

In that time, she just lost her husband. She had a large family. It was rough living and she didn't know how she would do it.

Anyway, she found strength in that outhouse with her savior. There came a lot of men of faith from that group. Of course, Grandpa was one of those. That's where we start. We will now go to the home place after we have outhouse stories. Walter has one brewing.

I think everyone knows this is the original outhouse Grandpa built on the home place and it's been well used. It was used by lots of people for lots of years. Then when we finally got a bathroom in about 1969, the neighbor's outhouse was really bad shape. We moved this to the neighbors and they used it for many years. They just got a bathroom maybe four or five years ago, OBJ

MimE, Dan, Rosa, Bill, AJ, circa 1961

and it was used after that to store shovels and hoes. It was rotting at the bottom, sinking in the dirt. I asked him if I could have it back, and he said, yes. We have it back.

Walter: I have three great stories, but probably the one that I will tell here is that hated to come out here by myself. I usually would go out with Harry. We're sitting there and I would tell him, yarns, we're poor as church mice. Part of our pastime was imagining how wonderful it could be. I would sit there and I'd have Harry close his

eyes and I'd say, okay, I'm going down. I'm going down through the hole down here. Look, down here is the greatest playground and we're just having a great time. Bobo Rainbow lives down there. He's showing us around. Harry would start to peek, I'd say, "Shut," okay, I'm back up here. You open your eyes and I'm right back here immediately. He'd close his eyes and I'd go back down telling him wonderful stories and sights we're seeing there. That's the story of Bobo Rainbow.

Dan: I am six years older than Bill. I believe it's probably in the outhouse with the whippoorwills calling back in the deep woods behind Aunt Polly's that I said, "Listen, listen to that Billy, that bird back there is a big bad bird, but he thinks your name is Will. He is saying whip-poor-will." I believe that is correct so that Bill was quite maybe 3-years-old or so at the time, and I would've been 10. I believe Bill was quite frightened to go out to the outhouse for quite some time because the whip-poor-will would whip him good. Ruby found this to be the great escape after supper to avoid washing dishes. She would sit there for as long as it took until Granny finally did the dishes.

Bill: Esther says one of the first times she came to visit us, I locked her in there. Yes, I was made to be afraid of the outhouse. That's why I think most of us King men, especially their women, were disgusted because it was much easier to pee beside the house than it was to go in the outhouse. You weren't home until you came home and peed around the side of the house.

AJ: I tell my granddaughters this story. I used to be very scared of the outhouse, because on the path out to the outhouse, which was by the way concrete, right? It was classy. There was a maple tree and we either had a wood pile or coal pile there. I don't remember which of my older siblings, but many of them told me there was a monster who lived behind that wood pile that liked to eat little boys. I was terrified.

I would back up on the porch and get a running start and kick the screen door open, and my feet would hardly touch the pavement till I reached that outhouse. When I slammed that door and locked it, I was safe one more time. I'd do my duty. Then same way, stand up on that seat, had the light switch in one hand, kick the door, and full tilt back until I got in the screen door and I'd made it one more time.

Uncle Harry talked about the outhouse at a medical conference illustrating the poverty from which he came. Actually not many years ago, when I was in Annapolis testifying trying to get the windmills to come, they were supposed to put some windmills on the farm. There were a lot of rich politicians on the western shore that were fighting it because they didn't want the development over here. I went over there and before the legislators, I gave my little spiel. I said they should allow us on the eastern shore to enjoy the opportunities that they've had on the western shore for a long time.

I grew up poor in the outhouse, except we had a three-seater. You've got to understand, this committee is all these legislators, they're on their iPhones, they're hearing hours and hours and hours of testimony. You don't think they're hearing a thing. For that purpose, I told this story, and all at once, you saw everybody look up, you heard giggles. I said, but we had a nice one. We had a three-seater anyway. So this outhouse has been talked about in legislative halls and in medical conferences.

Bill: I remember Harry saying that he said he grew up in an outhouse and when we finally got indoor plumbing, we gave the outhouse to the neighbor. That's how poor it was that our our community. Outhouse was recycled to our neighbors.

MimE: I just have one more thing about the outhouse. I think Grandpa cooked up a lot of his sermons out here because it was the only quiet place. He would go out there after Ruby got done and he would be out there hours. I think that I never saw him preparing

sermon notes or anything. I think when he was out fishing or he was in the outhouse was his quiet time that it was his study.

Feed Bags As Clothing

Harry: Maybe I ought to share with you the frustrations of my garters that held up my stockings. We raised chickens and the feed man would come, what, once a week and bring feed. It was Beacon Feed and it had a picture of a lighthouse with a beacon on it. Every so often, if the guy was feeling really, really good, he would throw in a hundred-pound bag of feed that didn't have a Beacon Feed on it, but had a print that you could make dresses and whatever else. Those were saved for special occasions.

If we needed cloth for something else, we'd try to bleach out the beacon feed sign and use that for cloth. I had to wear long brown stockings as a boy growing up. There was a strap that was continuous from here, up over the shoulders and down the back. Then it had a piece that connected these two in front, and the piece that connected them in back. Then it was fastened onto two garters.

That thing was so absolutely frustrating to try to figure it out, which would always get tangled up, and it always looked awful and it felt bad, it was the course feed bag thing. It always had the lone beacon feed sign showing through it.

Particularly on Sunday morning when we were always in a rush to get to church, I found that it was hard to straighten up. It did have a front and a back to it too. The front, I think the strap came lower or higher than the one in the back that went across the back. Anyway, I hated those long brown cotton stockings.

Ruby: I had to wear those crazy things too. I was in seventh and eighth grade, and I'd wear them to school. I'd wear them to school and then I'd take them out, and roll them up, and put them in my lunchbox. Put them in the lunchroom or locker room so I could be

bare-legged like the rest of the girls weren't have these nasty old brown stockings on.

It was for modesty. Not for keeping warm or anything like that. Male and female, both. I wore them forever until I came of age and could wear a garter belt that went around this way, and then held up nylons.

Well, there was a pattern or something the parents made dresses with out of a chicken feed bag. That's where we used to get with the cloth. Out of flour bags and all that. Seed bags, anything. I used to have my dresses made out of feed bags. Then when mom came, she made me bloomers to match the dress. Then I would make sure that I ran these things down under my bloomers and stuff. If my dress came up, no one could see that I had this crazy harness on, because my bloomers would cover that. Other little girls wore socks. But socks were too worldly.

The little boys wear these brown stockings as long as they wore short pants. I don't know if only Mennonites did that. I know I was the only girl in my class. The rest of them didn't.

Winter Heat

Elmer: I remember when we moved to where we do now, the ditch banks were totally grown up. For several years, I would come and I would work until I got the ditch bank cleaned off. I would save the wood off of it, we'd drag it up to the house and we would cut it up with-- we'd get a buzz saw. Anybody know what a buzz saw is? Run off of a tractor. We'd cut the wood up. We would use that to supplement our coal that we had to burn for heating the house.

Walter was using daddy's Skilsaw to cut wood. It bound on him, came back, and cut his hand. We cut wood for a long time. We would get slab wood from the mills that were in the woods, that supplemented our heat in the winter time.

There used to be a man come down through from up in the coal regions in Pennsylvania, bringing bootleg coal. Anybody know what bootleg coal is? It was individual people that, either they would start a mine themselves under somebody else's property or whatever, they would mine, and then they would probably have a small breaker somewhere. They'd break this coal down to the right size. Then they would bring a whole load down. We'd have to buy a whole load at a time. It was cheaper because it was bootleg.

Harry: When we needed to cut down a tree, Walter would send me shimmying up the tree, because I could shimmy up trees really, really well. I would bring the tree down in the direction that they wanted it to fall by crawling out and swinging to one side of the tree. They would chop the tree down and I'd fall with it. They would send me up the tree and I would shimmy me up the tree, and I'd lean out whatever side they want it to fall.

The Home Place

Stories told at the house on George Riggin Road, currently owned by Bill.

AJ: We're at the home place, which is the only property I think that Grandpa owned while he was in Maryland. A lot of memories made here. I think he bought this 40 acres for $1,200. There was a holiness preacher who was pretty well off, knew Dad needed a place and he helped finance it, got it for Dad. Then right after he got it, they sold off $1,100 worth of timber.

Walter: That preacher man would show up in his big black Buick and park out here. Dad would go out there and talk to him. I was terribly worried because I knew he hadn't made any payments on the place.

AJ: Anyway, this family kept being friends. That would've been Adam Stanley's great, great uncle or something. Anyway, they

remained friends, but that was the way Dad, who was totally broke, was able to get a place. I don't think it was that many years later, he bragged he got as much timber to pay for it.

Bruce: I do remember that in the back, there used to be a porch here, and it was open underneath. There was a porch, and I remember when I was little, when I would come down here, it would be hot in the summer times, we always would come down in the summer, that I always would crawl underneath. I'd bring all my matchbox cars with me, and I'd sit, and I'd create a whole city underneath there, and I'd spend hours and hours underneath that porch in the dirt, just sitting there, in the nice cool dirt.

Bill: We didn't have near the hardships that the older ones had, but I do know there were times that a glass of water on the dresser was frozen solid in the morning. The boys' room was-- I don't know what those-- I remember inheriting that way were quite a few holes in the plaster. It didn't snow very often, but if it had a fine snow with a lot of wind behind it, you could wake up and brush snow off the bed because it was drift in through the weatherboarding, and then through the plaster lath.

Dan used to send me up to bed to warm up his bed. I don't know at what age, maybe six to eight, I had to sleep with Dan, because AJ wet the bed, so he got the bed by himself.

At about eight o'clock, Dan would say, "Mom, don't you think it's time for Bill to go to bed?" I go up and get in the bed, and the bed sags like this. I was right in the middle, and an hour or two later Dan, would come up and just shove me over and take the warm spot.

Everybody talks about taking a bath in a tub in front of the wood stove. I have maybe a faint picture of that, but what's much more vivid in my memory is the shower on the back porch. That was the most heavenly place in the world on a winter night, when the rest of the house was fairly cold. I can still see the steam. It was not a

screened in porch, it was closed off only so high, and then he had windows we could take in and out that were either screen or glass. In the summertime, it would be screened in. In the wintertime, it would be glass, but there was no insulation. This was probably after a lot of the kids had gone because I[OBJ]

Photo taken by Frank King from his plane in the 1970s. Property lines added.

can't imagine that we could've stayed in that shower long enough for that much water to steam up that much if we had older brothers and sisters around to chase us out.

Maple Sap & Log Cabin

Walter: Elmer would remember that we were going to collect sap from the maple trees. We had trees on our ditch banks and a lot of them were maple. We went down along the ditch bank with little tubes, we had old ballpoint pens with the inside sticking out, and we'd get dad's brace and bit and drill little holes in it, hang a tin can over it. We wanted to do it to the big maples out front, but Dad didn't want us drilling holes, but we probably got a couple in there. We probably got almost a tin can full of stuff and we built a little fire on the feed room floor of the chicken house there and boiled this stuff down and got enough to taste anyway. Then Elmer heard somewhere he could make get maple syrup out of corn cob. I don't remember quite what that process was, but we ground up these corn cobs and cooked those babies and we did get to taste just a little bit of sweetness in that syrupy stuff.

We were always building stuff. We were supposed to be cutting ditch bank trees down, if you go straight out from what's now the garage right on down the ditch, when you get down near the woods, Elmer and I cut down a bunch of pine trees. We made an actual log cabin, just logs right on top each other all the way around, it was probably about six feet high and had a door in it. We might have had one window in it. Then we put small logs across the top and branches and picked up pine shats from the floor of the forest there and had a roof.

We wanted badly to have a fire in this thing, do our cooking and all there, and they would not let us have a fire in it down there, but we probably did once in a while, because, can you imagine what a tinder box we had there sitting on the edge of the woods there, edge of Carl Greens? And it could have been a disaster.

I Owe My Breath To Ruby

Harry: The reason my teeth got so bad was that I couldn't breathe through my nose and always breathed through my mouth because my nose, for as long as I ever remembered, was totally stuffed up and I could never breathe.

The nearest ENT man was down at Nassawaddox, Virginia, and Daddy took me down for an exam, but Ruby came home in her little VW. I had gotten some pre-op medication. I was supposed to take this tablet and Ruby drove me down to the Nassawaddox Hospital. I remember going down the old Route 13. I was just totally gorked out with this medication and I was hitting my head on the window every time I hit one of these bumps. Ruby got my nose fixed so that I could breathe for the first time. I was about 14 years old or something like that. I went down and they did it under a local anesthesia. I remember them chiseling and carrying on when I was 14 years old. So I owe my very breath to Ruby.

Walter's Recollections

Walter: We didn't have TV, but we did have a radio. Elmer found a radio somewhere along the way, we had in there and we could listen to the Green Hornet and The Shadow and Bold Adventure and all these… Anyway, other pleasant memories are mixed memories. The money was scarce enough that with all these kids going to school, it took a quarter for lunch, and we didn't have quarters for lunches. Rather than carry a brown bag and be one of the few with a bag, I took no lunch and would go to the library during OBJ

Rosa, Ruby, & MimE in 1960

lunch period. That's when I got introduced to all the periodicals, Field and Stream Life and Time and all those things. I got home, I was hungry, and so get out the big container of milk and peanut butter crackers, and probably eat a pack of those crackers. While I was sitting there, I enjoyed talking to mother. Mother was a great listener and a conversationalist, those were good memories.

I was lazy and stirred up trouble and that kind of stuff. Got sent away to my uncle in Gettysburg for the summer that mother was pregnant with Miriam. And then after that, they thought they

probably could put up with me enough if dad would take me along to work with him at 13 or so years of age. Worked for a quarter an hour, I think he charged the people maybe for my tearing off plasterboard and that kind of stuff. Anyway, working with dad was great. It was many summers there and then a year after high school. Loved to get him talking. Any particular topic I was interested in, I would just try to get him going and talk about flying or something like that. He didn't know anything about it, but if you pried him long enough, you could find out he knew a heck of a lot about it and had a lot of stories. Those were fun. Even though money was scarce, sometimes depending on where we worked, we'd stop by the drug store and get a malted milkshake or a limeade or something like that, a fresh squeezed limeade. Those were good times.

Another bad day for me was, in the winter we didn't waste our cash on antifreeze for tractors or Model Ts or vehicles we weren't using. One nice warm day I felt like taking the Model T out, so I filled her up with water and puttered around the territory, and I don't know what I wanted to do with the tractor, but tractor also was drained, filled her up the water and did whatever was going to do with that. That night it froze, maybe 20 or 22 or something like that, busted the block of both those radiators, gosh, what a disaster.

Working Carl Green's Farm

AJ: Bill and I went down to Carl Green's farm[10] when we were kids, working. Does anybody know what our names were for a good while down there? When Carl wrote us our first check, he didn't know what our names were. He had to ask us our names. Before he wrote our first paycheck, he used to slip us a quarter when we helped him for a day running errands. When we got to the place where he had to write out a check to get a tax-deduction, he had to ask us our names. He called us Big Pig's Foot and Little Pig's Foot because we'd walk around in all that pig manure barefooted. It'd

just be up between our toes all the time.

Another memory down at Carl Greens was I was riding Mim's 36-inch bicycle. I could ride it as a kid, five years old, or whatever because it had that low thing. I rode it down to Carl's and made that turn by the big ditch. It didn't quite make it drop down in and he had some rocks there holding the dirt back by the culvert. My hand went right down between the rocks and hurt like crazy. I knew it was broken. I ran. Dan was milking a cow back at Carl Greens and I knew he was there, so I ran back to him to have him take me to get some help and took me home and nobody believed it was broken. I said, "Take me to the hospital." "Well, we don't have a vehicle." "Take me to the hospital. Put me on Harry's motorcycle." You were home with a motorcycle at one point.

I just wanted to get to the hospital on the motorcycle. I was calmed down for about a week. After about a week, I was taken to hospital and sure enough, I had broken both bones across my wrist.

Another time we're down there at Carl's working and I remember being right in front of the loafing shed. Bill was about around back working driving a tractor. I don't know how old he was. He was maybe 10 and I was 8. He was pulling wagon loads of corn up to the elevator on a tractor with a clutch, an old 60. He got a little too close to the augers. Anyway, I remember seeing Bill coming around the end of the shed, sprinting faster than I had ever seen him run. I said, "What happened? What happened?" Tears on his face. "What Happened? What happened?"

He said, "Come on. Come on. I'll tell you when we get out of here." He had run into the auger and Carl gave him a good cussing out like Bill never heard.

Bill: There were augers that came out from the bend and dropped right in a pit, which I was trying to get the wagons over top. I came up, we'd driven track for a long time to get a foot clutch and brakes and this had a hand clutch. We've driven around there quite a bit. I

had two wagons, one behind the other one.

They were loaded with corn and he kept saying, “Get a little closer. Get a little closer.” All of a sudden, he hollered, and so I pulled back on the hand clutch instead of jamming on the brakes, I just kept pulling on the hand clutch, which made it sort of go ahead a little bit more. All of a sudden, he was, “Blankety Blankety Blank, go home and don’t ever come back.” It was horrible.

Crisfield Hospital Stays

Harry: I was fifth grade maybe when I got encephalitis meningitis. I was in Crisfield Hospital, evidently in pretty bad shape. Elmer was in New Jersey. I was coming in and out of consciousness and I remember seeing him at the door. I remember seeing an old school teacher there at the door one time. They wouldn’t let him in the room, but I guess penicillin did pretty well, had just been invented or was starting to be in use. They were giving me penicillin injections for a viral illness. Anyway, it was a big, old, dull needle that they used over and over and over. Periodically, but they would drop it in the pan or whatever.

This nurse would come in and I don’t know why, whenever I think of this, the term ‘battle axe’ always comes to my mind. She’d roll me over and take this big old needle and jab me in the butt with this needle. Same side, the same spot, every day. For several years after that, I had a big wad of stuff in my right cheek that I’d get my hands around.

It’s probably scar tissue, I’m not sure. Anyway, none of you know what paregoric is, but it was a thing that I used to hate the taste of, about as bad, I guess as witch-hazel. I don’t know or worse, but it is opium dissolved in alcohol. It’s just as bitter and nasty as it can possibly be. The other thing that I hated about as bad as anything was the taste of aspirin. As a medication, we often only had aspirin to take and I could never swallow. This thing was dissolved in my

mouth and I would just gag and spit it out.

This lady that I referred to unkindly before, would come in with a little bottle of paregoric. The stuff was in a medicine jar. You couldn't get very much volume. You couldn't take much. Just a tablespoon or two would be your maximum dose. She gave two adult aspirins to swallow with that paregoric.

I'd always get the aspirin stuck in the back of my throat, and I couldn't wash it down with anything. I had the paregoric and the aspirin on my back. I would retch and carry on, and the lady grabbed me by the shoulders one time. "If you don't stop acting like this, I'm just going to let you lay here and die."

Another fun time I had in Crisfield Hospital was a result of a rather great accident that we had. We didn't have a wagon to haul things in from the fields. We had a big sled, and we would pile stuff up on the sled and use the sled. One day, we were bringing in straw from the backfield, and it was Walter and Elmer, and I. As soon as we got all the straw in, we could get swimming. We had this sled just really, really, really piled high. Elmer and I were on top of the sled, as I recall, and Walter was driving, and we got just about to the ditch. The first ditch that goes down towards the chicken houses, and Walter stopped to shift gears to put in another gear. When he did, the weight of the sled just stopped everything really, really quickly, and the whole load of straw fell forward. Unfortunately, I was on the front of it. Elmer was on the back, and I sailed through the air with all the straw and landed right on the back of the tractor. Hit the seat with my mouth and hit the part where you put the stabilizer bars. Hit that in my belly, and then the straw and Elmer landed on top of me, and I remember coming through here and Walter hollering, "I've killed him. I've killed him."

Anyway, they got me to Crisfield Hospital. They took me back and I was at this very, very impressionable stage in my life where such things as your own privates were your own and nobody else was

supposed to look at them, and they laid me back on the X-ray table, stark naked on my back. Everybody disappeared.

They left me lying there. I had to pee so bad, and I was laying there just bare stark naked on this cold black table, having to pee. I hollered out a couple times, and nobody came, and finally, I saw one of the male orderlies walk by the door, and I hollered at him again, and I told him, I really, really had to pee. He went and got me a Maxwell House coffee can. I don't know whether any of you have ever tried to pee in a Maxwell House coffee can lying flat on your back, but I did.

They told me that I had to absolutely lay there, and I was hurting pretty, bad anyway. I held the coffee can down here, took my fingers off of it, and it sprayed all over the head of the X-ray machine. Then I laid there on this flat, cold, black table, bare, stark naked with it dripping. Then they got me back in the room and they had me in a room, and they brought in a man in the room beside me. And this man was having a fit. He was hollering and talking out of his head, and he kept saying I want something to drink. I want something to drink. Here I was, still in this impressionable age, and they finally brought this guy something to drink.

As he took a drink, he said, "I don't want to drink this warm piss," and then he coughed, and he choked, and I didn't hear any more out of him. Then next morning, they came and opened the blinds and pulled the curtain back, and there wasn't anybody in that bed, and I said, "What happened to that man?" He said, "Didn't you know he died last night?"

Elmer: One thing I want to add is when we took Harry to the hospital in Crisfield, when he fell and hurt himself, we drove that old Chevy that we had with a knee-action front, and we must have gone 75 miles an hour down the straightaway. We were really tearing, and when we came home the next day, out at the corner the knee action fell apart and the wheels fell off. That could have

happened when we were on the way to Crisfield too.

First Kisses

Dan: In first grade, was it Mrs. Chamberlain, first-grade teacher, middle age, very nice looking, and very nice. She had this little thing that when you finished your math problems, you could go to the back of the room, this big oak table, and you could color in a big coloring book or several coloring books. Of course, that particular day, I worked real hard in three plus two and one plus zero, and I got all my math done, and I took it up to her desk, and she checked it, and she nodded her head. I could now go back to the big old table and color, which I did. As I proceeded to color pictures of animals or whatever, suddenly I looked over, and there beside me stood a very attractive young girl, also picking up her crayon to color. Phyllis, with a few light brown freckles, as I recall, and some dirty blonde hair, kind of long, and pigtails.

I began missing my lines in the coloring.

As I had to take more and more glances, something inexplicable overcame me, and before I could control it, I stepped over and leaned over and gave her a big smooch, right on the side of her face. Whereupon, Susan Bradshaw, sitting in the back row, just happened to be looking around and not doing her math, but looking back at us, and she raised her hand and "Mrs. Chamberlain, Dan just kissed Phyllis."

Whereupon Mrs. Chamberlain said, "Would you please come here, Dan." I leave the table, and I walk to her desk with head downcast, and eyes down.

"Danny, did you kiss Phyllis?"

"Yes, I did."

After a brief pause, she said, "I want you to go back to your seat,

and I want you to sit and put your head down on your desk for five minutes."

The most humiliating five minutes of my entire life, while everyone forgot their math and the coloring and just stared at us. I tell you, it cured me good because I did not kiss another girl for many, many, years. This is true, I lie not. Her name, help me if the rest don't believe: Phyllis Hatchethead. She moved away that next summer and did not come back for second grade. I never saw her after first grade.

MimE: I guess Dan forgot that I started the tradition of kissing people in first grade, and I think he finished it. I don't know what Mrs. Chamberlain did after the first two kids right in a row came and kissed people in first grade. She must have thought we were love deprived kids or else we were really a huggy-feely family, I don't know what she thought.

I did my kissing in first grade when I was in the water line and there we had come in from recess. There were about five or six kids there in the line and we kept waiting and waiting for these kids to get done drinking. I guess I was so bored and I got that same funny feeling that Dan got. I just sneaked up and kissed Eugene Massey behind his ear.

I got caught too and I had to put my head down. I had the exact opposite experience of Dan in first grade. I hated first grade because Mrs. Chamberlain was always asked; she would never let us read ahead. She would give us three pages of *See Dick Run, Funny, Funny Dick* and all this kind of stuff. Then you'd have to come the next day, and she'd say, "Can anybody guess how the story ended?" I was so stupid. I'd always read the whole book, and I would raise my hand, and I would say how the story ended. She said, "Miriam, have you been reading ahead again?"

I used to get always scolded and for reading ahead. I started reading when I was about five. I remember this funny clown that came

down the road and he didn't believe I could read, so he put the books upside down to see if I could really read. Do y'all remember that guy?

Some hobo clown came walking down the street, and he lived with us for a while. He lived with us in the house. He was a very kind old man. I remember he used to sit on the couch there under the light and read to us. Never missed a meal.

Don't Tell Daddy I Shot You

Walter: This tree - I used to imagine I was Tarzan. I could swing all over these branches from one to the other. Elmer and I had a disagreement, I think it probably was over me abusing Ruby's doll or hiding it or something, some disgusting doll and so Elmer is going to punish me. I make it to this tree, grab the lower branch, swing up, and he comes right up after me, "You're not going to get away from me." I climbed to the tallest place up there as tall as you could go. Elmer is coming on up and he's going to grab me and pull me down and I kick him in the head and he puts his hands up there, I step on his fingers. He said, "Okay, I'll get you."

He came down, went in the house and got the rifle. I knew he did not dare. I just taunted him further and then the rascal he's pointing at said, "You come down, I'm going to shoot you." I said, "Go ahead." Knew he positively did not dare but he did shoot. Yes, in my thigh was a terrible burning and I dropped down out there like a shot squirrel. He thought it was fooling but he saw I had a little hole in my pants. We went in, we got to do something. Dad, mother are in town shopping, they said, "We'll be home." We got to get this pellet out of your- it was rat shot or bird shot in a rifle, but it was down under the skin. I lay on a couch in here and he would get the needle under that thing. No anesthetic, lift it up just about come out and it would slip off. Did that a dozen times before we got that out. We never told dad or mother and they never learned it until I was

writing this as one of my comps in English comp. I can't remember what promises he must have given me not to tell anybody, but I didn't.

Poetry for Spaghetti

Dan: This was seventh grade. It is very strange to this day, to me, that I cannot tolerate even the sight of the pale circular baloney slice that we got every day in the packed lunch, and I don't know why, and I took the packed lunch, the brown bag. In it, every day, was the baloney sandwich, that pale, cheapest baloney you can find, and a peanut butter and jelly sandwich. Why to this day, I cannot stand the sight or the smell of that particular baloney, but I still love peanut butter and jelly. I would eat it anytime, anywhere. That particular day, to school I go, of course, with my baloney sandwich and my peanut butter and jelly sandwich and probably an apple.

Whereupon, coming into English class seventh grade, we all file in and sit down, and there sits Mr. Taylor, good-looking, middle-aged, tall, dark hair, basketball coach, English teacher, sitting there at his desk, we all sit down. "Ladies and gentlemen, we are going to learn some poetry. We are going to learn some poetry, and the first person who can memorize this particular poem will get 25 cents."

Wow. I immediately recalled that the menu for that day was spaghetti. I thought of my baloney sandwich, and I thought of that spaghetti lunch, and the motivation was rather high. He said, "Ready, as soon as you memorize it, you may stand, page 176."It was *Trees*, by Joyce Kilmer.

I think that I shall never see
A poem as lovely as a tree.
A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed
Against the earth's sweet, flowing breasts.

Against whose bosom snow has leaned
Who intimately lives with rain.
A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray.

A tree that may in Summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair.
Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

The entire class clapped. Little Danny boy walks up to the desk, and he puts out his hand, and there is the shiny, silver, gleaning quarter, and I clutch it in my hand, and I go to lunch, and I get my spaghetti dinner.

I think I went ahead and ate my peanut butter and jelly sandwich. I think I either tried to give my baloney sandwich away or I actually ditched it.

God Made Me Different

Harry: I came to school for the first day of third grade, and we had a brand-new teacher, and most of the teachers at Marian had been there for probably 20 or 30 years, at least. We had just come from Miss Callum, the one that he was talking about, and here we had this very, very attractive, right out of college, beautiful, lovely, really good-looking, really dressed really, really neat. Ronnie Matthews and I were sitting right at the very front two desks, right in front of her. She came in and she had written her name on the board, that her name was Miss Keenan. She stood there with this full skirt and a really lovely blouse.

She had her hands deep in the pockets of her skirt, and she said, “Kids, I want to tell you that we are all different, and that God for some reason chooses to make some of us different. We’re different heights, we’re different colors, we’re different whatever else, but

God has chosen even to make me more different. He's made me different in a way that you've probably not ever seen anybody before, but God loves me and I want you to, too." The more she talked, the more Ronnie Matthews and I were just looking at her all over and trying to figure out what in the blazes could be wrong with this woman.

We were looking her up and down. Then she sat on the edge of her desk and crossed her legs, and I finally got it. She did not have any hair on her legs.

I said to Ronnie, "You know what it is?" He said, "What is it?" "She doesn't have any hair on her legs." "That's not it, some women shave their legs." I start going, "That's the stupidest thing I've ever heard of. Women don't shave their legs," and he said, "Yes, some of them do."

Anyway, after she had finished her talk, she pulled her hand out of her pocket, and her right hand only had one finger. Yes, and her hand tapered down, and she just had the one finger on her hand. I found out, though, that even though the Lord made her different, she could do just about anything with that one finger that most people can do with a hand. She could get that in my hair and walk me around.

Then as the year went on, and I became a little bit more uncontrollable, she kept a ball of twine on her desk, and when I would come in in the morning and sit down in the class, she would take my ankle and tie it fast to the desk. If I was good, at lunchtime, she would come and snip it loose and let me go eat lunch. If not, I would stay tied.

One day she did untie me over the lunch hour, and for some reason that's not real clear to me right now, is I went into the girls' bathroom. Carol Ann Ward reported me, and I had to write 500 times, "I will not go in the girls' bathroom." Then I had to take them home to my father to sign, and that was the worst part. Well, I

wrote 500 sentences, and I folded them up and put them in the back of my jeans and took them home, and the opportunity never really presented itself to get daddy to sign. I went back to school the next morning with these in my pocket unsigned and she didn't ask me for them.

That night I took them home and the opportunity still didn't present itself. I wore those sheets of paper out by keeping them in my back pocket, and I never did get them signed. She never did ask for them, and I never have ever gone in the girls' bathroom. She would come to our church, and I'd always shake her left hand, and she appreciated that so much.

Ruby Learns To Read

Dan: What was the favorite book of the second grade? *Wagon Puff?*

Ruby: It was a book, *Wagon Puff*-- that was a book I had memorized, because I never learned to read until I was in fifth grade. Until Miriam was hatched. Miriam was born, and then I read stories to Miriam and that's how I learned to read.

"Once there was a little dog, he had no home, he wanted a home. He wanted to live with a little boy, so he went to find a little boy. He ran and ran and ran, by and by, he came to a pretty little house. He saw a boy by the house. He ran to the little boy and said, 'Can I be your little dog?' Something about the boy said, 'Yes,' and the little dog's tail begin to wag, wag, wag."

Fresh Air Kids

MimE: Here today, so many of us are speaking Spanish. I think a lot of the seeds of that started in our family when we started getting Fresh Air children from New York. Dad would always say he'd never know when he'd come home at night whether he was going to find 5 or 15 children in the front yard in the trees. I remember

we would always, for about a period of four or five years, we would get Fresh Air kids. We would usually get two or three of them. They would stay usually for two weeks. They'd come from New York, they were Puerto Rican. That's when we started learning Spanish.

I remember one time when Dan was 16 and I was 18, the lady who was getting the Fresh Airs together wanted Dan and I to go with her son who was also 18; we were all three Mennonites from the same church, wanted us to go and take all these Fresh Air children back. Dan was 16, I was 18, this other guy was 18 Somehow or other, I don't know how the Fresh Air sponsors passed it, but we went, the three of us. We were on a big bus. We had to take 40 Fresh Air kids back to New York. Never been to the city. A lot of them weren't much younger than us. I don't remember a whole lot of that bus trip, that was sort of a blur. I do remember, back in those days, they weren't as many kids on Ritalin and bouncing off the walls as today. I mean, I don't think we could have handled it. They had come to the farm for four or five years. We knew a lot of them. Anyway, I remember Ruth Eby told me-- we said, "What are we going to do when we get up there?" She said, "Here's the address for the Nuñez family. All you have to do is get a taxi when you get off the bus. The taxi driver will take you to the Nuñez family, you can stay there overnight. The next day, you'll come back with the next bus of Fresh Air kids." Is that the way it was?

Somehow, I don't even remember how we got back. We got into the Big Apple, and there, these three young farm kids getting off the bus. We tried to get a taxi, we could hardly get a taxi to take us to that address. Finally these guys said, "You guys look like some really clean-cut kids and I don't know what on Earth you're doing going to that address in the city. I'll take you, as long as you promise that once you get there on that street, you just get there, open the doors, and lock the doors behind you and I'm taking off. Make sure you have all your moving parts out of the car."

He dropped us off several blocks from the actual address, he wouldn't take us right there. We were spending the night with Nuñez kids. We got there and it was the projects, in The Bronx. We got there and we ate dinner. I remember they were going to a church, some kind of evangelical church that night, wanted us to go with them. We went to the service. At ten o'clock that night, we were down running along the Hudson River with all these Puerto Rican kids, having a great time. We didn't have any fear at all of all the stuff the taxi driver was telling us about. We felt really protected and safe. Didn't we? I know I did. I don't know how Dan felt.

Dan: Somehow we connected with Frankie King. He took us through the city. That's when I was scared when I was running with Frankie King. He'd been a taxi driver in New York City prior to this. I've never been so scared, my life was riding with him.

MimE: Our cousin Frank was colorblind. He memorized the colors of the red lights. That's how he would get through. The way he passed his taxi driver test in New York was he stood back and memorized the guy's answers to the color test, and then he passed it. That was very scary.

Walter: By the time we were 18, we already lived away from home for at least 18 months, basically. Supervised going back and forth. I remember mother not being very happy about it and fussing about Ruth Eby getting this whole plan together. She wasn't very happy about Ruth Eby and her big ideas, I remember that, sending off her kids to New York.

Hiram John

Bill: I still have a mental picture of Hiram John walking across the beach in white boxer shorts. He was an individual from the community that grew up there, who had a few screws loose and came around a lot.

It seemed like he always showed up whenever brothers and sisters came home to visit. This time, we were going to duck out, sneak out, and go. We told Hiram, “We’re just sorry. We have to go.” He had to leave, and in about an hour and a half later, we’re down at the beach, and I look up, and there comes Hiram John, in his white boxer shorts.

Bill’s Operation at Five Years Old

Ruby: Then when Bill was in for his first hernia operation, I took care of him, because he wasn’t getting any care at all. Well, mom and daddy called to New Jersey, and asked if I could come home because Bill had to have surgery tomorrow. I was in psychiatric technician training, which is similar to LPN, only it was in a psychiatric hospital. I said no.

Well, I’d had an experience with Harry having his nose operated on before that. I remember sitting in the waiting room tearing the magazines apart, because it just seemed like an eternity that he was in the operating room. I had to stop in Pocomoke and get medicine for him to take on the way down to the hospital. Harry was groggy when he got down there and then they took him right on in. My second experience in the hospital then was with Harry having his nose operated on and then with Bill, dad called and said that wanted me to come home. I said no, I couldn’t, because I remember being in the hospital waiting so long for Harry. I came down that night after I got off from work. It’s eleven o’clock. Then I was with him until he came home from the hospital. We talk about how doctors were back then. Billy was taped from here to mid knees and mid thighs, I guess. Dr. Barr just grabbed the tape and just pulled it off. That poor child just screamed and hollered. Then he grabbed the alcohol, and put a four by four gauze on it, and washed his back. He just cried and cried. That was the most cruel thing that ever happened to Billy. He had a hernia. He had a hernia operation

when he was about four or five.

Bill: I was five. The only thing I remember on that was three teddy bears, three bunny rabbits. I don't remember much about the hospital.

Rosa's Recollections

Rosa: I'm grown up now. I don't need to hide away like I used to do, when there was a crowd full of people, I would have much rather been up in the attic or in the top of a tree or sitting beside my bed, hiding. Not hiding so much from the world I was in, but escaping into another world.

I missed out on a lot of big gatherings there at the house because I didn't really like a whole lot of crowd and noise. I wasn't one that was up trying to get in the next fishing trip.

I was more the poetry reading, shell collecting. When the family went to the beach, I wasn't jumping the waves as much as I was sitting in the OBJ

Amos & his six sons

sand or collecting shells. When Mim was taking her horse course and riding horseback, I was more into artsy things or reading. In fact, Mother used to say I should have been in the circus because I was so good at doing the disappearing act when it came time for work to be done.

I remember I think it was Harry, maybe Walter, calling me Rosaniña when they had gone to college or was it high school and learning some Spanish. They called me Rosaniña. In case you don't know, I was very small at one time. In fact, George, our neighbor, called me his half-pint. He used to tease me, "How's my half-pint doing?"

I always felt I was a little bit different than the rest of the family, but Walter made it clear, he told me when I was pretty little that the reason I was blonde hair and everybody else had darker hair was because I was adopted. He made sure I understood about why I was a little different than the rest of the family. I really believed

him at the time. I think somebody set me straight very soon afterwards, but I did believe him for a few minutes.

Mom and Dad never fussed that much about grades, but I do remember seeing Walter's college straight A report card hanging up on the wall at our house in the living room next to the kitchen door. I remember that very distinctly, and that was impressive. I do remember very much the peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, I think by the time I came along, I was allowed to just take peanut butter and jelly, which I took every day for many a year and loved, and I still love peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. I didn't like plain milk, so Mom would make my milk, she would freeze them in these little Tupperware cups the night before, so we would take a Tupperware cup tight with milk. By the time lunch would come, it would be thawed out. She put strawberry or chocolate in mine because I didn't like plain milk.

I had to get my milk, and she made sure she made it flavored because otherwise, I would not drink it. I was a little different. I also remember those tubs, those Saturday night baths, and I remember it was cold one time, and I got a little too close to the pot-bellied stove, and it got a burn on my belly. I remember crying my eyes out and taking the teddy bear that was as tall as I was that Grandma King had given me when I was five years old, a Christmas present. I took that teddy bear and went outside in the cold because that made the burn feel better. The scar is gone now, it was a little scar.

I'll never forget the way that Mother would listen to me every day. When I came home from school, I would talk about everything that had happened that day in school, every little detail, who said what, did what, and all kind of little things. She would act so interested and just listen and listen and listen. I just think that's a wonderful quality that I tried to emulate as a mother. It didn't take quite as much time sometimes.

Dad, the fondest memory was when you told us kids, the five younger kids, that you wanted us all to get in the car, you were going to take us somewhere, and you wouldn't tell us what it was about.

We headed out and you took us to see a steam-powered engine, wheat thrasher or something. Then each of us five younger kids got to go up in an airplane for the first time in our lives. He paid for it. I remember at the time thinking-- because I remember I could hear them talk at night sometimes about how there wasn't enough money to pay the bills. It was like, "How could he pay for us to ride up in this airplane?" He paid for each of us five kids to get our first ride in the airplane.

I remember Bill and our dog Mister being inseparable at times. Also, when you think about brothers setting the tone, Elmer set the way in the medical field for younger brothers, and Bill, starting out, I think probably four years old, working with Carl Green in the pig farm. I may be exaggerating, but it seemed to me that he was incredibly little. I felt little, and here was my little brother driving tractors for a farmer and making money before I even made money, so it was impressive. I do remember that cut that AJ had between his big toes. It was an impressive, fountain of blood that squirted up. I do remember that. When Dan got his big cut on his arm, I remember crying my eyes out, like I'd been cut too. Grandpa Wert was there at the time. He kept telling stories and trying to distract me.

Speaking of Grandpa Wert, those of you who never met him: he was a character. I never could figure out how he knew how to tap dance and to sing like he sang and play harmonica, but he had quite a bit of soul. In fact, he used to get Grandma Wert so aggravated because he loved pepper, and she was allergic to it. Of course, she still would sit right beside him, but he would say, "Pass the pepper." He would take that pepper. He wouldn't just shake it like this. He

would-- “Ch, ch, achoo, achoo, achoo, achoo.” “Oh, Papa, Papa.” Yes and she would say, “Oh, Papa.” She would get so aggravated, but every meal, he would shake that pepper shaker.

Actually, we started to build a log cabin too, but we only got the first layer done. I don’t know how y’all managed to get up that high, I guess because there were more of you working on it. That was a lot of work. We didn’t have anybody pulling down the trees.

I do remember visiting Elmer and Esther in New Jersey and my rich sister Ruby. To me, Ruby was rich. She bought Mom and Dad a washer and dryer I think. Then she came down and loaned them her car for them to go on vacation. Ruby stayed there and took care of us. I think I was about nine years old then. I was used to my mom singing, but it was usually, I could remember her singing to Bill or AJ, a baby in her arms, but Ruby would go-- I don’t think she slept in the bed or at least she came in when it was bedtime.

It was 1962 and AJ wasn’t five years old yet. She would come and sleep and lay there, I don’t know whether I had trouble sleeping or what, but she would sing to me until I fell asleep. That is one of the most wonderful memories I have of my childhood, of Ruby. She would stroke my arm and sing Here Comes the Sandman. That’s where I learned that song from. She would sing Scotty and Dotty.

Scotty and Dotty were two little dogs.
They went to sailing on two little logs.
The logs rolled over and they fell in
They got so wet because their coats were thin
Bow wow wow, bow wow wow.
Oh, dilapiddy, bow wow wow.

Anyway, I just felt so loved, and here was my big rich sister Ruby coming to take care of us. When I woke up in the morning, she started braiding my hair and my hair stuck out like a Pippi Longstocking, she braided my braid so tight, they would stick out like this all day long, I had a headache all day long. Anyway, that

was Ruby.

When I went to visit Elmer's, I got to meet this rich little girl. She was the only child and she had all these beautiful clothes. Mom didn't like the color red because that was the color of bad women. I always had all these hand-me-downs from Miriam and who knows else where. One

year Ruby brought this red chiffon dress. It had something underneath that made it stick out and you could actually see through. It was like silk underneath or something. It was this most gorgeous dress I'd ever seen in the world and black patent leather shoes.

I had to wear those brown stockings too, but we rolled random rubber bands, brown shoes, and brown stockings. When Ruby brought this beautiful red dress, it was in my closet, they didn't let me wear it much, but I remember one day they let me wear it to school. I wore the black patent leather shoes and this red dress and I thought I was the princess of the school. Anyway, I still to this day love the color red.

BB Gun Antagonism

Bill: Dan was leading the cow in, and I see the cow go up the lane, swishing her tail, and I shot the cow in the tail with the BB gun. She kind of lurched ahead a little bit and poked Dan in the back.

Well then he turned around and told me what he was going to do with me if I didn't quit shooting the cow, so I said, "Uh-huh," and shot him instead. Got him right in the leg. I remember he came over and took my BB gun, and almost had it smashed against the tree before he--

Dan: I had it cocked back. The fire was burning inside. I said, "One more word and it's gone."

Bill: My BB gun didn't get smashed.

Christmas Embarrassment

Rosa: Music, music, all through my whole childhood. Mom singing, dad singing, grandpa Wert, Ruby, the whole family singing together. Elmer's pump organ. I learned to play a little bit on that. I actually took some lessons and then I learned a little bit. I could play one or two Christmas songs, *Silent Night*, or something. Then in the class one year, they said, anybody that knows how to play any Christmas songs, everybody can play a song. I said, "I can play a song."

When it came time that day to play, I sat up there and I started to play. I didn't know there was a difference between a pump organ and a piano. It wouldn't make noise. I just got so flustered, I couldn't play it at all. I was proud like most Kings. That was probably the most humiliating thing that I remember in childhood of school, saying I could do something and then getting there and realizing that I couldn't do it. It was a horrible time.

In first grade, Ms. Chamberlain, who happened to love me, I was

her pet. I looked like a girl in a magazine she had. She would hold this magazine, “Doesn’t Rosa look just like this girl?” I thought I was so cute. Then she taught me how to sing this song. She’s the one that taught me how to sing it. She said, “Just move like this.” I think if mom had trained me on doing that song, I might not have won that contest that year. Three Little Puppies.

There were three little puppies in the pet shop.
Three little puppies in the pet shop.
And they wiggled and they waggled
And they waggled all around.
They jiggled and they juggled
And they joggled all around.
Did ever you see a happier three
Than the three little puppies in the pet shop?

It was a whole song. I won first place out of grades 1 through 12 singing that song in first grade. I came home with a chocolate Easter egg this big that it took me a long time to eat. I don’t think I shared it very much. That was on the stage at Marion in front of the whole school. It was a talent show in the evening. It wasn’t something during the day. Then singing with the girls’ trio, when I was 14, two girlfriends, 15 and 16, we sang around different churches, that was a lot of fun.

Poaching Geese & Skipping School

Dan: That little short .22 would only hold shorts. No longs, just shorts. It was a November day, I’m sure, and I would’ve been about 12 or 13 I believe, and there was a bush right out here at the end of this hedge. Everything else was bare, but sparrows loved to go in that little bush and huddle together in the winter. It was before school and I decided I’d have a little fun and trying to pick off a couple of sparrows that hit out in that bush. I snuck around that corner, the other corner of the house with my little bullet, my little

short .22, and was just about ready to try to pop off a sparrow in the bush. Went out there, I heard honking, I looked up. To this day, I'm not quite sure why the geese were flying North in November but I think they were, about seven Canada geese were flying this way.

Just on a whim, I just pulled up my little .22 and go bing. Lo and behold, I saw this goose flopping out of the sky. I kid you not, one of them flopping out of the sky. Of course, I didn't quite see where it landed. I was so shocked thinking I'm dreaming, I'm hallucinating or something. I dropped the gun and I started running across the soybean field. It had been harvested, so there're just clumps of soybean plants residue there in the fields and here comes the school bus and all the other siblings are running out. "Danny, Danny, get on the bus, get on."

We had a really neat thing going here because the school bus came here, took a turn that way, went on in through Holly Grove, came around this way. If any of us missed the bus which we sometimes did, we could just run through the woods the way we came to that T and we would meet the bus there about 20 minutes later, so that was cool, which is what I did. After I searched and searched and searched in search for the goose and could not find it, I knew I was hallucinating because there was nothing in the field except little small clusters of soybean residue. Caught the bus, went to school. I didn't do very good in school that day, trying to figure out where in the world is that goose or am I going crazy?

School was over. The bus comes home, I drop my books on the porch. I go looking, looking, looking. Finally go as far as Carl Green's fence, which may not be there anymore at the end of this cornfield, in the chicken houses was this fence with brush in it. There in the fence at the bottom there was a goose head and neck, the wings and the legs. Obviously, the rest taken by the dogs around. That just blew my mind. Suppertime that evening, we gather around the table and have our prayer, and I start telling the

goose story, and my father lights into me for not skipping school. Danny, I can't believe you did that. Here we could be sitting down to a goose supper, and you go off to school instead of staying until you find the goose.

Bill: Did I ever tell you that later on the next spring, I was down at the country store bragging about my brother that shot this goose out of the sky with a .22 rifle? If you were 12, I'd have been 6 or 7, and there was a game warden sitting there at the table while I was talking about my brother that shot this goose out of the season with a .22 rifle.

MimE: Speaking about missing school, they weren't real strict back in those days, but the truant officer lived somewhere around here and we would see him occasionally going by. I remember when I was in first, second grade, nobody was here anymore to do the farming, and I would ask Dad if I could stay home and skip school and disc the field or something like that. I remember one day I was down here discing this field, and I saw the truant officer go by that way, and I turned off the tractor and got down real little in the tractor so he wouldn't see me. Anyway, that's one of the skipping school stories.

Kids All Over The Boat

Bill: I remember sitting on the back of the outboard motor, 30 horse, it was a red and white Johnson that had pegs out the back of it. I don't know if it was to grab a hold of it or what, but I remember we'd go out OBJ

fishing. I'd sit on top of the motor and put my feet on the pegs. I don't know if it was because the boat was so crowded that it was the only place I could get or not, but I remember that's where I sat up on the motor and we fished from the back there, and it was quite some time.

We'd hop up there and sit on the motor, and it was quite sometime later that I had a fellow from the community say, "When your dad came out with that boat," he said, "We all had to leave. We just couldn't stomach it." He'd come out with a boat with nothing but heads all over, and come out at wide open, and just shut it off, and you just knew the boat was going to sink. It just settled right down in the water, and they just said, "Kids all over the boat," just everywhere. Hanging over the front, and it just never occurred to me-- Same individual told me, he said, "I don't know how your dad did it." He said, "If I let my kids out the house barefooted, they cut their feet." He said, "What all we saw you doing." Apparently, a couple of neighbors that knew us or whatever had to leave when Dad came out with a boat full of kids.

Reverend Amos C. King Goes to Reverend Martin Luther King's Funeral

Rosa King

I was nearly 15 years old when my father asked me if I wanted to go watch TV at the neighbors' house. I was puzzled, because we did not have a television at home, and we were discouraged from watching anyone else's television. Dad said he was going to watch the funeral of Martin Luther King. I knew that Martin Luther King, Jr was a hero of the African-American people and many people were devastated by his sudden death. I felt an ache in my heart, because I had African American friends, and I knew that Dr. King believed in nonviolence but died a violent death.

I was puzzled as to why my dad wanted to see Dr. King's funeral, especially since I had heard him make a previous remark about Dr. King being a communist, and for years, Dad had used inappropriate curse words, which would upset my mother greatly. Yet my dad was highly regarded in the African-American community and was even asked to preach at some of the neighbors' funerals. I never saw my father treat any African American in a negative way.

I walked with my father down to the Green's house and I believe Mrs. Green put the TV on the channel he wanted to see and then left to do some errands. The funeral service was very long. It started at the Ebenezer Baptist Church and ended on the Morehouse campus. People were weeping as they attempted to get near the casket. At the Ebenezer Church, MLK's coffin was placed on a rustic wooden cart, pulled by two mules. Thousands of people crowded in to see the casket and walked along the cart for the 3.5 miles to Morehouse. It was a very moving service, and I was tearful. I do not recall Dad showing much emotion, but he was riveted in his seat for several hours. I wish now that we would have discussed this event together.

It is ironic that years later I was living in West Harlem, eventually received my medical degree at Morehouse School of Medicine, and had 3 beautiful biracial children, who were loved by their grandparents. Dad taking me to Dr. Martin Luther King's funeral may have had a greater effect on each of us than we realized at the time.

Animal Research

LaDene: Walter, you may need to verify. It's my understanding that at some point when you're very young, quasi scientific knowledge was burgeoning, you came to the understanding that the pupil is just a hole in the eye, and you wanted to prove this to your little brother Harry. You were proving it by putting some small object, I won't say toothpick perhaps, into the hole in his eye, which was his pupil.

Walter: There was not a hole there.

LaDene: Burgeoning ophthalmologist.

Bill: It had turkey buzzard parts in it. You told him that when you put him together, you were missing parts of the eye, and he went out and found dead turkey buzzard and put turkey buzzard parts in his eye.

Mowing on the Sabbath

Rodney: I don't know if this is a story or a question, but what I got from Harry was that among the rules of the household was a very strict one, that you not work on Sunday, it's the Lord's Day. That there was one weekend when he was supposed to mow the lawn and I guess the parents were gone. Of course, he was supposed to mow it on Saturday and, of course, he didn't because there were other things to do on Saturday. It must have been a pretty day. Maybe they went swimming which may lead to another story about

Dan. That's a different story so.

Of course, Sunday rolled around parents were gone. Lawn wasn't mowed, parents were going to come home, lawn had to be mowed but it was Sunday, which is a conundrum. Of course, Harry mowed the lawn with the lawnmower. Went out to start it, had a foot under it, yanked on it, and sliced right through his big toe. He's walking back, gushing blood, didn't know what he was going to do. I don't know whether the lawn got mowed or not, but of course, he couldn't keep that a secret. Parents came home and saw what had happened and heard the explanation and said "Well, that's a mess, but it's Sabbath. We can't go to the doctor on the Sabbath, so you're going to have to wait until tomorrow."

Chop Foot

AJ: It all started with asking Dad to use the machete and he said, "No, son. That's dangerous. Don't touch it. It'll hurt ya."

Later I was out laying in the pasture looking at everything and saw this old apple tree stumped and laying over. That's when I remembered that machete hanging in Daddy's shop.

I went over there and I was just about to take it off the wall when I remembered those words, "Don't touch it. It'll hurt 'ya." Anyway, I did something I was very soon to regret. I reached up there, took that machete, went out there, and started chip, chop chip, chop chip, chop, chip. Man, the chip wood chips were flying. I was having fun.

Chip, chop, chip, twang. That thing came right down between my toes, and I looked down and the blood was pouring out, and I commenced to screaming and hollering. Around the corn crib came Uncle Bill and the Fresh Air boy busting around the corner of the corn crib, seeing what all the commotion was about.

When they saw blood coming out of my foot, they knew I was in

trouble. They helped carry me up to the house. Granny stuck it in the bucket of salt water, purified it, and got the bleeding stopped. There was only one car. When Dad came home, he took me down to Doc Sarah. Well, a whole bunch of siblings went along and they promised me if I was brave, they'd give me a nickel. I didn't have a nickel very often back in those days. A nickel at Mahan store would buy a whole pack of Juicy Fruit gum, one of the most heavenly things on earth.

I was determined to be brave. Went down there in the doctor's office and Doc Sarah looked at it and said, "Pretty nasty cut there." She propped me up on the chair and she laid that thing open and poured something down through it, and it got pretty hot and I gritted my teeth and I didn't cry. Then she took a needle out and said, "I don't think I'll use anything on this," and just stuck the needle down through and it didn't hurt too bad. Cause it's still burning so bad. Then when she

pulled that thing tight, man, that sucker hurt.

Anyway, then I saw she was going to have to do another one and I just-- Oh, when she stuck it in, I just could hardly stand it. When she was getting ready to tie that, I looked over at my Daddy and I said, "Can I cry?"

And he said, “Sure. Go ahead. It’ll feel better.” I bawled a little bit and pretty well had the tears dried by the time we were going out of the doctor’s office and knew the chances of that nickel and that Juicy Fruit gum were pretty well dashed.

I had tears pretty well dried when, here, the door opened. As I was walking toward it, the door opened and here all the siblings were there. They had been peeking through the Venetian blinds in Dr. Peyton’s office. They saw every bit of it.

I Don’t Want Jesus to Come Back Tonight

Dan: I did not go to kindergarten because we did not have kindergarten when we were growing up. Just you started in first grade, and so I would have been five years old having a December birthday when I started first grade. I got so excited about how you could put letters together to make words. You could put words together to make sentences, and you could read and you could go to all places of the world and the universe by learning how to read. I was so excited. I loved school in first grade.

It was that fall in November, I would assume that we had the annual fall revival meeting. We had a visiting preacher come in and he was up front. Of course, all the little boys were on the front row on the right. Behind them, the next row, and by the way, Uncle Harry or Harry my brother sat behind me so that if I spoke, if I started cutting up with my little friends my age, he would just thump me on the ear like that. That’s why I say my ears got so big because he kept thumping, but that’s an aside. It’s revival meeting week.

The one night the preacher is really getting heavy on, “Jesus could come back tonight. Are you ready? He could come back tonight. Are you ready?” I started crying, sitting up there with my little friends on the front bench. Mom on the other side in the back there, of course, noticed her little boy. We’re coming home in the car or

the big van, whatever it was. Mom turns around. Danny, “I noticed you crying tonight. Was there something going on you want to tell me about?” “Mom, I don’t want Jesus to come back tonight, I want to go to school tomorrow.”

Fishing, Water Skiing, and Near-Drownings

AJ: Lots of memories were made at Coulbourne’s Creek. It was most common fishing place we went out fishing. My one vivid memory is over on that island, the family used to go around without dad and mom. I don’t remember dad and mom, but we’d go around the point, have a barbecue and a picnic and go water skiing. I remember as a real small child, Harry taking me water skiing. Put me on his shoulders, got out there, tried to balance and float and it took many times and a few dunks until we got up.

It was exciting to go water skiing on Harry’s back. Round and round we went, and you didn’t want to fall down because there were sea nettles. The more you’re in the water, the more you got stung. We circled round and round and then he let go of the rope. The boat cut close to shore, he let go of the rope and went zipping right up till he hit the sand and jumped out and ran, put me back on the sand. Very fond memory of my brother Harry.

Walter: One time I’m home from EMHS and Harry- well Harry’s living at home and Miriam Elizabeth is little, not talking much, probably not talking at all yet. We came down here, it was Christmas time. This was one of the rare times, this was totally frozen over and you could actually walk on it. Harry goes walking out there and he’s a hundred yards out here and he breaks through the ice and he climbs back up on the ice and he goes in again, repeatedly. I am out of my mind.

I look around to find some floats and boards here and I start out on

the ice with the boards so I can think if I get the boards to the edge of the ice he could get out. Just about that time the ice held and he came up. We'd driven down in Elmer's old Model T Ford and got back to the car. Miriam was crying, she was scared to death because she realized what was going on.

Dan: Another time, I was about 12 and Walter enlisted me to go with him and his girlfriend Miriam to do the water skiing out around that point over there. I was supposed to be looking for the skier, so Walter could watch where he's driving. Sure enough, Miriam goes down in a big patch of sea nettles.

She starts flailing her arms and screaming and the more she flails the more the jellyfish get wrapped all around her arms and Walter is sitting in the boat laughing. He is laughing and she is crying hysterically, "Mommy, mommy, I want my mom," and he's sitting in the boat laughing. I don't know how it ever lasted.

MimE: And Miriam said, "Walter you laugh at the saddest thing" somewhere in there when we got back and board and all that. One thing I remember is a lot of times when we came back from those water skiing trips we were swimming pulling the boat because the motor wasn't working anymore. Does anybody else remember that?

Walter: One little further detail on the Kingfisher, I got it finished just in the spring, didn't have money enough to buy a trailer yet for it. I did buy a little ten horse wizard engine outboard, so we used dad's truck to bring it down and we had it tied over here on the creek all summer long. It had only one coat of varnish on the deck and boy, it stayed all summer we took it out. It was a sorry looking thing and dad replaced the deck on it.

Dan: I remember another time, I went down and couldn't swim, and Ruby can't swim but she came out there and went underwater, somehow walking underwater to grab me and pull me back up on the shore and kind of beat the water out of me. It seemed like five minutes I was under there with my eyes open looking at the fishes

and not necessarily that worried, but I'm sure it wasn't five minutes.

MimE: I thought one time you were younger than that and we all came down on the Model T when mom and dad were gone and they had told us not to go swimming.

Walter: He nearly drowned twice.

MimE: He was little. He was only like two. We were down there and we weren't supposed to be there because mom and dad were gone. Dan jumped off that same place, and Ruby was there again when she can't swim, but when she needs to do something in emergency, she can do whatever she can do. She rescued him that time too. I don't know if we ever told mom and dad about that near miss.

We took her to the Bay Islands in Honduras. One time we went to Utila, we went out and stayed on this beautiful island and took Ruby swimming. She said she couldn't swim, but we had her at least in 15 feet of water, snorkeling all around, hollering every time she saw something beautiful. Yes, Ruby can swim.

Doc Sarah and Her Methods

AJ: We're at Doc Sarah's office. The waiting room was on the left. Then you went through that door to the torture chambers in the back. She was our family doctor, one of the first women doctors that went through Johns Hopkins Medical School. The current owner attends our church and has letters, original letters of Doc Sarah's that she wrote to her father when she was choosing medicine. She knew she wouldn't have a family, he wouldn't have grandkids but she was making this choice. She had this calling. She was our medical doctor, rarely got paid except with sweet corn and eggs and stuff we would leave.

Walter: I don't know how the whole conversation went, but all I remember is Doc Sarah once told dad and mother, "You are just too

damn fertile."

AJ: So I have three horror stories here. I first chopped my foot with a machete, chopping on an apple tree, laid my foot open.[11]

Then I had an ingrown toenail and kept getting worse and worse and worse. Took Doc Sarah, no problem. She cleaned it up a little bit, took scissors and shoved it under it, and clipped it. Got little plier things and twisted it out. Then poured some stuff over it. Never remember we went somewhere after that, I think to get ice cream or something. I was sitting in that car and I could not believe how big my toe was. It felt that big and it was going boom, boom, boom, boom.

Anyway, the third time, I spilled peas, boiling peas. I hit the handle and they flipped over on my pants, I pulled my pants down and the skin came off a section right here. Anyway, Dad went to the pharmacy and got some cream to put on it and it stopped it from hurting. Didn't go to the doctor, didn't go to the hospital because for whatever reason. About a week later there was a pus scab. You could see these little nerves and stuff sticking up through it. It was determined I needed to see a doctor. They brought her down, Docs Sarah and she said, "Oh, that looks pretty bad." Said, "We'll have to clean that up." She took a Brillo pad. No, just kidding. Felt like a Brillo pad.

She started cleaning up that thing, and it hurt so bad. She said you have to do this every day until it heals. I thought, okay, I want it to heal but no one else going to do it. For the remainder until it healed, it was only me that scrubbed that wound. Probably should have been grafted. I don't have any hair, but it's healed over good. I'm not going to show y'all.

Dan: I'll tell you about the scar on my arm. We're thinking I was maybe eight, Mimi was 10, or already at 10 or 11, she was into that early girl spurt, so she was significantly larger than me. We were coming home in the school bus, of course, once again, and I

remember there's one piece of candy left in the candy jar in the kitchen counter. We take off running, she must have known or remembered as well. We take off running as soon as we get off the bus, she's bigger, faster, she beats me to the candy jar on the kitchen counter, she grabs the piece of candy. I don't know what I was thinking trying to chase her, because all she had to do was take one swat like this and I'd go down, which she had done once before.

I started chasing her in the old house there, there's this door between the kitchen and the living room and a door between the living room and the porch, so it makes a nice little chasing place. I'm chasing her, and I'm gaining some territory on her. When she comes through that door and slams it shut behind her, all I had to do to defend myself was to stick out the hand instinctively in a moment, and it goes right through the glass and lays that baby right open. The blood starts to gush and mom starts come running, hollering and gets a rag and Mimi starts crying.

Mom calls dad from work and he comes tearing down as fast as he could from wherever he was working in this panel truck. Mimi and I get in the shotgun side, grandpa is booking it down here at Doctor Peyton and this bloody rag is holding it shut.

We have a dish pan to catch the rest. We get in there and once again Sarah Peyton she says, "Reverend King that looks like a pretty nasty thing there, would you please hold his arm?" I'm there on the bench and dad is holding my arm and yes, I cry, I had no incentive not to cry and she just starts sewing it up one at a time, 20 stitches. Mimi can't stand the crying from the waiting room so she walks down the street. Way past the church and she can still hear the screaming and that's that.

Walter: To give just a little bit more visual about Doc Sarah, I don't know at that time, but the time I remember she had some kind of, what do we call it, spinal something. She walked around the office

from one place to the other, bent way over.

Rosemary: By the time she was still seeing patients when I was a nurse at McCready for a semester when I came back from the Philippines, she was bent over when she would come in to see the patients.

Dan: She was close to 90 years when she stopped practicing.

Walter: All the pharmacists did cover for her. She was not, I don't think, that competent, but nobody could shut down Doc Sarah.

MimE: I was an evening supervisor and I tried never to call her in on a patient.

Rosemary: When I came home from Africa, seven months pregnant with Rodney, all the Westover family wanted me to stay here. We didn't have any money. They wanted me to stay here and be delivered by Doc Payton. Unfortunately, Harry stuck up with me and said, "No." We went somewhere else.

AJ: There are things around named after Dr. Peyton. Anyway, I really believe that this experience helped motivate our family to go into medicine. It had to be a factor. Needed to be some doctors to learn anesthesia or something.

Skunk on a Unicycle

AJ: I thought it would gain me greatness someday being the only human being that has run over a skunk on a unicycle. It never got picked up. One time we had a lot of company and I got tired of sleeping on the floor. I was old enough. I knew how to ride a unicycle. I had a friend that lived a half a mile down the road. When all the guests came, I said, "Hey, can I go sleep at Terry's?" "Yes. Go ahead."

Instead of walking, I decided to ride my unicycle, and it was dark and I was heading down past the chicken houses. I had been

working at Carl’s for a number of years and he had a lot of muskrats caving in the ditch banks. We were trying to get rid of these muskrats, and as I almost reached a chicken house, I saw a muskrat came running out of the ditch. So I hit it with my unicycle, and it didn't throw me off.

Then it started running down the road and I got my balance. I was going after it. I didn't know how I was going to kill this muskrat but I was going to kill him barehanded or with my unicycle or something. That's when in the moonlight I noticed a little white stripe down at the back. It was a skunk.

Well, I stopped, and the skunk stopped too. I went to go around him. I don't know when I got sprayed. I guess it was at that point. I rode on down to Terry’s, and I knew I smelled bad, but when the wind was in my face, it didn't smell too bad. Walked in the door at Terry’s and it was bad. I bathed, and threw my clothes in the ditch. They stayed there forever. Took a bath, took another bath, in tomato juice, all that stuff. It was no use.

The Latter Years: 1975-2007

OBJ

Martha's Prayers

AJ: Our family has been a faith family through the years. Dad and

Mom tried to pass it on, and my mother was a praying woman as we all know. We all know from experience, I sneaking in the wee hours of the morning, coming back from where I shouldn't have been, I'd see her kneeling at the sofa, praying for a bad boy.

Anyway, the last time I saw Mom, she came for a meal. She had just come back from a sister's funeral and Crystal was having them over more often because we knew our time was limited. Anyway, they came over for a meal and Mom was just talking about her sister's funeral and how she had a long year of cancer treatment. Mom said, I know it's a selfish prayer, but I think it's all right to pray this. I don't want doctors probing all over me. She said I'm praying the Lord will take me. Anyway, that was the last time. In fact, at that meal, she talked about her funeral. "I'm not going to plan it like my sister did. Enough people here to plan it, just sing. I want to see him look upon his face." The Lord answered that prayer. A couple of days later she was hit by a car, killed instantly. And Dad just had a scratch on his finger. Anyway, Dad didn't want an autopsy done because he heard from his medical sons what autopsies did to people. He tried to get them not to do an autopsy, but it was required because it's a car accident. The autopsy came back saying she was full of stomach cancer.

Anyway, the Lord answers prayer. One other thing, Granny used to say, "I pray for my kids every day. I pray for my grandkids." She said "I think that my prayers go on. I'm praying for the kids that are yet to come, the great-grandkids, and all those that are yet to come." Each one of you benefit by Great Granny's prayers for each of you. I hope you treasure that.

Amos & Martha In Honduras

MimE: I need to tell you the story about Grandma and Grandpa going to Honduras in 1983. I heard they were going to be down visiting Dan and Jeanette over Christmas, so I called up and said,

“Hey, can’t you just come over to Honduras for a week?”

They were down with Dan and Jeanette in Miami, so we got the tickets.

It was hard to get them but they finally got them. It was one of those times that I had to be in 10 different places in 8 days.

I told mom and dad. I said, “You can come on the trip with me.” I met them in San Pedro Sula. You were out in the Mosquitia, I think. This was before we had Rob. This was a month before we got Rob. We had no idea we were getting Rob. Grandma and Grandpa went back to the States.

A month later, we had a baby. They were wondering why we hadn’t waited to have them come down to meet him. I met them in San Pedro Sula. We had gotten in late and the last bus had left for Sabá. We talked to some other passengers. We were able to rent a taxi and ride down to San Pedro Sula which was three hours to La Sabá.

I had to ride in the back seat between mom and dad with suitcases packed and two people up front. Anyway, we got in Sabá. I can’t remember the whole scenario. I think we were there overnight, then we jumped on a bus, and went out to the ranch.

We had to ride horses out to the ranch and then we came back. I remember our car broke down, we had to go back out to pick up a small plane. We had to hitchhike out. We just made it to the strip as the airplane came to Tocoa to pick us up and take us to Mosquitia.

Back before it was real popular to do the river raft, grandma and grandpa did this. This is what I wanted to tell you about, but I had to preface it. We got on this small airplane, we went out to the Mosquitia, we were out in Mocorón which is in a refugee camp.

We had this friend that lived there. She went up the river every day. She said we could go with her on this boat. She was a Japanese girl working for an organization. She said we could go on this big boat that took refugee supplies up every day. She had two or three friends that had big boats that she was sure they would bring us back to the river that day. Grandpa and grandma said, "Yes, we'll go with you." So we took off and we went up in this dugout canoe, sitting on top of a dugout with about 20 people in it.

An Interview with Amos, Part II

On Thanksgiving weekend 1991, Sidney King interviewed Amos on video for a high school project. His questions surfaced stories not recorded anywhere else. Martha was sitting beside Amos for the entire conversation, and speaks up briefly at the end.

S: How have you been involved in the church as an adult?

A: As an adult, first of all, I was a janitor, then I was a song leader, then I was a Sunday school teacher. You're talking about married life, too?

S: Yes.

A: I was active wherever I lived. I went to school in Pennsylvania. Maryland, I was Sunday school superintendent. I was ordained as preacher. I was superintendent of the Summer Bible School,

organized Summer Bible School. President of that, I was superintendent of that for, I don't know how long. Probably I was there about, I guess 15, 20 years. Summer Bible School Superintendent. Oh, and I was ordained as a preacher in 1936 and I'm still preaching. I'm 81 years old.

I started Christian Day School, I don't know, 1974. Fall of '74, I started Christian Day School at Richmond Orchard, and I was principal for eight years, and now I'm helping monitor one day a week, on Tuesday mornings, and have chapel every other week.

S: Which work-related achievements or involvements have been most satisfying to you?

A: Cabinet work and building and I guess as a builder, I build houses from foundation up and did the brickwork and the finishing work, and cabinet work inside the house.

S: What aspects of your job or career have been most frustrating?

A: That's a good one. I don't know how to answer that one. Most frustrating I've had in the last years, younger people just not getting to move on, sit around waiting for things to happen. I like to work. I like to be out there in leadership and to get people interested. It's hard to get the young generation interested in doing anything. What's been the most frustrating is just trying to get a group of people interested and help carry a project through these latter days.

They like all their entertainment and all their work pre-manufactured at the school aisle, all the school equipment, swings, and trapeze and gym and seesaws, and swinging gates, and sliding board, railroad walk on the bridge, that kind of stuff. Just to get the younger generation made it and turned it over to the school and told them that they were supposed to keep it up. The first year of school, I had four swings and there's only one out of the four that worked, I turned it over to the trustees, and they did nothing. That's one of the most frustrating things when trying to get people

interested in maintaining something, keeping it up.

S: Would you encourage a young person today to go to the kind of work you did?

A: Yes, I think construction work is interesting and profitable. It's more difficult now because of the lack of good materials and a lot of substitutes and that type of thing and so much chipboard and that kind of stuff instead of good wood. It's hard to get good materials.

S: What were some of the frustrations you experienced in being a father and husband?

A: Frustrations of being a father. I don't know. Is it frustrating me too much? I'm usually pretty well in control, I guess. I used to have patience, as they grew up was one of the things but I always tried to take my children with me. As soon as they could steer a tractor, they drove it. As soon as they could, I stand back and let them do it, not like my neighbor, he wouldn't let the boys touch a tractor until he was 12 years old and never learned to do very much of anything. They were frustrated as well as he.

Once in a while, Billy says, "Dad, I don't know how you ever done it." I said, "You lost a lot of tools." They're all mechanics and can do most anything with tools because I always took time to show them. I tried to help them learn something too. I give them responsibility as soon as they were capable of handling.

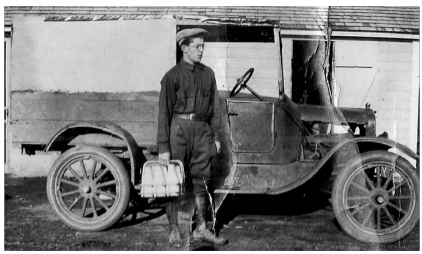
S: What are the best memories that you have from when your children were young?

A: Best memories of my children. Oh, I suppose to go fishing with them, take them fishing, and trying to make life interesting for them, getting them to share what they had and share their experiences with others that developed with other people.

S: What kinds of interests do you most enjoy that is not specifically family or work-related? Can we just call that hobbies?

A: Hobbies. I like to work. I got a woodworking shop. I like to work in there making toys and that type of thing. Fishing. I never cared too much for hunting, but I do a lot of fishing and crabbing. It's an interesting thing for Wilmer's kids. They come home and say, "What do you remember being in the States?" Ricardo says, "Fishing with Grandpa. Fishing for crabs." We never caught very many fish. My kids grew up with all that. Greatest thing he remembered in the State was fishing with Grandpa.

S: In what ways have your interests changed over the years?



Amos as a milkman in North Dakota

Amos, second from right, laughing with fellow apple pickers after the harvest

Amos picking apples

Amos before a drive

A: They've grown more intense, I should say. [laughs] I don't know. They haven't changed very much. I always enjoyed a good time outdoors. One thing I always tried to do is to make other people happy, see that other people were enjoying it. If I had the children out or as other people's children- anyway, I make them happy. We had a lot of fresh air kids there and I came home one day from work. Mom says, "Why don't you go fishing this afternoon?" I said, "With all these kids here? I can't take them, Mom."

She says, "Sure." I said, "I can't drive out here with a boat with all these kids here." "Can I go? Can I go, Mr. King? Can I go? Can I go?" I held out my hands and said, "I'm taken the little ones today." I held my hands out and, "Anybody who can walk under there without bumping their head, I'll take them." I had about six of them, took them in a little boat. We went fishing and we had a time. I had a couple rods that kept them going and they were counting against these, "Holy mackerel, I got another one. Holy mackerel, I got another one." "How many you got?" "I got 15." We got 17 and some of them had 20. One side had 22 and the other one had 20 some but we didn't have near that many fish. They were counting too fast.

S: What time of day do you like best?

A: Sometimes I like bedtime. I like to get up in the morning. I like the evening when work is done and your day's work is done and then you can spend the rest of time relaxing with your family, if you can relax, or go to bed to rest, ready for another day.

S: Has this always been true?

A: Yes. Never was much of an early riser, but I didn't want to miss anything either.

S: Tell me an interesting experience you've had in the past couple of years.

A: Greatest fishing time I've ever had in my life. We went out second week in November a few years ago and went out deep sea fishing out in the ocean. It was rougher than we thought it was going to be and I got sick, I got so sick. Only had a few fish. My son and my neighbor were in the boat. All at once I looked OBJ

Bill, Amos, & AJ with black drum, 1984

over toward Wallops Island and I saw the seagull dipping in the dive and I said, "Pull that anchor and get over where them seagulls are at." They went over there and I said, "Don't anchor. Just go in front of those seagulls and cut off the motor." We dropped our hooks overboard and I vomited. I pulled it up. I had two fish on, two four-pound trout. Too hard to get them in. I got them over on the side. Just in the boat, and I vomit again. AJ, he'd take the fish

off, bait it and throw the hook overboard as soon. As I hit the bottom, I have some more fish. We caught a 20-gallon garbage can full of trout and had 12 of them laying on the bottom of the boat. It was beginning to get late in the evening, so we took it off the boat. I don't know how many fish there were, but we averaged four pounds apiece of trout.

Once in a while, we'd get a bluefish. Once in a while, we'd pull a trout up, and half of it bit off. The trout were on the bottom. We'd drop it all the way to the bottom and pull the trout up. The bluefish were both in and they would sometimes take a piece of the trout we were bringing up, and the little fish and parts of the fish I guess, surfaced in those gulls. Just sit there and gobble them up. They got so heavy that they couldn't even get up in the air. They'd get up when our boat would get close to them. They'd raise and try to fly, and they'd fly into a wave and splash, and they couldn't get up. That was quite an exciting time.

S: Okay. This is a section on personal philosophy. What part of your life would you never change, and why?

A: What part of my life would I never change? That's a good one. I accepted life as it came to me. I had dark days and deep days. One of my prayers I said every morning, especially since I don't have a steady job, I said, "Lord, bless me and make me a blessing," and it sure got me into lots of trouble, but I've enjoyed it the same. Never know what I'm asking when I ask him to make me a blessing, but I said I've got two hog farmers and three women drivers. That's enough to keep me busy.

I feel that my whole life was in the plan of God, and I accept it as that. It's sad and I tried to make the best of it. My mother was a widow, and I guess I had a lot of foolish attitude because Mom would come home, and Mom would have her mouth hanging down. I'd have to think of something silly or funny to get her out of that mood. I've always tried to see that everybody was well and happy.

When the boy went to school and said, if you were seven of you in a family, and your mother cut the pie, how many pieces would she cut it in?

I said she'd cut it in six pieces. She'd cut it in sixths and was learning the fractions, and said, "Oh, sonny, you don't understand fractions." I said, "Yes I do." He said "You don't understand my mother. If she had to cut it in seven pieces, she wouldn't want any." That's the way it was. I'd like to see if somebody else have their part if I had to go without. That was my philosophy. I'd see that other people were taken care of first.

S: What old-time values and customs do you think should be kept and honored?

A: Old-time customs. I think Thanksgiving ought to be kept. Kept better, I think, than we keep it in this modern time because we have so much, we don't realize what it is to be thankful. We were raised during the Depression, and nobody had anything, but that was quite different. Everybody shared, I think. Hard times, your morals and your characters is enriched much faster and much deeper than if you have affluent society because each one had a share with the other.

Your neighborhood, whether you were in a relationship or were in the same church or anything, you shared your work and you shared what you had with one another and saw that people were taken care off. I think it's the happier time than when we're living worse than affluent. It's just like did you see that paper where I borrowed $30? I borrowed $30 and I make a payment of $364 a month for 10 months, and all of that. That was back when credit wasn't easy. I went in the bank when Wilma was here. He wanted $1,500 to take back.

He had a bank account in Oklahoma, he had a bank account in Florida, and I didn't know how best to get the money out. I asked the clerk, I said, "Shall he write me a check for $1,500 and then I

cash it and give him the money? Or shall he just draw an account for cash for himself out of his bank?" The banker, he heard us talking, said, "How should he do it, mister?" What's it called? What's his name? Anyway, he said, "Do it any way he wants to, as much as he wants, as long as Amos puts his name on it."

Back in those days it was $30. I'd borrow $30 I think it was to pay my rent. I had a mortgage, everything I had in the house, but linen and the rugs and the chairs and the table and the beds and everything. Give for collateral to get $30 for 10 months. That's where times have changed, from being affluent.

S: What have you learned from your life experiences that you'd like to hand down to young people?

A: Keep doing the best you know. Make good sound choices, and don't go back and have a lot of regrets about it. Do the best you can, and do what you can, and make use of the opportunities you have as best as you understand them, and then not fret or worry, or condemn yourself for it. Try in every circumstance, to find something that's pleasurable, something that's worthwhile. Learn from your mistakes. Try not to repeat them. Learn from the mistakes of others, too. Keep your eyes open. Be awake and be ready to help other people.

I think one of the most disappointing things in this generation is just for instance, we had a winter, we had a Christmas program at the church. We had a platform, a lot of things nailed up and packed up. Then after the program, we went to the basement and ate. Had all kinds of eats down there. They announced from the pulpit and also down in the basement that they're going to need some help to take this platform and stuff apart. As soon as they wanted that done before everybody left, so we could have services on Sunday. Who do you think was up there tearing up scaffolding?

I was the oldest one and the other was one of the old men. The three oldest men were up there. The young folks were down eating

and having a big day. They didn't worry about their children. We were the ones that did the programming, the ones that put the scaffolding and stuff, so that's the way it went. I don't know. It seems this younger generation just don't have the concern for the whole group. Everyone fends for himself. That's them and the rest of their project.

S: Is there anything that you'd like to say that I haven't asked?

A: I think the younger generation will get all kinds of opportunities that we didn't have. To make the best use of them is one of my concerns. Throw the opportunities away like so many people are, it's just a waste of life and a waste of time, and see where you can be useful and be awake to the opportunities. So many more opportunities today than we ever could have had growing up. I don't feel that the younger generation are taking advantage of it.

S: Okay, I'm good.

A: How'd I do? I'm still living.

S: Thank you very much.

Martha: His father is the only one of that line. Your grandfather had other sons, but your father's the only one that had sons and he had, what, six or seven?

A: We're seven brothers. I have six brothers and one sister.

M: Well anyhow, now he has 10 grandsons by the King name, and all of his brothers together have more than 10. 21 King males of your generation.

A: A lot of dads.

M: You could say he had six sons and then there were how many grandsons and now great-grandsons, 20-some. There's lots of Kings around because of him. [laughs]

A: Yes. [laughs]

I Paid Good Money For That Bean

Phil King

Everyone who knew Granny King was familiar with her world class frugality. Raising nine children on a single income would teach *anyone* about the value of a dollar, or as I learned, a butter bean.

I was probably eleven or twelve years old, and our family was visiting the Kings on the Eastern Shore. Granny had made some soup for lunch. I always loved Granny's cooking, and this soup was no exception: a smorgasbord of vegetables from their garden, a hearty grain that may have been pearled barley, and a variety of beans. The soup was delicious, and I scarfed it all down - all, that is, except for a single butter bean. I didn't like butter beans at the time for some reason; maybe it was the texture.

As everyone was finishing lunch and talk was moving on to the upcoming fishing trip on the Bay, the single butter bean still sat in my bowl. Granny had been eyeing it for a while, and when it became clear I wasn't going to eat it, she cackled, "You're not gonna eat that bean?! I paid good money for that bean!" And without hesitation, in one deft move she reached across the table, speared the bean with her fork, and popped it in her mouth, grinning ear to ear as she chewed it up.

She Said

Rosemary King

"She says girls who shave their legs are proud." He wanted me to know of Martha's old-fashioned notions. Harry prepared me for our upcoming trip to meet his family in Westover, Maryland. Martha was now his loving mother. He lost his birth mother to Hodgkins Disease at the young age of three years old.

I prepared myself mentally for this trip, and still perplexed. Will Harry's mother reject me because I shave my legs? Traditional Mennonite faith was our heritage. A proud disposition was not one of the fruits of the Spirit. Am I a proud person? Harry and I were in a serious relationship and were interested in learning to know more about each others families.

Prior to the trip, I did shave my legs in ritual fashion. I met Martha who was kind and friendly, but I had already created a thick veil between us with my assumptions and obsessions. Yes, she had on dark utilitarian shoes with dense brown stockings, she wore a long dress covering her legs, and a double-thick cloth covered the size and shape of her breasts. There was not a sign of pride about her.

Thirty-eight years later, this is the same Martha lying in a casket on a cold December night in the year 2000. A ninety-year old man, Amos her husband of 49 years, hovers over her body sobbing. Forty-six children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and in-laws pay their last respects as the casket lid blocks out her physical presence. Yes, she wore utilitarian shoes with dense brown stockings, a long dress covering her legs, and a double-thick cloth covering the size and shape of her breasts. As I looked into the face of Martha in the casket, the thick veil of assumptions and obsessions that I had created between us thirty-eight years later was "rent in two." My celebration at her death, was seeing a genuine caring person underneath the dark utilitarian shoes with dense brown stockings, the long dress covering her legs, and the double thick cloth covering the size and shape of her breasts.

I learned to know the real Martha in the past thirty-eight years as Harry's loving mother. She understood the excitement of falling in love, and experienced the ecstasy of birthing five children. She married Amos, a man who already had four lively kids. Martha was now a mother of nine children who clearly taught care and love to all nine children. They are true siblings to one another.

This same mother always welcomed our family of six to spend vacation time in Maryland. She prepared sandwiches and drinks for us to enjoy while fishing under the sun all day out in the Chesapeake Bay. Grandma's fried fish and soft shell crabs were like no other. She prepared homemade strawberry jam at Christmas time from fresh and free strawberries she picked after the migrant pickers left the nearby fields. She prepared delicious food for her family of eleven when the cupboard seemed almost bare.

Martha was an avid reader and loved history. She connected people to[OBJ]

each other through genealogy. She loved nonfiction history and biographies. Martha created a home that allowed her children to stretch their minds through books.

The real Martha, with the dark utilitarian shoes, dense brown stockings, a long dress that covered her legs, and double-thick cloth covering the size and shape of her breasts, likewise knew rejection, family guilt, and shame. I learned from her directly that her father had been defrocked as a bishop and silenced in the church by a

jealous competitor for his position. Before her marriage to Amos, Martha had also left her job in West Virginia to care for her youngest unmarried sister Anna, following the birth of Anna's baby. Anna was raised in the family as a sister, but was actually the daughter of one of Martha's four older sisters. I had falsely assumed Martha had an untainted, protected, and nearly perfect godly family life. Why did I obsess over a comment about "girls who shave their legs are proud?" Obsession and assumption kills beauty and growth. It pinches and deforms, like too-tight shoes. Obsession can clothe us like a thirty-two-inch corset wrapped around a forty-inch waist. We wrap people in boxes. In our ignorance we postulate, presume, and assume attitudes and beliefs without caring and looking deeper into a person's life.

My obsessions and assumptions over her comment thirty-eight years ago, "girls who shave their legs are proud," initially created an unnecessary veil of separation. Thirty eight years later, I stood over Martha's casket with my narrow-heeled shoes, thin hose, freshly shaven legs, and a blue silk blouse to see the size and shape of my breasts. There was no longer a thick veil between us. I had deep respect and love for Harry's new mother. I can only trust that I will emulate her dignity, openness, and transparency to my children.

My only daughter, LaDene, stood beside me wearing black utilitarian shoes with long black slacks covering her unshaven legs, and her dark double cloth tops hid the size and shape of her breasts. Is LaDene wondering about my old fashioned notions? Does she see the real person behind my narrow-heeled shoes, thin hose, freshly shaven legs, and blue silk blouse to see the size and shape of my breasts?

Do we look into the deeper recesses of a person's life to gain respect and gratitude for their lived experiences? Are we able to share our own joys, rejections, and guilt?

Amos King and His Tractor

Rosa King

My father was very upset when his driver's license was taken away. He was having some memory loss at that time, and was at times agitated. Once, a neighbor called to say that Dad was driving down the road on his garden tractor, headed to town.

I frequently came up from Virginia for some weekend assistance with Dad. It was especially difficult to get him dressed for church. One Sunday he refused to go to Holly Grove, saying he wanted to go to the Presbyterian church. If I didn't take him, he would go on his tractor.

One weekend that I stayed with him, he said he wanted to go out and see the tractor. He said he wasn't gonna drive it. He just wanted to turn it on and see if it still worked. We went out to the tractor and he turned on the key. The tractor suddenly lurched and rolled forward. Dad's foot got caught under the bottom of the mower and I couldn't reach across to turn the key off, so I ran to the front of the tractor and lifted it up yelling at him to pull out his foot. He did so, but not before I felt a sharp pain in my abdomen.

I had had abdominal hernia surgery (after ovarian cancer surgery) a few weeks prior to that visit, and apparently I damaged the repair, because in another month or two I had to go back for a second abdominal hernia repair. I found out later that the truck did start going forward when the key was turned on, rather than the idling I had expected.

A Right Pretty Day

AJ King

When Dad was in his mid-90's, I took him to the doctor for his regular checkup. Dr. Fleury was well aware of his dementia, and

near the end of his visit conducted a mental status exam. He first listed four items for dad to remember and then proceeded to ask him what year it was, who was president, what day of the week it was, when was his birthday, etc.

When he finished asking dad questions he then asked if dad remembered the list of items he had started with. Dad immediately listed off the four items without hesitation! (I only could remember two.) Behind Dad's back, Doctor Fleury whispered to me, "He's absolutely amazing!"

As Dad continued to lose his mental abilities, he seemed to adjust well. Rather than try to remember my four sons' names, he just called them all Charlie, as he did the other grandsons.

One day when we had him over for dinner, I asked him to pray before the meal. He often started his prayers with, "Thank you, Heavenly Father, for health, and strength, and the right use of our mind," and then continued with additional thanksgiving and requests. As usual, he started, "Thank you Heavenly Father, for heath, and strength, and…" He paused for a second, and then: "a right pretty day." He continued with the rest of his prayer.

Dad's eyes remained closed as he prayed, but most of us around the table were glancing at each other and smiling. We were amazed that even with his dementia, he had the quick-witted presence of mind to adjust prayer to the current situation!

Amos' Sermons

Amos C. King pastored for over 50 years, between Holly Grove Mennonite Church 1936-63 and Snow Hill Mennonite Church 1967-92. Few recordings of his sermons exist. Those that do are transcribed below. What's missing in the print versions, of course, is the tone with which Amos preached. His delivery was calm, slow, and warm, with frequent pauses, and many who heard him preach remember his voice cracking as he would come to tears at the end of a sermon, which happened quite often.[12]

Upon His 80th Birthday

Preached at Snow Hill Mennonite Church in 1990 (fragment)

I hate to change the tone of our service, but I couldn't miss this opportunity to thank you all for yesterday, my 80th birthday celebration. I was almost overwhelmed when it dawned on me that the family supper was planned for here because it was too large a group to be in any of our homes.

Martha said, "None of our homes are large enough to have this whole group of children that came home, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. We got the Holly Grove hall to have our supper in." I thought that was pretty nice. Got all lined up, one whole table down through. I said, "Oh, we could never all fit in one house." Then I saw one of my students from my summer Bible school as the caterer. Then I saw some more, and this thing unfolded very carefully and very slowly, or I couldn't have taken it.

It started out about a month ago that rock season was coming, and my boats were both incapacitated, and rock season was opening on the 5th of October, my wife's birthday. Carter Bochfield, a friend we know, he told AJ, I think it'd be nice if we would charter a boat,

and so he was going to take my six sons and I out for a fishing party for rock.

It took a long time to get it all together, but I didn't know whether he'd chartered one or not. I called Walter and I said, "We're going to have a fishing party, could you go along?" He said, "That'd be nice." Just like that. Then we found out that Dan was coming from Florida, and Martha and I went to meet him at the airport, and she wanted to go an hour early. I couldn't figure that out.

The plane come in, she said, "Oh, come, come, come." I said, "Dan's not on that plane, it's not time." "Come." I saw all the men getting off, no Dan. I was trying to look away, and pretty soon looked back, there's Ruby. Then waited another hour, and Dan came. They kept on adding up until even some of my first wife's people from Gettysburg came down.

I came here, and the streamers weren't up, the balloons weren't up yet, but I began to suspect something. Then it finally dawned on me. 10 months after I was ordained, the bishop came and said, "Amos, I want you to start a summer Bible school." It was very new in this area, summer Bible school. They dumped a lot of material in my lap, and said, "You organize a summer Bible school."

I started a summer Bible school in the summer of 1937. I was ordained in '36, the summer of '36. Years I let go in a group, everywhere was summer Bible school students for a number of years, about 25 years of summer Bible school at least. With the help of the congregation and the sacrifice of a lot of people, we had a summer Bible school in the rural area here of about 100.

Then I looked around, I saw Susie Hertz, one of the first teachers of the summer Bible school. My heart was overwhelmed. Whenever I would take part in a community affair or a funeral or whatever it would be here, Martha would be impressed. She said, "I imagine that when you're buried, there'll be a large funeral like Dorcas', people come and say, he fixed this, he made this, he done that."

Last night, I think, in the fireplace over here we built, I felt like most of my labors were in material things. Then last night, I looked, all the summer Bible school students, and a number of them came. "I remember the scriptures you taught me. I remember songs we learned in summer Bible school."

I want to thank, first of all, my two boys, especially AJ and Billy, who arranged all of this, kept a secret from me, and to all of you who so graciously offered your facilities and came. I said, "Martha said this is [OBJ]

Holly Grove Mennonite Church being built in 1919

going to be a big funeral." I said, "I won't know anything about it," but I did last night. Praise the Lord. That was my funeral before the time.

I heard all of the expressions of love and concern and blessing that I've been to them. Let's say, for 28 years, I offered communion in this church, and it's been 27 years since I've partaken it with you. If I know my heart, never been a time that I ceased loving every one of you, and the return of your expression of love last night was almost more than I could take. Then, Brother Jack, your pastor, comes and says, "I want you to help me in the communion." You don't know what that's done to me. I'm overwhelmed. I've taken

too much time for myself here. I want to recognize that the communion service is a very special service. It's for a special kind of people that Jack has been talking about this morning, those who have been redeemed, those who have been saved. We need to enter into it in a very careful and thoughtful manner. I'd like to invite your attention now to the scriptures found in 1 Corinthians, the latter part of the 11th chapter, where he gives instructions on how we ought to prepare for this service. I trust we have given thought and prayer to the participation in this service this morning.

In 1 Corinthians 11, the Apostle Paul says, "For I have received of the Lord that which I also delivered unto you, that the Lord Jesus, the same night in which he was betrayed took bread, and when he had given thanks, he'd break it, and said, 'Take, eat, this is my body, which is broken for you, this do in remembrance of me.' After the same manner also he took the cup, when he had supped, saying, 'This cup is the New Testament in my blood, this do ye as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me.' For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till he comes. Wherefore, whosoever shall eat this bread, and drink this cup of the Lord unworthily shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord. Let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of that cup. For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's body. For this cause, many are weak and sickly among you, and many sleep."

This communion service can be a real blessing and an asset to our Christian life, and growth, and experience, or it can be a detriment by eating and drinking of it unworthily. A few years ago, I preached a summer on the body of Christ, and that was so impressive. The three times in this scripture, you do not discern the Lord's body. A body thou hast given me, Jesus said, and he had to have a human body to pay the penalty for your sins and for my sins because he took our place on the cross and died in our stead. He could not have

died as anything else but a human body. A body thou hast given me, a body have I sacrificed. Here, he says, “This is my body, which is broken for you.” [recording ends]

Temperance

Preached at Snow Hill Mennonite Church, date unknown (fragment)

I want to invite your attention to a passage in Ephesians, the fifth chapter, Ephesians 5 beginning at verse 6 and reading through 21. “Let no man deceive you with vain words, for because of these things cometh the wrath of God upon the children of disobedience. Be not therefore partakers with them. For ye were sometimes darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord. Walk as children of light. For the fruit of the Spirit is in all goodness and righteousness and truth, proving what[OBJ]

Holly Grove Mennonite Church, 1920

is acceptable unto the Lord.

And have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them. For it is a shame even to speak of those things which are done of them in secret. But all things that are reproved are made manifest by the light, and whatsoever doth make manifest is light. Wherefore he saith, ’Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.’ See then that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, redeeming the time, because the days are evil.

Therefore be not unwise, but understanding what the will of the

Lord is. Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess, but be filled with the Spirit, speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord, giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, submitting yourselves one to another in the fear of God."

I felt led to continue what I had spoke on a few weeks ago, because of some information I've received since that, and because you did not remember the definition of temperance, over those few weeks and so I put on a blackboard. I want you to look at this, this morning. A lot of you never went to Sunday school when we had Temperance lessons, so you don't know the definition of temperance. Christian temperance is the total abstinence of things harmful and the moderate use of things useful.

Like anyone who came along at the time I did, when we had a temperance lesson once a quarter and heard just four times a year, memorized it. Amazing how long it takes us to memorize some things. I looked in the dictionary to be sure, and the word Webster has for temperance is self-restraint or moderation. That says moderation in drinking alcohol or liquor, or especially the avoiding of alcoholic liquor completely.

In other words in general use of temperance means the total absence, in a general term, the total absence of the use of alcoholic beverages. The word teetotalism is in the dictionary, and it means the principle or practice of never drinking any alcoholic liquor. Let's say this together, "The total abstinence of things harmful and the moderate use of things useful." Again, "The total abstinence of things harmful and the moderate use of things useful."

Our text this morning, I suppose, I would use the text from Proverbs 20:1, that says, "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." A person that is not wise is a fool, is he not? "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging,

and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." Some other scriptures warn to him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and maketh him drunken also.

In Ephesians 5, it says, "For of whom a man is overcome, the same is he brought into bondage," because of the binding effect of alcohol on those who use it, is a very dangerous thing. I mentioned in the other message that it's a popular saying with those who like to drink, that prohibition never works. How many of you listened to WOLC this past week? I happened to tune in when they have an evangelist and when they had a preacher from Bethany Beach, Delaware.

Bethany Beach, some storekeeper there wanted to have a liquor license, and so he applied for it. In the opposition, there were folks who did not oppose it. A large number, more than that, that did oppose it, but this man still got his liquor license. This preacher was on the radio and he also had an evangelist who had a lot of statistics on prohibition. I don't know why those statistics haven't been compiled and more readily available than they are.

Yes, I've always had to back down when people say, "Well, prohibition[OBJ]

never works." I said, "I lived during prohibition. I know it did work.

I know we didn't have a million and a half alcoholics during prohibition." I know a number of other things. This man, he pointed out, and I wish I would have taken his statistics, but I didn't, so I'll have to depend on a little bit from I heard.

I suppose one of the reasons that I got on the subject was the constant repetition in our news of worrying about what age limit we should have for wine and beer in our state. You'd think the whole world depended on whether it was 16 or 18 or 21. I think I showed you in the statistics that I had the other week that there are those who are 14 and 16 and 13, and fourth and fifth graders who have alcohol problems. Evidently, your age limit of drinking has no bearing upon the problem, very little bearing upon the problem of drinking alcoholic beverages.

I'm thinking back. I didn't know exactly when prohibition was on. It came on in 1920, so I was 10 years old. I do remember that at the neighbor's house, he moved away, and we boys went there at the empty house, and we found bottles with some stinking stuff in it. They were almost empty, or practically empty, but they smelled bad. That's about all I knew about it. One time, boys went into the attic. We pushed the stair, the trap door up, and inside, down along the frame was a bottle.

Unlike the bottles we found over at the neighbors' but it had some funny little things in it. We got the bottle down, we opened it up, and smelled it, and asked Mom what it was. She said, "Oh, did you find out? You shouldn't have found that." It had something there, it looked like black pepper or whole peppers, little round ball, and it was almost all of that, with some liquid in it. We took the cork off, and it did smell.

Come to find out that my sister had picked up headlights in school and had mixed this stuff with some gin or whatever it was in this bottle, and shook it up, and kept it there. They poured this on her head. I thought that sure was how to kill lice and most anything

else. It's the smell, but I don't know how you could see around what it was when she had it on her hair.

I did know a little bit about liquor before prohibition, and quite a bit during prohibition. We lived within 20 miles of the Canadian border, and of course, the main road down through that part of Dakota came right through our town. We had quite a bit in the news, and also by experience, contact with the liquor traffic flowing through our area. I learned as a boy the harm and the awfulness of the liquor traffic.

Anyone that tells you that prohibition didn't work, I wish they could get the statistics on how it was before, how it was during prohibition, how it was afterwards. This man said that crime dropped in one year after prohibition was enforced. It was almost unbelievable then. Then we have, with that, the crime of transporting it from Canada into the States. Crime decreased at a remarkable rate the first year of prohibition, and some jails closed up because they had no business.

Now the only known cure for an alcoholic in those days, as I remembered, was the Keeley Cure. Anyone know anything about the Keeley Cure? As I remember it, they set them up in hospitals, and when a man became an alcoholic he became a nuisance to the community, and if he would consent, they would send him to the hospital for the Keeley Cure. They had these located throughout our country, where there were hospitals of any size.

The Keeley Cure as I remember it consisted of something like this, you would take a man there, and everything he ate, and everything he drank, was mixed with some type of liquor. He couldn't get anything that wasn't contaminated with it, in his food or in his drink. It was constant and they just made him sick of it. They tried to make the body so it would be repulsive to it.

The Keeley Cure, as I remember it, consisted of something like that, and it was successful to a degree for an alcoholic. About the only

remedy they had, outside as people would get in contact with the Lord, of course. Not sure how effective this was, but the first year after prohibition, during prohibition, many of these Keeley Cure places closed up because they had no patients.

It didn't work. Prohibition didn't work. It did work. The Keeley Cure places closed up, jails closed up, crime decreased, and so on. I remember very well when prohibition was declared null and void, and if you had the statistics on the rapid increase of crime, the overflow and filling of jails and courts from that time on until today, you would have to believe that prohibition did work. Even by the law saying you cannot drink this stuff.

I suppose I was led to the impression of this subject because of, like I say, the constant debate about the drinking age. Then I sat in court and listened to the court cases of alcoholic drivers, drivers under the influence. If you want something to shake you, go to one of the courts someday and sit there and listen to the judge, listen to the cops condemn the man and then the man give his excuses or his reasons and then hear the sentence. It'll do something for you.

Those people who were trapped, who were slaves to a drink and had to face the judge. Men who couldn't afford the fine that was placed on them. The judge would hear the evidence and then he would ask the man to stand, ask him if he had anything to say for himself. I find you guilty as charged. The fine will be $200 payable in monthly installments if you can't pay it now.

You'd be under probation for so many years, so and so forth along the line. I had to think well, this is just an earthly judge. What will happen when these men stand before the judge of all the earth and have to say, I'm guilty as charged? The scripture says, "No drunkard can enter heaven." To all of them, regardless of the excuses they might give, the reason they might give will stand there still guilty as charged.

Shortly after I preached this message, I went through Fraser to a

wedding anniversary, a wedding get-together for my brother Emory, many years, and my son Elmer brought me this book, said, “Have you ever seen that?” I said, “No.” “No, you haven’t. Just came off the press. Do you dare?” I looked at it a little bit, and I said, “Where did you get that?” He said, “Well, the doctor and his wife have been working on it for some time.”

By Charles and Elizabeth [unintelligible] for the Bishop Board of the Lancaster Conference of the Mennonite Church. The Lancaster conference will be putting these out. I hope we’ll get one for every home. *Dare to be Different*. It is a cartoon book. Isn’t everyone different somehow? No, amazing people on the Earth, no two are alike even identical twins so being different shouldn’t be such a big deal, right?

Life has many decisions to make. What shall I eat? Where shall I live? Do I really love them? Am I ready for marriage? What work will I do? Where will I go to school? What church will I go to? Do I want a car? Is Jesus really the Lord of my life. Do I want to dress well. What about military service and so on down the line? Should I smoke? What about alcohol? Yes, what about alcohol? How will you vote?

Everyone makes a decision. Sometimes, how you going to vote on whether we should drink or not? Here’s some folks that can help you. The professor, the physician, the policeman, the researcher, and the minister. Then we have a back part. What the researcher says, what the minister says, what the doctor says, and so on. I was impressed because they have in here a lot of statistics that I quoted the other Sunday.

You would think perhaps if you get this book that I got it over here, but I didn’t. I have my research from somewhere else, and they have some of the same statistics from the same resources and others beside. I felt good about the fact that someone else is awake through the things that we have in our day in our church, and I

thought maybe I was the only person old enough to remember what a blessing the temperance lessons were that we had in our Sunday school.

Dr. Nepp, he's a psychiatrist at Belle Haven Hospital. A christian, didn't

Holly Grove summer Bible school (superintendent Amos on the right), 1936

know before but he was raised in Chicago. His father was a minister and a worker in the Chicago Mission, but he was raised in the downtown part of Chicago as a boy. It's interesting to notice what he says about alcohol. I'm impressed with one statement. I'll quote, "How grateful I am for these instructions, regular Sunday school discussions on alcohol problems, called Temperance lessons, plus frequent speakers who even performed laboratory demonstrations for us on the affect of the cigarette, gave me the knowledge that I needed to avoid drinking and smoking."

I am confident that I am alive today because of that teaching. He's not my age, I'm older, I believe. We have effectively cancelled temperance lessons from our Sunday school material. What are we doing to replace them? The children of today may well say, "No one ever told me it was dangerous or wrong." Why have we gone to sleep on this all-important subject?

Then I read in the *Mennonite Weekly Review* someone has said that

we have more young people in our church drinking than we have smoking. I shook my head. Are they talking about us? More Mennonite young people in our church drinking than smoking. I asked someone if they thought that was true, and boy they thought that was true. I'm not missing much with the general round of Mennonite young people, I don't know, but I was in one of our men's dormitory in one of our college campuses. I couldn't believe what I saw.

Just like piss on the wall when I was going into the rooms. I just couldn't believe what I saw. Also Robert Baker makes mention of the temperance lesson, what advantage they were. Then come the folk telling me again that drinking is wrong. The beers, the wines, the brandies, the gins, the rums, the whiskeys, name them all. Do not mince your words. Do not condone special drinking by your silence. In the process of speaking, warning, you may smash your car and die.

From the Sunday school probably not many hear alcohol denounced. Revive the temperance lessons stance, cry aloud and spare not. From conference resolutions, from assembly issues, through the plethora of papers we write, let me hear not only the packs and brass resistance, let me hear beer and whiskey resistance. Frankly, I feel better, more comfortable revoting against the breweries and distilleries than I do the government.

Let's take that and strike really for the stars. If we are through blasting presidents, well let's fire a few shots at [unintelligible] & Sons. Perhaps go to [unintelligible] & Sons. Those distilleries. We may not win a war, but at least we will win the skirmish. To say nothing, to do nothing, is it not sin? To not stand up and be counted.

Give me a standard. Give me a standard to rally around. I prefer that of total abstinence. Do not let me down in the quagmire of silence. Two men thought the same way I have about our silence on

the temperance question. I propose that our young people have been informed quite well about the harm of nicotine, the harm of cigarettes because the government has put on such a drastic vice to stamp it out.

I just heard on the radio yesterday that they're thinking of appropriating so may million dollars to subsidize the tobacco growers who are going out of business because there's not profit in them anymore. You worry about where your tax dollars go, think about subsidizing the tobacco problem. I remember, it's just come to my mind now, Sam Kemper was taking a paper one time, when it snowed during the night.

The man came in and said, "There was a beautiful snow last night."Kemper said, "Yes it did, but it's your fault coming around here because I'm going out to the barn, and I notice about every 100 feet, every 50 feet big, big brown spots in the snow." He said, "Oh, you know what that was." He said, "The bible don't say nothing about tobacco. I don't know why you insist on it." He said, "Yes, there's one verse in the bible about tobacco and it's in favor of it."

He says, "What are you harping about then? Where is the verse? I didn't know the bible said anything about tobacco." He said, "Find Revelations 22:11. Let him that is filthy, be filthy still." Well, I was in a church where we had a number of snuff rubbers, I came across the verse, The poison of asps is under their tongue. I thought maybe that described snuff rubbers, I'm not sure.

[unintelligible] with mayhem, the subject of the use of cigarettes. We are pretty well informed and the young people are because of what it's doing for their health. I said in the doctor's office, one time when a young man, a neighbor of mine came in, and the doctor was telling him, "You're going to have to cut out your cigarette due to a heart condition. You're going to cut out all your cigarettes." He said, "How about smoking a pipe?" He said, "No,

that's worse yet.“ How about cigars?” He said, “That's still worse.”

He said, “Your one cigarettes will maybe kill five mice. Your pipe would kill 10 mice, and your cigar would kill 50 mice.” He said, “You're not getting anywhere.” I said, “Stop altogether if you want to live.” They're pretty good, just to cut along, you get it one way or another, but he didn't get by with this doctor. Perhaps we are a little more educated on the subjects of nicotine and alcohol, but we're going to get busy.

The church is going to get busy, I guarantee you because the states are busy, or one state is inducing another one to get busy, and the president has even setup by a commission or a council to look into the harm of alcohol. Praise the Lord the church will soon be on the [unintelligible] because it is becoming a popular thing in the government, and we'll get on the bandwagon by-and-by after a while.

It might be too late for many. Jonathan Ross, a professor, he said this. Ross calls for unified stance against alcohol. Jonathan Ross is a professor of biology in Brooklyn College. It was in Brooklyn College records. Specifically I refer to our strong, proud stand for nonresistance. Martin King's lack of anything resembling immunity concerning the human consumption of alcohol. He was talking about our church.

I haven't been to general conference room in a number of years. We use to talk about those things. I haven't been to our regular conference very often because we quit talking about things like this. Talking about organizations. Talking about finances, and budgets, and that type of thing, but we quit talking about the problems we have. I [unintelligible] the conference, and I don't know. I'm surprised. I'm shocked that people like this are coming out and saying that we are not unified, we don't have any standing on these things.

God help us. Where are we going? My understanding of

nonresistance is that it deals with that it's wrong for humans to kill any humans, and for humans to kill themselves. We must love our brothers, not destroy them. I fully agree with this concept, but it seems to me that we stopped short of the ultimate understanding of the principle. Our nonresistance seems to be limited with dealing with wars, riots, violent crimes, and like abuses.

It's true that these things result in injury and death, and do violate the principles of non-resistance. Then he goes on and tells some of the statistics that I gave on how many thousands of people are killed. Seventy times as many killed by drinking alcohol as killed in wars. We're strong in our war position, but weak when it comes to the position against alcoholic beverages.

I got this quote from Robert Baker, who has here my [unintelligible] on alcohol, and tells a story about his brother, the problems he had, he still wound up having bottles all over the house, when they buried him. Again, from Jonathan Ross, with his points in mind, I struggled with why we, as a church, the community of believers have been unwilling

Holly Grove in 1963, the year Amos left for Snow Hill

to take a strong public stand of abstinence of alcohol consumption. I'm even more perplexed for the lack of leadership by the educational arms of the church whose ignorance of the question can

hardly be claimed. [recording ends]

Thanksgiving

Preached at Snow Hill Mennonite Church, date unknown

The song we sang combines the two, “We’ll crown thy gates with thankful songs, high as the heavens are praises raised, and Earth, with her ten thousand tongues, shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.” Again the last verse, “Wide as the world is thy command, vast as eternity, thy love. Firm as a rock, thy truth must stand, when rolling years shall cease to move.”

The way I combine the song, I think may have been combined in scripture. Where the word of God has been found, it has been appreciated, much Thanksgiving. This Sunday in November has been kept for about 100 years by the American Bible Society for the Bible Sunday. I'm thankful this morning that we live in a country where the President, has this year to be the year of the Bible. A lot of people have criticized the reason why I read that they have sold over 6 million of copies of the Bible this year than they did last year.

If the President proclaiming this the year of the Bible has sold 6 million copies of the Bible more than the year before, it's really working ain't it? If only getting up as many Bibles into the homes of the disadvantaged and pointing out and paying attention to special needs and special occasions, I think. I don't know how long it would be before we'd forget to be thankful, if we didn't have a Thanksgiving day. A lot of people go through life looking forward to Christmas and not have any thanking at all during the year.

We want to thank the Bible for a while and then look at an Old Testament thank you service. In the 30th chapter and eighth verse of a statement here, "And the highway shall be there and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness. The unclean shall not pass

over it, but it shall be for those, the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not air therein." Taking it out of its, setting them, but I think this is true in saying the word of God, that a wayfaring man or a fool will not enter therein.

Has been surpassed history that the church has said that the average person should not read the Bible because it will confuse him, but priests and only those who have been educated are qualified to interpret the word. Now that in full circle, Catholics believing that they had to give it up because people were reading the Bible and finding some of the interpretations were not correct, so they have allowed their people now to read the word.

Now the Protestant nations are coming around and saying, for your average unqualified interpreter, it's too difficult. You have to go to school. You have to learn how to interpret the word. What was for back there, and what was for some other type of people. That's a lie too. I think the word of God and the plan of salvation is simple enough that a wayfaring fool can find his way to salvation, that's the purpose of the Bible being written.

That might show of God's redemption plan. I think of all the names they have for the Bible, we call it scriptures, we call it scriptures, a lot of different names, I think 'The word of God' comes near describing it than any other, perhaps in the passage. I didn't look into places where it is in the New Testament, but about five times in the New Testament passage referred to it as the Word of God. Of course, in the Old Testament we have, "The word of the Lord came unto me," where the Lord came in the Moses, the word of Lord came unto this and that person. A number of times referred to our Lord.

In the New Testament, Word of God. I believe this is a true description of the Bible. All scripture is done by inspiration of God and his profitable for a number of different reasons, for a number of different purposes. Those who would say that we have to apply the

Bible to times and this kind of thing wherein they were written to properly understand them is a lie from the pit. All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable. What is inspiration? I'll define it this way. Inspiration is that operation of the Holy Spirit upon the writers of scripture, by virtue of which they were enabled to communicate and record divine truth without any mixture.

It's rather long and difficult, but inspiration is that operation of the Holy Spirit upon the right of scripture by virtue of which they were enabled to communicate and record divine truth without any mixture of error, all scripture by inspiration of God. That differs from revelation. We talk about a revelation of God to man, and it is. Revelation differs from inspiration in a measure because Revelation records the truth directly revealed to the mind of the writer by God, which could not have been learned any other way. That's one part of Revelation, there's two parts to Revelation.

One says that God revealed directly to a man that he could never have gotten any other way. For instance, creation, how would a man known about before man was created, and specified to him just how it happened in the first part of our Bible. God revealed to them just how these things took place, they could not have been learned in any other way. Second, revelation reveals things which were known to others as to himself, present for writers and what Peter wrote, Paul knew something about, the other disciples knew something about the life and teachings of - the others knew something about it. It was revealed to them to record these things.

The revelation act of God by which he directly communicates, not known to human mind, or, and revelation has got new truth while inspiration, superintendents to communicate that truth. Revelation discovered truths that could not be learned in any way, shows to them truths that have been revealed to other people as well as the people know about as far as history is concerned and gives the ability to communicate, superintendents of communication of that

truth.

Now the Bible has been directly revealed to man. All of the Bible has been directly revealed to man, a lot of it is history. It contains history. It contains languages of man, it contains the language of angels, it contains the language of beast on one occasion. The Bible can take the speech and the words of other people who were not in harmony with God's Word. The history record, as the Bible recorded a bit of error in it, critics have tried to find, they find out that Tyrannus was not the governor of time of Jesus birth and so found out later on they were wrong, the Bible was right, always that way.

The Bible is not a book of science, but where it talks about science, is absolutely correct. I'll find no revelation, no new ideas about what it talks about. The book of history and wherever it records history is correctly recorded. I don't know where you can go for information that's more valid and more final than that. You can read health books, and depends on whose books you get as to what's good and what's not, depending on who wrote the book. Maybe all of them are wrong, maybe all of them are right.

You can listen to articles about what's happening how it's fulfilling scripture and whatnot. The Bible consists of 66 books composed by many different writers and three different languages under different circumstances. Almost every rank of the human spectra has been used to record the Bible. There have been peasants, kings, herdsmen, priests, tax gatherers, tent makers, educated and uneducated, most of them unknown to each other and writing at great periods during the space of about 1600 years. All it is only one book dealing with only one subject.

There's a number of aspects and relations, but the only subject in that Bible is man's redemption. All this is already concerning history and this kind of thing. The respect and relations of it have to deal with the redemption, that's the main purpose of God giving us

his word. How anyone could conceive that all of these different writers over 1600 years of time writing in all different circumstances could have connived anything like the Bible. It says a figment of magic, a lot of stories put together, all of that kind of thing, it has one theme. You couldn't pick up a half a dozen books in our library that talk on the same theme very well. If they did, they'd contradict one another, you wouldn't know which one is true and what to make of it.

All of these different writers writing over this long time, politicians to non-politicians, learned a number, all writing over one theme, and that is something that at the time was no other book. Tom Paine declared that the Bible would soon be a forgotten book back in the 17th century. The very building where he started his propaganda against the Bible and against Christian people, have been used by the Bible Society to print Bibles. Tom Paine's forgotten, and I learned very much about him, I looked it up in encyclopedia, I didn't find too much in there. He died almost a forgotten man, time's just moving on, the Bible still being printed, being sold. I think last year, perhaps, was the first year for a number of years that the Bible wasn't sold in the United States. I'm not sure what it was. It might have been pornography, I don't know. I think this year it has been the best seller, again.

There's a poem: Last eve I passed beside a blacksmith door, and I heard the anvil ring the vesper chime, then, looking in, I saw upon the floor, Old hammers worn with beating years of time. "How many anvils have you had," I said, "To wear and batter all these hammers so?" "Just one," said he, and then with twinkling eye, "The anvil wears the hammers out." The anvil of God's word, for ages skeptics blows have heat upon. Yet though the noise of falling blows was heard, the anvil is unharmed, the hammers gone.'

The word of God which liveth and abideth forever, it's the only book that has a living message. There are other books that work on

the emotion, but there's no other book that tells us where we're from and why we're here, and how to find a place, the right place to go. I'd like for you to open your Bible to Nehemiah. I think we're proud to be Bible translators, literature, or any of the American Bible Society, or National Bible Society literature, that wherever the word of God comes for the first time in their language, there's always a great rejoicing, a thanksgiving, a praising of God. We have Bibles all over of all different translations and interpretations, and they lay on the shelves.

I think the time will come, even in our land, when the Bible will be more appreciated than it is today. I don't know when that'll be, but there is going to be a famine of the word of God. I think we have a famine in our land now of the word of God, but we have the Bibles all over the place. We have them in our homes, we have them in our cars, in our bedrooms, wherever. We have them in our hotel rooms, in our school rooms a few years ago, but the Bibles have been around.

Nehemiah 7, Israel had taken away captivity because they hadn't obeyed the word of the Lord. Then they were brought back in to build the walls. In the rebuilding of the wall, they found the Bible. They found the Old Testament Scriptures that had been written. In chapter 7 and verse 66, the whole number was 42,360 besides their manservants and their maidservants, of whom there were 7,337, they had 245 men and women, singing men and women. They had a group here of about 50,000 people, and the choir had 245 voices, men and women. Chapter 8, "And all the people gathered themselves together as one man in the street before the Water Gate. They staked unto Ezra the scribe to bring the book of the Law of Moses, which the Lord had commanded to Israel. Ezra the priest brought the law from the congregation of both the men and women, and all could hear with understanding on the first day of the seventh month. He read it before, the street that was before the Water Gate morning until midday, before the men and women and

those that could understand, and the ears of all the people were attentive unto the book of the Law. This was the first day of bringing the word of God. Ezra stood on a pulpit of wood, and made for that purpose he stood above the people. Then he says- and he opened the book in the sight of all the people, for he was above all the people, and when he opened it, all the people stood up."

There's a practice in many churches today where if you read the word[OBJ]

Snow Hill Mennonite in 1966, the year before Amos became a pastor there

of God, everybody stands automatically, they have some significance, to hear the word of God off the book you're reading or whatever it might be detracting you from hearing the word of God, but they all do it. Moses read, all the people stood up, "Ezra blessed the Lord, the great God, and all the people, and they all said, Amen. Lifting up their hands, they bowed their heads, and prayed to the Lord with their faces to the ground." Now they raised their hands, but they looked up. They're looking down, they looked up. They're raising their hands. That is not quite correct, quite the way they did it here in Ezra's time.

"They raised their hands, but they looked down, and the Levites caused the people to look down, the law and the people stood in their place. They read in the book of the law of God distinctly and

gave them to understand the reading." Now this is great. Hearing the word of God. I don't know how many of you tuned in on the reading of the word, I love our WOLC, I got in on it some. There's a blessing in just what I've read, going back to listening to it. They read in the book distinctly and gave them the sense and caused them to understand the reading. Nehemiah and Ezra, "Then he said unto them, Go your way, eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared: for this day is holy unto our Lord: neither be ye sorry; for the joy of the Lord is your strength. So the Levites stilled all the people, saying, Hold your peace, for the day is holy; neither be ye grieved. And all the people went their way to eat, and to drink, and to send portions, and to make great mirth, because they had understood the words that were declared unto them."

There's two things God has affected the people. The first effect they had here, they what? They hadn't heard the Word for so long. If you follow this account on through, you'll find out there are a number of deviations that made from the Word of God. There had to be a lot of confessing. When there's confession, there's contrition, there's weeping. This was rather an emotional time for the 50,000 people, reading the word and explaining it to them. Some of them mostly found that they had come short of what the requirements of the law had been for them. That this day is holiest, for the day ought to be a day of rejoicing, because the Spirit was having its effect for which it was intended, that was bringing back into right relationship with God and observing the ordinances He had given to Moses. It wasn't just one day; verse 13, it says, "and on the second day were gathered together the chief of the fathers of all the people, the priests, to understand the words of the law." They found some things written there that they hadn't been observing. They couldn't have; they were in a foreign land. They were taken away captive. They found it should be published and proclaimed then in Jerusalem, saying, go forth under the mountain, fetch and pine

branches and myrtle branches and palm branches, thick trees to make booths. People went forth. They found written in the book of law that the children of Israel should build booths. They came together, there was great gladness, very great gladness. Also, day by day, until the last day, he read in the book of the law of God, they kept the feast seven days, according unto the manner. A time of rejoicing, a time of thanksgiving, a time of praise, a time of getting back in the will of God and doing the will of God, it brings bodies to action. The purpose of what was written and preserved all these years has been that men might find the way of salvation, a way of redemption, the redemption of the human family. Chapter 9, in their place and read in the book of the law, a fourth part of the day and another fourth part of the day and worshiped the Lord their God. Why is it so difficult for Christian people to take this method? People are full of excuses. They rationalize regardless of how far off of dead center they have gotten, they're coming back, seemingly until they've reached dead end.

They read a fourth of the day, they confessed a fourth of the day, they read a fourth of the day and they confessed a fourth. There's a formula, I think, for the church to get back in the will of God, just let God speak. God has spoken, it is the word of God. Let God speak, let us confess some more and then confess some more. This will be a thanksgiving service that will be both sorrowful and of great rejoicing. This was what it was for Ezra.

Look at Nehemiah, people wept when they heard the word of God, they hadn't heard it for long, and then they rejoiced because the joy of the Lord is their strength. Not sure how much advantage there is in reading the word of God and hearing the word of God and not being willing to do it. That's the purpose for which it was written. Going over to the 11th, more specifically the thanksgiving service. Feast of the singers here, the 11th chapter. Madonai the son of Micah, the 17th verse of the 11th chapter, from Zadai, the son of Esau, was the principal to begin the Thanksgiving in prayer. The

Levites in the Holy City were 204 score and four. He appointed one to be the principal to begin the Thanksgiving service with prayer. The 12th chapter and the 8th verse. Moreover- he names them again. Which was Thanksgiving, he and his brethren, and they had a list of them, picked them out, they'd been appointed for this Thanksgiving service. Then over in the first verse of the 12th chapter; then I brought up the princes of Judah up a wall and appointed two great companies of them that gave whereof one went on the right hand upon the wall toward the dung gate and after them went Hoshiah and half the princes of Judah, Nazariah, Ezra, and Meshulam, Judah and Benjamin and, so on, certainly the priests, with the musical instrument David, the man of God, and Ezra the scribe before them. Went up on one side of the wall of Jerusalem.

On the foundation gate which was over against them, they went up by the stairs of the city of David at the going up of the wall. Even under the water gate eastward. The other company of them, the gates went up against them and I after them and half of them went up on the wall from beyond the tower under the broad wall. Hoshiah and the princes of Judah.

Nazariah, Ezra and Meshulam, Judah and Benjamin and so on and certain of the priests, with the musical instruments of David, the man of God, and Ezra the scribe before them. Went up on one side of the wall of Jerusalem. On the foundation gate which was over against them, they went up by the stairs of the city of David at the going up of the wall, the house of David even under the water gate eastward.

The other company of them, the gates went up against them. After them and half of them went up on the wall from beyond the tower of the furnaces. Under the broad wall and from above the gate of Ephraim, above the old gate and the tower of Mion, even under the sheep gate, they were still in the prison gate. So stood the two

companies of them that gave thanks in the house of God and high and half the rulers were with me. There we get some of the singing of Israel, back and forth across the city. The Lord says here that the voice of them was heard, 43rd verse, and they also offered great sacrifices and rejoiced for God had made them rich with great joy. The wives also and the children rejoiced, but the joy of Jerusalem was heard.

Then they brought the first. 46th verse, in the day of David and Asaph and all the chief of the singers. All praise and thanksgiving unto God. All Israel was reveled in the days of Nehemiah, in the portions of the singers. The porters, every day, his portion, they sanctified holy things unto the Levites, and the Levites sanctified them with a great thanksgiving service they offered. No one was neglected in their faith. I remember this comes to me now in New York City, a number of years- was there work within the hospital, working on dogs and cats and one day another, experiments, got the idea that he would like to have a thanksgiving dinner and invite people off the street.

He had a clear assignment, cooked the turkey in amber sauce and stuff and all this kind of thing. Got it all ready and he went down the street and asked somebody to come up for thanksgiving, how much is it going to cost me? He had a time to get enough people, but they were skeptical, “What’s the hitch here, what’s the catch, how much is it going to cost me?” “Nothing at all, I just made a Thanksgiving dinner and I want to share it with people.”

Strange, hard to sell people turkey. There's a catch in it. You’ll find that as time went on, had to do some very drastic things in order to bring the people back into reconciliation with God. They got down to some of the fine points, the requirements of the law of Moses. They understood more fully and they began as babes in- we call them babes in Christ, the New Testament, learning of the Scripture, the glory in them, when it comes to what it costs to be a saint, you

find some wandering, drifting away because it costs too much.

I contended with them and said, why is the house of God forsaken? I gathered it together and set it in its place. He had a disciplined group, Ezra and I think that they were the right some people in their faith, after the reading, and after prayer, and after thanksgiving. Here's where we're going now, it seems to me. In our day where authority in the nation, authority is broken down, no one wants to be disciplined.

I find, if we were to look carefully at it, where salvation is free, yes, the plan of God is for the redemption of mankind. The whole Bible is that purpose, showing man how to be redeemed, to be what we were created for. Let's not lay the Word of God aside, let's put the Word of God, the blessings of God, into our thanksgiving celebrations, feast, whatever it might be. Our get-togethers, our fellowship, thanking God, in this place right in our lives.

Our Heavenly Father, we do thank you for a land we can worship thee, this morning, without molestation. The President of the United States of America has declared this year to be the year of the Bible, where the Bible again has been placed in many homes, not only in our land, men are reaching out for it. Countries and nations and people that had their language before now have it in their language.

The practice of hunger and eager as they were when the 50,000 people and read from the Law of Moses for a whole day. They rejoiced and they wept and they confessed and they praised God. There are countries and there are peoples around the world having the Word of God for the first time in their hands and in their own language. I imagine they are like the Israelites, they’re eager and hungry and thankful for what Word they have, and will listen to it by the hour, because they also will confess and obey it.

We pray that we might make use of the availability we have in the Word of God, we might hide it in our heart. We might, as the

Israelites, when we read the Word of God and it reveals something to us that we're not in line with, we want to confess and accept it.

The Love of A Good Woman

Preached at Snow Hill Mennonite Church on May 26, 1985

We cross the line into Pennsylvania and the Pennsylvanians come down here. We were in Pennsylvania last week worshipped with their congregation. In the afternoon, we were at an exercise at Christian Medical Center where we spent our Sunday last Sunday. Now some place you can't cross state line without a whole lot of police harassment and all the things. We planned to go throughout Indiana and maybe Missouri this summer God willing. Two weeks ago, we listened to a good sermon from a man 10 years older than I am. I really enjoyed it and was blessed by Brother Chris's message.

I invite your attention to the message. I think the school children can get some lesson this morning that will be interesting. I'll preaching from the Book of Esther. I believe it was G Campbell Morgan who said this was the greatest story ever told. Of course, with the exception of the story of salvation in the gospel. The whole gospel is the best story ever told. The story of Esther, I may have termed it as the best story ever told. Others have questioned if it should be in the Bible because it doesn't mention the word God in it. It refers to God and God's working but it doesn't have the word God in it.

It is a story of how God worked through one individual as a way to save a whole nation, to save the Jews. Interesting how Satan has been trying to destroy the Jewish race ever since it was established. He tried to defeat God's plan for his people. I've titled the sermon, The Power of a Good Woman. If you turn to Chapter 4:16, part of it, "So will I go into the king which is not according to the land, if I perish, I perish. Nor shall I go into the king which is not law, but I'll go on behalf of people, and I perish, I perish." One person can

determine the destiny of a whole nation. Rather a strong statement but it's true in this case.

I believe it's true today. Pick out

Amos officiating the wedding of Maynard and Mary Hostetler at Snow Hill Mennonite on May 31, 1975

people in history have changed the faith of a whole nation, the destiny of a whole nation, the morality of a nation. Some of them in most unexpected places. Some were supported by religious people. Some whose cause was supported by churches, by law enforcement officers until they found out the course of which they were, that it was too late. The Power of a Good Woman. There's only two books in the Bible that are associated around a woman. The Book of Esther and the Book of Ruth. Both are wonderful stories. A part of history of God's dealing with our world.

During the reign of Ahasuerus he had a large kingdom. He reigned from India, the Book of Esther 1:1. Reigned from India even unto Ethiopia over 107 and 20 provinces. Ahasuerus sat on the throne in his kingdom which was Shushan in the palace. The third year of his reign, he was proud of his achievements and he had put on a banquet or a feast. He called all his servants and all of his captains and all of his leaders to have a celebration that lasted 180 days.

Like most celebrations that we know about from time beginning, they had to have their drinks along with their feasting and with their service of their celebration.

He was proud of his kingdom. He was proud of his reign. Proud of the Medes and the Persians. They had a saying that the law of the Medes and Persians cannot be changed and altered not, it stands. Think of one time when the law of Medes and Persians, a law where the king would like to have changed but he couldn't change. Anybody know what it was, a bible story we know? The law can't be changed. Daniel had to be cast in the den of lions. Couldn't change it, he had to go. That overruled in that case because also the three Hebrew children thrown in the fire.

That was a law of the Medes and Persians that couldn't be changed, couldn't be reversed. You we find this Book of Esther a law that was made. The Medes and Persians that couldn't be altered, it couldn't be changed, but he also allowed the law to be counteracted it and saved the people. The destiny of the Jews hung upon one person in this story. Esther, Queen Esther was the only one singlehandedly saved the Jews from annihilation and extinction. Interesting to see how that a such wonderful law such as couldn't be changed. Some of those laws were made by some fanatic who came with an idea and presented it to the king and they said this was going to be the law.

Seems like the laws that were going to be enforced ought to have some background to it or they have some back of it, some planning back of it. Notice that can't be changed, but notice as we go along, the law was a stupid law that came out of the jealousy and the pride of one man. The king said, "Yes, we all like that," so they made the law and it couldn't be changed. They made another law to counteract that one which saved us. Esther is the one who stood in the gap between risking her own life that she might save her people. They had this feast for a number of days and about the

seventh day, the king got drunk.

He wanted to put on-- he'd show them all the finery he had and all his gold, all the jewels and all his precious things. They asked his queen to come in on display and she refused. Let's see in verse nine, “Also, the queen made a feast for the women in the royal house which belonged to King Ahasuerus. On the seventh day when the heart of the king was merry with wine, he commanded a number of his chamberlains to prepare the queen. To bring Vashti before the king with the crown royal, to show the people and the princes her beauty for she was fair to look upon.

The Queen Vashti refused to come to the king’s commandment, and therefore was the king very wroth, and his anger burned in him.” He asked the queen to come and do an immoral, present herself before this crowd of drinking people. One thing interesting about this drinking program, he let each one do as they pleased. He gave them drink in vessels of gold. The vessels were different from each other. Royal wine in abundance according to the state of the king. The drinking was according to the law. None did compel for so the king had appointed to all the officers of his house that they should do according to every man’s pleasure.

Each one drank as they felt like drinking. Didn’t have to drink if they didn’t want to be. In some circles, you’re ostracized if you ask for Coca Cola or wine, and it becomes an odd ball or killjoy if you don’t go along with them. Here, the king ordered that each one drank according to his own feeling. Evidently, the king had got pretty high as he began to be merry with wine, commanded Vashti to be brought in to spare herself before this mob of drinking men and she refused. Then, the king said to the wise men which knew the times, for so was the king’s manner toward all that knew judgment. He didn’t follow all the way because later on, he let Haman make a law to annihilate the Jews.

Wasn’t much there according to the law of Haman. “What shall we

do unto the Queen Vashti according to law, because she hath not performed the commandment of the king?" Then, Memucan answered, "Before the king and the princes, Vashti the queen hath not done wrong to the king only but all of the princes, and to all the people that are in the provinces of the King Ahasuerus.

For this deed, the queen shall come abroad unto all women, so shall they despise husbands in their eyes and it shall be reported. The King Ahasuerus commanded Vashti the queen to be brought in before him but she came not.

Likewise, shall the ladies of Persia and Media say this day unto all the king's princes, which have heard of the deeds of the queen. Thus shall there arise too much contempt and wrath." Women's lib, we're going to have a women's liberal movement here in this great kingdom, and that's going to cause much contempt and wrath. We know what it's done in our country. "If it please there's going to be a royal commandment from him written among the laws of the Persians and the Medes that it be not altered, can't be changed. Vashti come no more before King Ahasuerus and let the king give her royal estate unto another that is better than she.

When the king's decree, which he shall make shall be published throughout his empire, for all the wives to their husband's honor, both to great and small and it pleased the king and the princes." Indeed, according to the word of Memucan, he sent letters onto all the king's provinces, under every province according to the thereof and to every people after their language, that every man should bear rule in his own house and it be published according to the language of every people. I hope the women's liberals are listening, if the ordained Mennonite women, those are our warnings about ordination.

Vashti did a thing that was unthought of, refusing to do what the king asked to do. Vashti was asked to do something that was unreasonable. It was not right. She refused. We can't let this thing

go on, this one person that is going to change the status of our whole country. Women no longer will obey their husbands anymore if we let this thing go unpunished and something is done about it. “This pleased the king,” things being done when a person is drunk.

This thing doesn’t make sense. This is what the king had done. He’d made a mistake and now he had to correct it some way because the law of the Medes and Persians shouldn’t be altered. It seems it took him a little to get over this even after he had made it and it sent to all the provinces, 172 provinces that every man should reign in his own house. That people regardless of what language ought to know about it. There’s also this great thing that Queen Vashti had done by refusing to come into his presence and display herself. All right, after these things, when the party was done, he remembered Vashti had done and what was decreed to her.

He had second thoughts. I think he felt sorry about the thing. I think he loved Vashti. But then he said, “Let the officers in all the provinces of his kingdom that they may gather together all the fair young virgins unto the palace, in the house of the women, unto the custody of Haggai the king’s chamberlain, keeper of the women.” They had to kept. That pageant, after the one they had in Atlantic City, or we should say, people put forth the people they think that are beautiful. But here he sent specialists out to find good looking women that the king might choose one of them for a queen.

Now, there are a lot of Jews living in this country. They’d been brought in during Nebuchadnezzar or Nebuchadnezzar had taken what was the king’s name at that time. He came in and taken these people captive about 50, 60 years before this and Jews just like they had in Egypt, they had Jews all over the place. As they went out to seek and find people to bring to this king, the beautiful virgins throughout the land. The king was the judge. He picked the one that he suited to him. There was an orphan girl, Esther. They picked her and brought her in. I think her uncle put on a proper

gambit. She was Mordecai’s niece.

Mordecai had raised her from a girl because her father and mother died and he brought up Hadassah, that is, Esther, his uncle’s daughter. She had neither father nor mother and the maid was fair and beautiful. He had her when her father and mother were dead, took her as his own daughter. It came to pass, when the king’s commandment and the decree was heard, when the maidens were gathered together unto Shushan the palace, to the custody of Haggai that Esther was brought also unto the king’s house, to the custody of Haggai, keeper of the women and the maidens.

She obtained kindness of him and he speedily gave her things for purification, such things as belonged to her. Had to go through her beauty process, beautification for the rest of the year. They used different kinds of ointments and they took the very prettiest they had, and then they worked on them for a year to beautify them before they brought them into the king. The queen is being replaced, Vashti. It doesn’t say anything more about her but the law is published and they start to replace the queen. She was an afterthought.

Thus came unto the king whatsoever she desired with her out of the house to the king’s house. In the morrow, she returned into the women, kept the concubines. The concubines kept the women. No one comes to king except he called her.

Now when the turn of Esther, the daughter of Abihail the uncle of Mordecai, who had taken her for his daughter, was come to go in unto the king, she required nothing but what Hegai the king's chamberlain, the keeper of the women, appointed. And Esther obtained favor in the sight of all them that looked upon her.

So Esther was taken unto king Ahasuerus into his house royal in the tenth month, which is the month Tebeth, in the seventh year of his reign. And the king loved Esther above all the women, and she obtained grace and favor in his sight more than all the virgins; so

that he set the royal crown upon her head, and made her queen instead of Vashti. Then the king made a great feast unto all his princes and his servants, even Esther's feast; and he made a release to the provinces, and gave gifts, according to the state of the king.

Esther hadn't yet given her identity of Jew. Mordecai had told her not reveal that she was a Jew while she was there. On the 20th, whatever thing we add to the greatness, I think, of Esther. Esther shewed her kindred nor her people as Mordecai had charged her.

For Esther did the commandment of Mordecai as when she was brought up with him. That's one thing I think makes Esther a great woman. The whole thing hinged on women's rights and women's liberation. It's only fitting that they show him who had respect under this standard. She had the respect of Mordecai even though she was now the queen for the Medes and Persians, she looked at the teachings and the wishes and the desires of the one who was a father to her. This to me is a great verse. Esther did the commandment of Mordecai like as when she was brought up with him.

In those days while Mordecai sat in the king's gate, Bigthan and Teresh, of those which kept the door, were wroth, lay hands on the King Ahasuerus.

They were going to assassinate the king, and Mordecai asked her to tell the king, and the plot was stopped. Like so many occasions, Mordecai had saved the king's life, everything was done, no wreckage was made of it. People thanked him through Esther the Queen, that's what happened. Then there was another man, name of Haman, he pushed himself in. He got angry that Mordecai wouldn't bow to him.

This made Haman angry. Haman saw that Mordecai bowed not, nor gave reverence. Then was Haman full of wrath, and he thought scorned to lay hands on Mordecai alone, but they had showed him the people of Mordecai. Wherefore, Haman sought to destroy all the

Jews that were throughout the whole kingdom of Ahasuerus. Even the people of[OBJ]

Snow Hill cookout, mid-1980s (Amos on the far right)

Mordecai. He goes ahead and plots. “If it be the king, let it be written that he be destroyed, and I will pay 10,000 talents of silver to the hands of those that are into the business to bring it into the king’s treasure.” The king took the ring from his hand, and he gave it to Haman, the son of Hammedatha, the Jew’s enemy.

The king said to Haman, “The silver is good to thee, and the people have to do with them as it seemeth good to thee.” He called all the scribes again, and he proclaims throughout all the land, that all the Jews should be killed on a certain time. He had to find out from this what would be a good time to do this. He had it all figured out. The king had given him his ring to sign it with. They had a stamp on the ring. He gave the king’s stamp and posted it throughout all the provinces, in every language. Later on, letters were sent by post to all the king’s provinces to destroy and kill and to cause the perish all Jews, both young and old, little children and women, in one day.

The 18th day of the 12th month, which is the month of Adar, and take the spoil of them for a prey. A smart fellow, wasn’t he? He’s going to kill all these Jews, take the money out of their pockets, and

pay this money he was going to give to the king. If you kill off all the Jews, that affects the taxes. He had to offset that wrong some way or another. He had to cut taxes for all these Jews being killed, so he was going to give them a whole pile of money. Right at one time, to put in the treasure, and he was going to kill off all the Jews. What he was going to do is kill the Jews and take their pockets.

Take the spoil and pay the ransom he had made. Smart fellow, wasn't he? Anyway, he got the law. Some of the laws in our lands today, we wonder if folks got them in there some kind of way. Smart fellow. Made it law. All the Jews were going to be killed and now Mordecai, he was in trouble. He didn't know what to do. He sat on the side crying. He wouldn't be brought into the king's presence that way. He appeals to Esther, Esther sends and finds out what's the matter with Mordecai. The law of the Medes and Persians, every Jew would be killed, was more than the king could change.

Daniel going into the den of lions says this is the law of the Medes and Persians. Esther had to go, and Esther said, "I'm going to go, and if I die, I perish." What Esther does, she'll be a godly woman. She says, "The first thing we'll do we'll fast, and we'll pray. For thou altogether holdest a peace at this time, then shall their enlargement and deliverance arrive to the Jew from another place, but thou and thy father's house shall be destroyed, and who knoweth thou art in the kingdom for such a time as this?"

Esther returned to this answer, "Go gather together all ye that are in the nation, and fast ye for me, neither eat nor drink, night or day. I also my maidens will fast likewise, so will I go in the evening." Which is not according to the law, but for Mordecai, what is the way of getting to all that Esther had commanded? It is prayer and fasting. Evidence here that great things are not all in a hurry, a situation but to strike while the iron's hot. I've seen things happen

in the church with “strike while the iron’s hot.” It turns out to be wrong. God’s work doesn’t always require haste. The Jew’s life was at stake, Esther’s life was at stake so she took time.

He was a bad king, and the king asked her in, why didn’t she say, “Oh my, we’ve got to get Haman. He’s made a law that’s going to kill all my people.” Instead she said come tomorrow and I’ll tell them what I want to do. This made Haman feel pretty good. He was proud. Haman was next to the king. He had seen the queen, ate at her house, and he wanted to get rid of her. He was going to hang Mordecai the next day, he hadn’t had permission yet, but he made the scaffold.

He was ahead of his time. He’d make things work fast. He said, “The request is we’ll have another meeting tomorrow night. We’ll have another party tomorrow night.” They brought in Haman, and then she told him the real desire was. Wicked Haman. She had the courage to tell her real desire to the king. She puts her life on the line. She lays her life on the line. “This is the way it is. This wicked Haman here has made the law. He sent out the request of going out throughout the land that all the Jews should be killed on one day.”

Now what’s going to happen? The king was wrought, and he had Haman hung on the gallows he had made for Mordecai. Esther said the adversary and the enemy is this wicked Haman. Then Haman was afraid before the king and the queen. The king arising from the banquet of wine and his wrath went into the palace garden. Haman stood up to make a request for his life to ask the queen for he saw that there was evil determination by the king.

Then the king returned out of the palace garden to the place of banquet of wine, and Haman had fallen upon the bannister, and the king came in and he was wroth. He must be killed. Then the king said, “Hang him thereon.” They had Haman on the gallows that he had prepared for Mordecai. Then was the king’s wrath. In between this, the king happened to be unable to sleep one night. Remember

another king that couldn't sleep one night. The law of Medes and Persians couldn't be changed. He didn't sleep. The law couldn't change.

Daniel was in the den of lions. The law of the Medes and Persians that couldn't be changed that Jews you ought to be killed all the day. His wife, his queen was a Jew. Didn't sleep very good, so he said, no. He brought the book, his diary, and he found out that Mordecai had saved his life. "Was anything ever done for him?" "No, nothing was done." "I'm going to honor him tomorrow." He tells Haman, "What would you do to honor the greatest man in the kingdom of the honor?" Of course, Haman thought it was him, and he put on a great ceremony. He said, "You go out and do that to Mordecai."

Oh, what a humiliation. Through the town with a king's robe on, riding the king's horse, saying, "This is the one the king has honored," Haman leading the horse. He thought by this time, Mordecai would be hanging on the gallows as a criminal, but it didn't work out. They said, "Sir, help will arise from another source. The Jews won't be exterminated." It doesn't take care of the present situation. All right, now let's see another law here. Chapter 8:7, "Then King Ahasuerus said unto Esther the queen and to Mordecai the Jew, Behold, I have given Esther the house of Haman, in that they have hanged upon the gallows because he laid his hand upon the Jews.

Write forth as it liketh you in the king's name, and seal it with the king's ring. The writing which is written in the king's name and sealed with the king's ring, no man can reverse. This has already been done to all Jews on a certain day. Then the king's scribes at that time, the third month, the month Sivan, the three and twentieth day thereof. It was written according to all that Mordecai commanded unto the Jews and to the Lusitanians, that they were the province which are in India and Ethiopia. 127 provinces, even

though according to the writing thereof and then to every people after their language and the Jews according to their writing and according to their language."

He wrote in the King Ahasuerus' name and sent it on horseback, riders on mules, camels, and young dromedaries. Wherein the king granted the Jews which were in every city, to gather themselves together and stand for their life. To destroy, to slay, to cause to perish all. The power of the people in the province that would assault them, both little ones and them to take the spoils for a prey. Upon one day in all the province, the king has a re-establishment on the 13th day of the 12th month, which is the month Adar. A copy of the writing for the commandment is sent to every province and published unto all people, that the Jews should be ready against that day to avenge themselves of their enemies. They rode upon mules and camels went out, being hastened and pressed on by the king's commandment. The dearest decree was given at Shushan the palace. It goes on that the Jews killed 750,000 and the Jews were spared.

The law of the Medes and Persians wouldn't change, but the strength and power of this one woman changed the destiny of the Jews that were taken captive by Nebuchadnezzar. There are a lot of ways in which we can emulate the character, the disposition of that queen. She respected her uncle, and honored those who raised her. She was willing to lay down her life for her people.

There's a great story here that King Ahasuerus laid a tribute upon the land, upon the isles, and he enacted his own might and declaration of the protection of the people. Or to say, the Jews accepted the people's welfare and peace to their seed. It's where one good woman changed the destiny of God's people, the Jews. An interesting thing you have to study further, why they according to this decree, they could plunder and take all of the spoils. They didn't take the spoils. They didn't need it.

Haman was going to kill all the Jews and clean out the profits, pay his debt to the king. The Jews themselves, the law of Medes and Persians wasn't broken. Neither was the first law carried out that all the Jews should be exterminated because Jews were saved their lives. I believe I was in a class one time, D.L. Moody rendered a statement, the world has yet to see what can be accomplished by one man fully dedicated to the Lord. He said God helping me, I'm going to be that man. I'm not sure what the world has yet seen, what can be accomplished through one man. I think the statement by our president that sometimes one person can determine the destiny of a whole nation.

I could name some this morning who have changed the morality of our nation to a great degree. One person. One person can say, "I can't do anything." The world has yet to see, I think, what can come of a person who is fully dedicated to the Lord. I think Esther was one person who was dedicated to her people and to her God. She fasted and prayed. She knew there was a hard waiting for God to answer. She found a way to do it.

Lord, thank you for this one book your word, this story of one woman, faithful to the extent that she laid her life on the line for her people. "If I perish, I perish." We pray that you will help us to honor and respect those who love thee and serve thee, those who are working for your cause.

Thank the mothers, the women on this street have been a blessing to our community. They've been a blessing to our homes, to our school, to our church. Help that they might not be lifted up with pride. They might submit themselves to you and find a field in which they can work for thee, even if it means life or death. Pray that you'd bless this story of Esther and of Mordecai to our good. For Jesus sake, Amen.

Will Thou Be Made Whole?

Preached at Snow Hill Mennonite Church on March 20, 1988

My mind is drawn somehow to a miracle that Jesus performed early in His ministry taken also from the Gospel of John. Quite a contrast from the scripture which Brother James read this morning. Jesus had a lot of discussion, a lot of talk. This miracle which Jesus performed, recorded in the fifth chapter, in very few words, Jesus spoke, and yet He healed a person who was in trouble for 38 years, no one to help him. I want to read it. John 5:1 - "After this there was a feast of the Jews, and Jesus went up to Jerusalem. Now there is at Jerusalem by the Sheep Market a pool, which is called in the Hebrew tongue Bethesda, having five porches. In these lay a great multitude of impotent, a blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the water. For an angel went down at a certain season into the pool, and troubled the water; whosoever then first after the troubling of the water stepped in was made whole of all the disease he had. A certain man were there which had an infirmity 38 years. When Jesus saw him lie and knew he had been there a long time in that cause, He saith unto him, 'Wilt thou be made whole?' The impotent answered him, 'Sir, I have no man when the water is troubled to put me into the pool, but while I am coming another steppeth of down before me.' Jesus saith unto him, 'Rise, take up thy bed, and walk,' and immediately the man was made whole, took up his bed and walked, and the same day was the Sabbath. The Jews therefore said unto him, 'That was cured, it is the Sabbath day, it is not lawful for thee to carry thy bed.' He answered them, 'He that made me whole, the same saith unto me, take up they bed and walk.' They asked thy him, 'What man is it that said unto thee, Take up thy bed and walk? And he that was healed wished not who it was, for Jesus had conveyed Himself away a multitude being in that place.

Afterward Jesus finding him in the temple, and said unto him, Behold, thou art made whole, so no more or less the worst thing come unto thee. The man departed, and told the Jews that it was

Jesus, which had made him whole. Therefore did the Jews persecute and sought to slay Him because He had done these things on the Sabbath day. He answered them, My Father worketh hitherto, and I work. Therefore the Jews sought the more to kill Him because He not only had broken the Sabbath, but also said also that God was His Father, making Himself equal with God."

In comparison here with the argument He had with which Brother James read. "For the Father loveth the son, and showeth him all things that he himself doeth, and he will shew him greater works than these that ye may marvel. For as the Father raises up the dead and quickeneth them; even so the man quickeneth he will. For the Father judges no man, but hath committed to the judgment that all men should honor the Son, even as they honor the Father. He that honoreth not the son honoreth not the Father which hath sent him. Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word and believeth on him that sent me hath everlasting life and shall not come into the condemnation; but is passed from death.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, the hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God: and they that here shall live. For as the Father hath life in himself; so hath he to the Son to have life in himself. And he hath given him authority to execute judgment also, because he is the Son of man."

I'll stop reading there. See this picture of Jesus coming into this area. He had just performed miracles at other places, the popularity was just beginning to be known around, and He comes here to Bethesda at the feast. Someone has said that all parables of Jesus are miracle of wisdom, and that all miracles of Jesus are parables of teaching.

That's why I would like to use this healing miracle of Jesus here as a teaching lesson. I don't think Jesus performed this miracle just for the sake of putting it on there, that He healed this man, but that we might learn some lessons from this miracle of healing to apply to

our day, and to our time, and to our need. This was a truly wonderful happening. This feast may have been the Feast of the Trumpets announcing the beginning of the new year. We don't know exactly what it was, but it said, nearing the feast. The feast was about take place and Jesus was here in Jerusalem, so that in the church of St. Anne's, in that area, there's an angel depicting the idea that an angel went down and touched the water at certain time of the year.

Now we may take from that story of the troubling of the water and people being healed. We might take it for what you want to, I don't know. Jesus didn't condemn the man for being superstitious or following the voodooism or anything of that kind, but he just simply stated that it was, in fact, that people believe that anyway. There must have been healings or it wouldn't have been continued, but it was one person, the first one that got there, not the one that needed it the most, perhaps, but the one who got there first, the one who entered into the water, he would be healed. That might be strange for us but Jesus did not condemn it at that time.

I see Jesus walking through these five porches, seeing the multitudes lying there. Some had come by themselves, some had been brought. This man evidently had been brought by someone and laid on a mat, on a bed and he had been there many times before. I don't think he stayed there continually, like a beggar would in front of the temple or somewhere, but he came on this occasion to find healing, hope against hope, as we'll see as we go on through this story here. Seeing all these sick people, other places that Jesus was with compassion and He healed them all. He only picked that one man in this case, to the multitudes lying there, multitudes of impotent folks, blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the water, waiting for an opportunity to go down into the water and be healed.

I can see Jesus moved with compassion on them. Seemingly, He

didn't

Holly Grove Mennonite in 2020

have time, or it wouldn't have been safe for Him to spend His time healing there at that time was because this one man that was healed, they all already tried to seek Him out and have Him killed. His eyes, perhaps on the most pitiful one there, or the one who Jesus thought He could help the most.

For 38 years he had been there in some kind of a helpless condition, hoping against hope. Someone must have carried him there because he wasn't able to carry his own bed, hoping against hope. Jesus comes to him and sees him and said, "Wouldst thou be made whole? Would you be made whole?" What kind of a question? "Wouldst thou be made whole?"

He didn't know this was Jesus because he perhaps hadn't heard about the miracles yet of Jesus. I don't know, but anyway, this is the way Jesus approached him with a question, "Wouldst thou be made whole?" He was astonished, no doubt. The impotent man answered, "Sir, I have no man, when the water is troubled to put me in the pool. When I'm coming, someone else steps down ahead of me and gets the blessing. I've been here a number of times." I don't know whether he came every year for 38 years or not, but he

had been there long enough to know what happened. Generally, someone else got the advantage of him and so he couldn't get there. Jesus' popularity was beginning to grow at this time. He might not have thought he was able to perform a miracle at this time. "I have no man to help me." This man seems to cry out that he was a hopeless case, until he was there. A hopeless case, and the fact that when Jesus said, "Would you be made whole?" He looked up and said, "Sir, I've been here long time, they've never helped me before. Am I getting some help from you?" His hopelessness may have started to turn to a slimmer ray of hope. Here's someone that's centered in on me and personally and asked me to be whole.

Maybe he's the one that will get me down in the water now or someone else does this time. I think and no doubt this man was laying there, just it's hope against hope. There's no possible way in which I can ever get down there to be healed. The next thing as he looked at Jesus, Jesus says, "Arise, take up thy bed and walk. Rise, take up thy bed and walk." He stands up, and then he stoops down, he rolled up his bed, puts it on his shoulder, and begins to walk the street. Marvelous. I don't see him hobbling away or dragging his bed. He rolls it up, he puts it in the shoulders and he goes out in the street, and he starts for home. I'm sure he didn't think about being in the Sabbath. Sure, he didn't. The thing, sometimes when people like this were healed, they jumped and shouted and ran, this man just did what Jesus told him to do. He rolled up his bed and on his shoulder and away he went downtown. It wasn't long until he met somebody that says, "What are you doing carrying a bed today? This is the Sabbath. What have you to carry a bed?"

Isn't it strange that people get so bogged down with rules and regulations and specifications that they can't accept a miracle like this of God? What a right have you to carry a bed? He answered them, "He that made me whole, the same said unto me, Take up thy bed and walk." That was the answer to one of them. I don't know who told me to do it, but the Father healed me. He said, "Take your

bed," and so I'm going. He didn't know that it was Jesus. He said, "The man that healed me told me to do it."

Then they said, "What man is it that told you to take up your bed and walk?" They ought to have known who it was. A special man. No man had ever done this before in the churches of Bethesda. He was almost running. He goes home and puts the bed down and he starts for the temple. No doubt a man of this type had missed to being in the temple and worshipping there, so now he's going to join what he'd been missing all these years. He's going to be worshipping at the temple at this feast day.

He put down his bed and he goes to the temple to praise God, to worship, to tell the friends what had happened to him. While he was there, what happened? He came face to face with Jesus, the one who had healed him. He didn't know who it was. Jesus got up through the crowd and was gone while the man was busy doing what Jesus told him to do, he took up his bed and he walked.

All at once there he was face to face with Jesus, the one who had healed him. Jesus said, "Behold, thou art made whole." He had known that. No doubt it was a real boon to him to have the one who had healed him say, "Just for today, you're made whole. You won't have any more problems with it. You're made whole." Right away he knew then that it was Jesus that had made him whole.

Then He told him something else, He said, "Sin no more, lest a worst thing will come upon you." This is all the conversation you have of Jesus confess to the man who was made whole, who had been sick or infirm for 38 years. "Will thou be made whole? Take up thy bed and walk. Behold, thou art made whole, sin no more, lest the worst thing." This was all the conversation that Jesus had with the man, that's recorded at least. Then he knew it was Jesus.

I'd like to draw some lessons from this. Why the first would ask, "Would thou be made whole?" Why didn't Jesus just heal him without asking him? Why didn't He just touch him and say, "Rise,

take up your bed and walk." This is one of the marvels of God's dealings, for God has made us free moral agents. We have the right to choose, we have the responsibility to choose. Nowhere does God overstep or take away or encroach upon that. We have the right of choice. We're made creatures of choice.

Nowhere does God push that will or override it or say, "You're going to anyway. I'm going to heal you." I think there's a lesson there for us. He does not force His will on us. He sometimes can make it unpleasant that we perhaps will choose to choose the right. He doesn't force His will on us. The predestination that God has created a certain number to be saved and you can't do anything else to be saved and a certain number to be lost and they would be lost is not God.

God created us as free moral agents and we need to choose and we're told how to choose, we're not left in the dark but nothing will happen unless we choose. Unless man knows Christ can do nothing for him. Man convinced against his will is of the same opinion still. Many a time, I must be agony for God to bring us all almost persuaded and still not be able to save him. Almost save him and still not be able to. This poor impotent man, his answer revealed that he had lost hope. I have no man. I have no man.

Lifesavers, water, see, it's a very old thing to learn, someone to wait until they're helpless just before you go and take them. Our son and a friend of his was down in Tennessee and a 200-pound man out swimming and the water was steep right off from the shore. Man-made lake because put up a dam down the mountain just steep down like that. A 200-pound man was out there swimming and he began to drown. He lost, he couldn't swim anymore. They watched, they saw him go down, come up fighting. They watched as he went up and floated on the top.

Then he went out. God took him by the coattail and pulled him to shore, took him by the collar some way and brought him ashore, to

save him before he was given up. All three drowned because he would have tackled one and then the other would have gone and taken the dog with him. This was an opportune time for Jesus to save this man because his hope and his own merits were gone. “I have no man.”

He thought about the question. He might have answered, thought, “Why did you ask me the question, do I want to be made whole? I wouldn’t be here if I hadn’t wanted to be whole.” He asked, the man thinks, “Why didn’t he ask me? Is this the man that’s going to help me into the pool? Is this the day I’ve been waiting for? Is this where I’m going to be made whole?” I believe his hope was renewed.

We have our own will and sometimes we get to the place where we’re hopeless, and all hope is lost, then we need to have our hope rebought by the promises of Jesus. What did the man have? He’s beginning to rant, “I can see a better day, I think, there’s a door for us.” Now in the fourth place, Jesus has to do something. Without faith, he could not have been whole. Without surrendering his will to God’s will, he could not have been made whole. Without obeying the commands of Jesus, he would never have walked.

Jesus asked him to do something, “Pick up your bed and walk.” Isn’t that kind of an impossible thing to a person that hadn’t walked for 38 years? “Just pick up your bed and go home,” that’s all there is to it. He might have said, “It hurts when I bend over. It hurts when I try to walk. It hurts when I try to do this or that.” No, he didn’t. His hope had been renewed, and he believed Jesus was going to do something for him, and so he just stood up and then he stooped down, rolled up his bed, and away he went. Isn’t that something? His will had to be surrendered, his willingness to obey what Jesus had for him to do.

Mr. Booth, the president and founder of the Salvation Army, made this statement concerning the 20th century. He said, “The 20th

century will be marked by conversion without regeneration, Christianity without Christ, the Word of God without the Holy Spirit," and some other things he mentioned. I want to add that we're expecting morals without law, morals without absolute. I think what Mr. Booth saw would come is already, and has been here, conversions without regeneration.

One thing that has concerned me a lot in my ministry, people who are baptized, received into church fellowship, who evidently are never converted, or never regenerate, I should say. Converted, conversion is not regeneration. Ephesians 4:23, we have a verse. I read 22, "To put off the conversation, and all concerning the former conversation, the old man which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts, and be renewed in the spirit of your mind, a new mind, a new creation, a new creature in Christ Jesus." Romans 12:2 says, "Be transformed by the renewing of your mind that you might prove what is a good and acceptable and perfect will of God." Titus 3:5, "By the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost." I went to a pediatric surgeon one time about my back, took a picture of it, and they said I have a degenerated vertebra. I said, I don't know what degeneration is, I know what regeneration is, but I don't know what degeneration is. I'm glad to know that this doctor was regenerated. He knows what degeneration of the vertebra is, he knows what regeneration of the spirit is, of the soul. "Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature. Old things are past, and old things have become new."

I remember earlier in my ministry, I told our Bishop George Hostetter about a man in Pennsylvania that a young fellow had been an out-and-outer, that was before the '60s. He was on dope and he was on drink. I told how the Lord had saved him a century over cigarettes. George said "That man was never saved." It struck me like that. Jesus never done a half-way job. If He saved the man, he saved him. He saved him from drink, He saved him from dope, He saved him from cigarettes. The new creature in Christ Jesus, if

he hadn't completely saved, Jesus would have done the job. He might have been converted, but he wasn't regenerated. You don't think back in time when they had the old model A Ford convertibles. One time there would be a closed-in car, and the next time they'd be open. They were convertibles, they were able to be converted, but they did not stay completely closed-in cars. There was a difference between conversion and regeneration.

I found out that Brother George was right. This man was never really regenerated. I never thought about that until that time, but I have seen it lots of times. Jesus never done a half-way job. This man didn't hobble home, and then hobble to the temple. He was complete. It was a complete job. Become a new creature. I am rather disturbed with all of the healing programs we have in our church today, and in the world. Harold, how many premarital counsel sessions did you have?

None? How in the world did you and Sylvia learn to live together? You lived together almost 40 years. You never went to premarital counseling? How in the world did you get the idea that you could live together? You haven't been in to any marriage encounters since? No? You've been all this time, no problem. Marriage enrichment. Often I haven't attended. I'm almost a victim of it because if it would get any better, I'd do it sometimes, but I don't think I'd attend it. Marriage enrichment seminars. I have question marks. I have question marks. You've never taken a vacation? I remember when I was in the mountains in the cabin and stayed for a week or two, away from everything to get your things together and learn to know each other, get away from the problem. It's strange. I know we're living in a different time now than when Harold and I got married. There may be some need for premarital counseling because many of the homes, in general in our nation, the homes are not what God intended them to be, and therefore, children are not learning the lesson of what home is, what father and mother are. All kinds of psychologists and psychiatrists and

counselors and so forth. I believe a lot of our problems could be solved today by old-fashioned regeneration.

I take notice that some of these marriage counselors are out of God's order telling people how to be in God's order. The sisters are taking a man's place. They have their hair cut. They do not have the veiling. They haven't accepted God's order, and still trying to straighten out problems in homes. I don't think it will do the work of a regeneration problem. Regeneration experts would do. It seems to be teaching people how to get along with each other in the God's order and chain of command. We've got almost as many psychiatrists now as we have malpractice lawyers. We're getting more and more of them in the Mennonite Church. I think there's more need for it because of the violation of God's order in marriage and in families in our church.

Marcus Dodd says concerning this man taking up his bed and walk, why didn't he leave it? They say, "I'll take it. I'll take it. I'll go home. Someone wash my bed. I might need it back." Dodd says the reason he took his bed, rolled it up and took it home, he left no room for relapse. He killed him, take my bed along, leave it at home where it belonged. He started a business. He knew he was healed. I'd be the last one to say that there are no room for psychiatrists. I'd be the last one to say because I've had it in my family, a lot of old family members. They say, now it seems as though your mind is not good like it ought to. You can't make your own decisions. We've made some decisions that you do what we say to do that you might be healed. Until he was willing like this man to give his will up and completely, even the psychiatrist do anything for him. There's room for psychiatrists. There's room for medical doctors. There's room for counseling. I think we've gone overboard. Instead of trying first, we may have to try the solution, which will work.

I can notice briefly four lessons. First of all, Christ approached the

man at his. “Will thou be made whole?” He had to approach him at his will. Then He asked him to do something. He said, “Rise.” There’s power enough in Christ to make him whole. Supposing the man had argued, that’s a good thing to ask me. “I can’t rise. I was carried here.” Even on the third day I can’t rise. No. Jesus said, “Arise.” Christ can make him arise. The man said, “I can’t, but I will because you said so.” That’s the place we’ve got to come to if we’re going to have the blessing of God and healing or in our life, in any area of our life. The man cannot arise, but Christ can make him arise. The man says, “I can’t, but I will because You told me to.” Do the impossible. That’s where the human will and the divine will touched, and that’s when things happened, and not until then. He stands erect. Not in the energy of his own will or his own faith, but in the energy and the strength of Christ’s will for him. The third point, He says, “Take up thy bed and walk. Take up your bed. Leave no provision for a relapse.” The fourth is walk. Don’t expect to be carried. Having done all this, stand therefore, having your loins girded about with truth, having on the breastplate of righteousness, and go forth as a man.

I’d like to explain myself a little bit, my attack on premarital counseling, I think there’s a great need for premarital counseling. Our day and age have so many homes, the children don’t know what home life is. I’m not condemning anyone who want to go to a marriage enrichment. I don’t think Martha and I need it quite. We might if we get older, I don’t know, but I don’t think young folks can tell us what we need to do to get a straight attempt. We need to go to the Word of God and refilling the Spirit. I wanted to mention that the Word of God without the Spirit of God as someone has said, about 80% of the church workers continue just as usual. It would take the whole Christian. I don’t know if it would be that high, I don’t know, but it’s tragic to think of that. Trying to do the work of God without the Holy Spirit’s presence.

Let’s take to heart a lesson that we get from this simple healing.

Just some simple, “Would thou be made whole? Take thy bed and walk.” Made whole. “Don’t sin, lest the worst condition come on you.” For the years and the money you’d have spent on such things, and then you were fully healed. That’s what prayer is.

Thank you, Heavenly Father, for your Word, which is eternal. We thank you for the Holy Spirit that wrote the Word. It is here to interpret, we will listen, we will obey, and we will turn our wills to Your will, that You might work in us and through us to accomplish Your work. We thank you for each one here this morning. We think of Lily, we couldn’t be here without her, bless her abundantly where she is. Lord, grant her faith and her confidence and her strength, and they might be strong to the end. It will be your will and your time to grant her request to go home. Where the rule is called upon her, she’ll be there. We pray that this faith might not diminish or wane, might come to fruition in your own time. Bless those who are caring for her. Strengthen her and help her to be a testimony of Your saving grace. We think of others who are sick or suffering. Thank You for those thou hast healed and put Your healing hand on. We pray that you would continue to be a blessing to them and their faith. Thank You for the confidence in you, that you might continue to grow and increase and become strong. We thank you for the fellowship that you’ve had together in Your Word. We sing Your songs together, praying together. We pray that You would bless us from the center of our hearts as we continue to study Your Word. We’d like to be open to the truth that You would give to us. We pray in Jesus’ name. Amen.

Upon His Retirement

Preached at Snow Hill Mennonite Church in 1990 (fragment)

I was blessed at the closing program of Bible School. I thought I was in Honduras. If I’d be in Honduras this morning, I’m sure that the bishop’s wife would get me by the arm and we’d have to go up

front. I would be saying English and the congregation saying Spanish. I got called señor over and over again. This morning, the message will be different than what I've ever given. I don't know. You won't be able to call it a sermon. Call it anything you want to. It's going to be a message. This message, I'm going to make a statement, then a request, then some reminiscing, then some history, some observation, some scriptures, some stories.

If I get to it, there will be a conclusion. Some months ago, we were talking about my retirement, and I said, "I think I'm as alert as Martha is, but if I'm no longer able to be a prophet then she'll be the first one to tell me." Recently, she's been aging very fast, and she's almost caught up with me. She doesn't know where she put things. I think we'd grown old together vaguely, but I think she's gaining on me. On August the 4th, 1963, we became members of Snow Hill congregation.

By choice, we came here. We could no longer fill our obligation or ordination vows as I understood them. We came to Snow Hill. On August 4th, 1963, we became members. This was perhaps the easiest times for many of my ministries from 1937 till now. I had no responsibilities. I preached when I was asked, and I did what I was told. We got on fine. June the 7th, 1967, we had an installation service. Brother Harold was installed a deacon, and I was installed as the assistant minister. Prior to that time, I preached when I was asked, and I did what I was told and one of the easiest few years of my ministry.

Snow Hill Mennonite in 2023

Later, I was recognized.

I don't know if there was any official installation service, but when we began the program of our school, it was compulsory that the pastor be the principal for the first two years. I don't remember whether there was an official installment or not. Seems as though there was of some kind because when he first came down he thought we didn't have any responsibility as an authority, I should say, as pastor. He went back and thought highly, and he came back and apologized and said that I had been recognized or installed a pastor.

I don't know when or how that took place. I don't have any records of it, but at least I was in that position from then on until they later changed. I've endeavored to by the grace of God, to serve to the best of my ability without partiality and without favor to anyone. I feel that the time has come. We asked to be relieved of all official responsibility in the congregation in the same way that I was installed. I just can't cope with these people that sneak off from church, the congregation that started another one, why they left. They have preached as a brother on their own turf, but they can't fellowship with you.

I don't think that is right. I don't think it's proper. The same way that I was installed, I want to be relieved. When I left Holly Grove I

made the statement of why I was leaving and said, “When this is read before the congregation and voted on by 75%, I will consider myself dismissed.” I’ve come here with a good conscience. I think you give this your prayerful consideration. It will be decided at a business meeting where business should be taken care of. The business meeting will be this coming Wednesday. If that’s too soon for you, it’s not as far down I’m saying, you can wait until the next regular business meeting.

I would further request to still be considered a member of this congregation and a member of the conservative conference, an ordained Minister of the Gospel. In recent years, you ordained them until they’re 65, and they’re just getting good, then they have to retire. That’s sad. The reason I would like to have an identification as an ordained minister is that I would be able then to visit the hospitals, places where only ordained men are permitted on off hours and things at that time. I will still able to keep my license for marriage in Ohio and the liberty to marry or conduct funerals in a proper manner that I would like to have.

My personal card is good until September the 1st, 1992. I’m sure there’d be no problem with getting another identification from the conference on that. I will still be available to be occasionally, I say, occasionally in helping the school as I’m asked, I’m able. Looking back, I said before it was a relief to be relieved from the pressures I had at Holly Grove and here to serve without responsibility. That tranquility was short-lived. I soon shouldered a greater load here at Snow Hill than I’ve ever faced in Holly Grove. My understanding’s true, but God is faithful, and by his grace I weathered such a time as that.

Within 30 wonderful years, when they’d mention in my 50th year of preaching anniversary, biggest mission has been in the physical, turns to where I’m more visible. How many here remember the big crack that was back in the wall here? How many here remember?

Oh, quite a few of you. Some of you, younger ones, don't remember? I'll tell you that was a distraction. Even for me, sometimes I would look past the preacher, and wonder what could be done with the crack instead of hearing the message. It stayed that way for a years.

A tornado had shook the house and split this wall from top to bottom. I think it's from top to bottom in the temple when Jesus was crucified. The crack never got any smaller, looking bad all the time. We got our heads together and we fixed it. We needed to pull the plate together to secure the roof. Took the band off of an old silo we fastened it together and bolted it through this plate and that plate, and pulled it together. Now, what about the big crack back of the preacher? We came up with the idea of pulling that horizontally, we put in lag bolts into the block to secure it so it won't push out. Too much pressure, it'll blow out, and too much pressure outside, it will blow in. We worked together on a project.

We had ideas, put 'em together, and we have a beautiful sanctuary. At that same put the wainscoting around the bottom, so it would put the plasterboard to the bottom. It'd be all dirty, the children were putting their hands on it, so we put panels on the bottom. Then because of crying babies, nowhere to take them, you couldn't take them in this basement because you'd be in water up to your shoetop if it was a wet time. We worked together and we have a mother's room in the back. Then I don't know whether Joe remembers, but his old brother and sister were terrible-looking. Joe and Barbara Wolf, I remember, I suppose others helped, but I don't know whether they had much help or not. I remember how tired they were. They undertook the job, and I said, "I knew what they were going through because I did the Holly Grove benches." Back, front, bottom, sides, just the same as painting a house. You had to turn it upside down and this thing, you had to get the paint on it.

I suppose others helped, but they chose the color we have. This

color there, the color scheme is throughout the church, and moulding on the windows, it all blends and makes a beautiful place to worship. Then because of peeling paint, I brought Mayer's spearhead and insulate, putting an aluminum siding on the back of the church. Through open discussion, we decided to do away with the old steel while we were doing it and put in some chloropane windows because after all that's where we're losing the heat and getting the heat. And so this was done. How many remember the summer Bible school benches that were made in the early Bible school they had in the basement? How many remember that? We used them a while as there were legs on them up here in the Amen Corner. I remember having Amen Corner having benches here for the children, the children being on those sides. How many remember what happened to them? Legs rotted off from sitting in the water in the basement. That's what happened to them. I suppose whatever taken apart in the lumber unit are still stored in the attic.

Look at it when you get to the basement, but a lot of them the legs were rotted off from sitting in the water. At the time we worked at the new entrance, the new roof, the ramp, and that helped the appearance of our church. The water worked on the partitions in the basement, they rotted off. Leon Overholt, I remember he was here and helped lay the blocks. A lot of people were here to help. We cut off the framing and put on a new sill and cement blocks to take care of the water. We took care of the water. Down the basement you have block bricks on top of the window well.

We found around the wells, we graded up so that the water should run away from the church. If you go in the basement and look out that it's still higher, the playground is than the church. After the new roof went on, Maynard and some of his men went to work and put guttering on and down stuff, and pretty well lit. We put drywall all around the church and drywall and oyster shells so that we pretty well have our water problem solved. Leon Overholt and I made the brick bulletin board in the front. The wood one had rotted

out, and so we built a brick one. A lot of smaller jobs, the public address system, the cabinet address system, the kitchen cabinet, the other cabinet, the tape library, those things that had been done by individuals and so on. The need of something being done ahead and done without any problem. Don't forget the two furnaces in the basement. The group got together and they put in a new ceiling, insulation. All of these I say, I can look back and see, I'm a builder. I hate to see shabby work. I mow the yard til almost dark, and Martha says, "Leave that thing until tomorrow." I say, "No, I won't leave it until it's done. It looks like someone went to the barber shop and got a haircut but not a shave. I want to trim at least around the walk. I like to see it nice."

The playground equipment. I can't forget about Leslie and Betty. I suppose this thing looked like a mess Saturday when they came to clean with all these people here in summer Bible school in and out. It looks nice this morning, it's a place where you can worship God. I was almost thrilled beyond measure Friday night, the enthusiasm, the new parents, a lot of people I had never seen before.

It has been a blessing to not be so deeply involved in Summer Bible School. It seems as though Summer Bible School gets a trademark, Don is trademarked here, I guess you've been through it every year, haven't you? Not every year, it's been a long time. They still talk about Holly Grove Bible School, they talk about Amos King. I started it in '37. They got me the largest Summer Bible school, a rural Bible school in the country. I say the spiritual benefits are hard to measure. I was not personally involved in this school, haven't been for some time. When the law becomes so strict that you couldn't correct children without being sued.

The last Bible school I taught, I felt like disciplining, but I didn't dare. I said, "I'll not teach Bible school anymore." I said it's harder to evaluate the results of it, because you can witness and testify, and God isn't through with that person yet. God isn't through with

the message yet. We don't know what-- we have no indication to measure what effect the Word of God has on them. Even to the parents that were here, perhaps never darkened the church regularly, with their children. We can't evaluate that.

I suppose if we don't ignore it, we'll be amazed at what our testimony and what our witness in just our lives have meant to people. We've been handicapped by being so far away from Snow Hill. We contact people there we couldn't hardly bring 23 miles to service every Sunday. We couldn't encourage them to do that. We have been handicapped contacting people. But if you remember on this 50th anniversary, we had a number of people testify. You don't know how much people come to me to testify and say how much they got at Holly Grove.

Just recently there was a lady who was baptized at Holly Grove. When she gave her testimony, and though she'd been going to Holly Grove for some time. She said, "The first Christian love she experienced by a group was at Snow Hill Mennonite Church." You don't know how much our interest goes out, how deep it reaches into the hearts and souls of people. I think Snow Hill has the testimony of the early church. People come here and say, "Behold how they loved one another." I think Sandra has expressed that. This sister had the first experience of Christian love from a group she experienced at Snow Hill Church.

There's a church in Pennsylvania I go to once in a while. If I shake hands with anybody, I have to do it myself. So sad. This Thursday afternoon we were shopping in Salisbury. Martha had spotted a lady with two children. She was sure I would meet her as she was shopping around. Had a little girl in a shopping basket, a little boy trotting along behind. When I got her attention, she was pleasantly surprised. She was a graduate from Snow High School. I perhaps had more problems with her and her parents, and even with the college she was going to go to, but she was glad to see and

embraced me.

I believe even in my roughness had touched a chord in her heart. This girl was married, has a boy and a girl and taking nurses training in Salisbury. I overheard by someone some time ago, I don't know that nice school on Route 113, must really had something. They were talking to one another, and someone overheard them. Said so and so boy, that he was cut up to be a rascal, that he wouldn't amount to anything if he'd had gone to public school. But somehow what he got at Snow Hill Mennonite School had made a real man out of him, made a real man out of him. Se we hear these testimonies over.

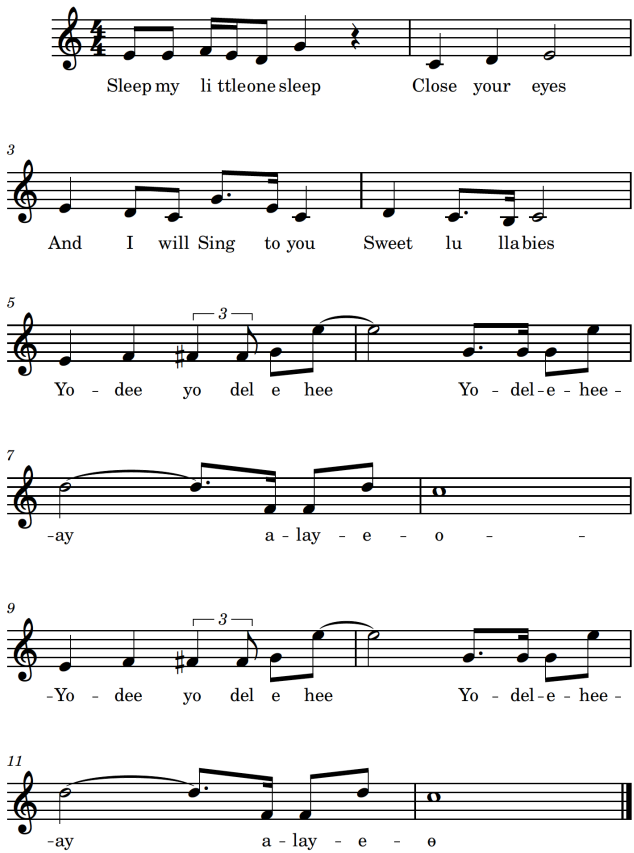
Another boy who was almost excluded from public school because his mental ineptitude, he was just unteachable.He didn't go through school, but he went long enough. He was in a home situation that wasn't very good. I found out recently that he brought up to be a man and a good citizen. So I say we don't know what we can't measure of our lives. Now I want to turn to the scriptures for a while and come back to the story. I thought about retirement, I said, the Bible can't retire. I thought when a person retired, he'd reached the top and then leveled off… [recording ends]

Songs

The King family has been a singing family for as far back as anyone can tell. From a capella four-part hymn singing in Mennonite churches, to folk songs sung around a table or a fire, music runs in our blood. Amos played the harmonica and other family members play a variety of instruments.

Yodeling Lullaby

I've been singing this lullaby to my daughters since before they were born. I'm not sure how far back it goes. My dad AJ sang it to us, and his dad Amos sang it to him and the other kids. I'm assuming Amos learned it from his dad or mom in the wilds of North Dakota. Maybe it goes back even further. -Vic


Sleep my li ttleone sleep Close your eyes
And I will Sing to you Sweet lu lla bies
Yo - dee yo del e hee Yo - del - e - hee -
-ay a - lay - e - o - -
-Yo - dee yo del e hee Yo - del - e - hee -
-ay a - lay - e - o

Grandma's Feather Bed

Recorded by John Denver in 1974

When I was a little bitty boy, just up off a floor,

we used to go down to Grandma's house every month end or so.
We'd have chicken pie and country ham,
homemade butter on the bread.
But the best darn thing about Grandma's house
was her great big feather bed.

It was nine feet high and six feet wide, soft as a downy chick
It was made from the feathers of forty-eleven geese,
took a whole bolt of cloth for the tick.
It'd hold 8 kids and 4 hound dogs
and a piggy we stole from the shed.
We didn't get much sleep but we had a lot of fun
on Grandma's feather bed.

After supper we'd sit around the fire,
the old folks would spit and chew.
Pa would talk about the farm and the war,
and Granny'd sing a ballad or two.
I'd sit and listen and watch the fire till the cobwebs filled my head,
next thing I'd know I'd wake up in the morning
in the middle of the old feather bed.

Well I love my Ma, I love my Pa, I love Granny and Grandpa too.
I been fishing with my uncle, I rassled with my cousin,
I even kissed Aunt Lou, ew!
But if I ever had to make a choice, I guess it oughta be said
that I'd trade 'em all plus the gal down the road
for Grandma's feather bed.
I'd trade 'em all plus the gal down the road...

Surely Goodness And Mercy

Amos' favorite hymn, by John W. Peterson and Alfred B. Smith

A pilgrim was I and a-wand'ring,
In the cold night of sin I did roam.
When Jesus, the kind Shepherd, found me,
And now I am on my way home.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
All the days, all the days of my life.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
All the days, all the days of my life.

He restoreth my soul when I'm weary;
He giveth me strength day by day.
He leads me beside the still waters;
He guards me each step of the way.

When I walk through the dark, lonesome valley,
My Savior will walk with me there;
And safely His great hand will lead me
To the mansions He's gone to prepare.

And I shall dwell in the House of the Lord forever;
And I'll feast at the table spread for me.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
All the days, all the days of my life.
All the days, all the days of my life.

Musical notation on the following page.

OBJ

E♭
A♭
Fm7
1.A pil – grim was I, and a – wan – d'ring In the
(2.He re) stor – eth my soul when I'm wea – ry, He
(3.When I) walk thro' the dark lone – some val – ley, my

OBJ

5
B♭7
Cm
B♭
E♭
B♭7/F
E♭/G
cold night of sin I did roam when Je – sus, the kind Shep – herd
giv – eth me strength day by day; He leads me be – side the still
Sav – ior will walk with me there; And safe – ly His great hand will

OBJ

11
A♭
Fm7
E♭/B♭
B♭7
E♭
found me And now I am on my way home. Sure – ly
wa – ters, He guards me each step of the way.
lead me to the man – sions He's gone to pre – pare.

OBJ

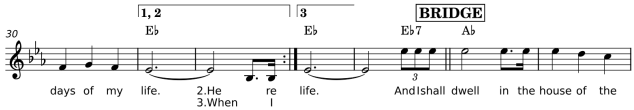
ENDING

OBJ

OBJ

CHORUS

OBJ


1, 2
3
BRIDGE
30
E♭
E♭
E♭7
A♭
days of my life. 2.He re life. And I shall dwell in the house of the
3.When I

OBJ

37
E♭
A♭/E♭
E♭
Cm
F7
B♭
F/C
B♭/D
Lord for – ev – er, and I will feast at the tab – le spread for me. Sure–ly

OBJ

50
B♭7
E♭
All the days, all the days of my life.

Trust And Obey

Martha's favorite hymn, by John H. Sammis and Daniel B. Towner

When we walk with the Lord in the light of his word,
what a glory he sheds on our way!
While we do his good will, he abides with us still,
and with all who will trust and obey.

Trust and obey, for there's no other way
to be happy in Jesus, but to trust and obey.

Not a burden we bear, not a sorrow we share,
but our toil he doth richly repay;
not a grief or a loss, not a frown or a cross,
but is blest if we trust and obey.

But we never can prove the delights of his love
until all on the altar we lay;
for the favor he shows, for the joy he bestows,
are for them who will trust and obey.

Then in fellowship sweet we will sit at his feet,
or we'll walk by his side in the way;
what he says we will do, where he sends we will go;
never fear, only trust and obey.

Musical notation on the following page.

1. When we walk with the Lord in the light of His Word, What a glo - ry He sheds on our way!
2. Not a shad - ow can rise, not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quick-ly drives it a - way;
3. Not a bur - den we bear, not a sor-row we share, But our toil He doth rich - ly re - pay;
4. But we nev - er can prove the de-lights of His love Un - til all on the al - tar we lay;
5. Then in fel - low-ship sweet we will sit at His feet, Or we'll walk by His side in the way;
While we do His good will, He a - bides with us still, And with all who will trust and o - bey.
Not a doubt or a fear, not a sigh or a tear, Can a - bide while we trust and o - bey.
Not a grief or a loss, not a frown or a cross, But is blessed if we trust and o - bey.
For the fa - vor He shows, for the joy He be - stows, Are for them who will trust and o - bey.
What He says we will do, where He sends we will go; Nev - er fear, on - ly trust and o - bey.
Refrain
Trust and o - bey, for there's no oth - er way To be hap - py in Je - sus, but to trust and o - bey.

WORDS: John H. Sammis, 1887. MUSIC: Daniel B. Towner, 1887. Public Domain.

OBJ

Life Is Like A Mountain Railroad

A favorite folk song of Martha's

Life is like a mountain railway
With an engineer that's brave
We must make this run successful
From the cradle to the grave
Heed the curves and watch the tunnels
Never falter, never fail
Keep your hand upon the throttle
And your eye upon the rail

> Blessed savior there to guide us
> Till we reach that blissful shore
> And the angels there to join us
> In God's grace for evermore

As you roll across the trestle
Spanning Jordan's swelling tide
You will reach the union depot
Into which the train will ride
There you'll meet the superintendent
God the father, God the son
With a hearty joyous plaudit
Weary pilgrim, welcome home

> Blessed savior there to guide us
> Till we reach that blissful shore
> And the angels there to join us
> In God's grace for evermore

Amos C. King's Obituary

Amos Christian King, 97, of Westover died Tuesday, November 27, 2007, at his home. Born on October 5, 1910 in Coulee, ND, he was the son of Harry and Rosa King. He was preceded in death by his first wife, Agnes and his second wife, Martha.

As a young man during the Great Depression, Amos was at times a coal miner, milkman, cook, ranch hand, apple picker and factory worker. He married Agnes Ogburn in 1933. After Agnes's death in 1946, he married Martha Wert who preceded him in death in 2000. In 1936, he moved to Westover where he was ordained pastor at Holly Grove Mennonite Church where teaching the Good News at Summer Bible School became his passion. He served at Holly Grove until 1963.

He then served various roles as assistant minister, pastor and school principal at Snow Hill Mennonite Church from 1967 until his retirement in 1982 but continued to serve wherever asked until 1995. He passed his commitment to Christian service to his children and grandchildren who have served in Zambia, Ivory Coast, Philippines, Indonesia, Nicaragua, Honduras, Mexico, Guatemala, Colombia, Jamaica, Haiti, Ukraine, Russia, and Germany.

Amos was a farmer and self-employed carpenter who built homes and restored antique buildings. He loved to fish and to take others fishing. He had children attending Marion High School for 28 consecutive years and was active in the PTA during that time. Later in life he was an active supporter of Snow Hill Mennonite School and Holly Grove Christian School.

He is survived by the following children and their spouses: Elmer and Esther King of Lebanon, PA; Walter and Miriam King of Hickory, NC; Ruby Dorsey of Rehobeth, MD; Miriam King-Dagen and Wilmer Dagen of Westover; Dan and Jeanette King of Dayton, OH; Rosa King of Machipongo, VA; Bill and Debbie King of

Westover; A.J. King and Crystal Lehmanking of Westover; daughter-in-law Rosemary King of Hickory, NC; 25 grandchildren and 24 great-grandchildren; a brother Frank King and his wife Lydia of Lancaster, PA; two sister-in-laws, Ruth King of Marsh Hill, PA and Mary Miller of Palmyra, PA. Along with his wives, he was preceded in death by a son, Harry King, a son- in-law, Columbus Dorsey as well as a sister and four brothers.

A funeral service will be held Sunday at 2 p.m. at Holly Grove Mennonite Church near Westover. Friends may call one hour prior to the service at the church or Saturday evening from 6 to 8 at Hinman Funeral Home in Princess Anne. In lieu of flowers, memorial contributions may be made to Snow Hill Mennonite School, 5927 Worcester Highway, Snow Hill, MD 21863 or Holly Grove Christian School, 7317 Mennonite Church Road, Westover, MD 21871.

Amos married Agnes Ogborn, daughter of Amos Ogborn and Lydia Ann Kauffman, on 16 Sep 1933 in Kenmare, Ward, North Dakota. Agnes died on 12 July 1946 in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.

Children from this marriage were:

1. Elmer Edwin King was born on 30 Jun 1934.
1. Walter Lee King was born on 14 Jun 1937.
1. Ruby Irene King was born on 12 Jun 1939 and died on 19 September 2022.
1. Harry Lee King was born on 20 Sep 1943 in Westover, Somerset, Maryland and died on 14 May 2001 in Hickory, NC at age 57.

Amos next married Martha Elizabeth Wert, daughter of Joseph Wert and Minnie Sieber, on 7 Sep 1947. Martha died on 26 December 2000. Children from this marriage were:

1. Miriam Elizabeth “MimE” King was born on 12 Mar 1949.

Daniel Lloyd King was born on 7 Dec 1950.

Rosa Lois King was born on 17 Apr 1953.

William Seiber King was born on 16 Feb 1956.

Amos Jonathan “AJ” King was born on 10 Dec 1957.

Branches

Siblings and their families

Elmer

Elmer King was born on June 30, 1934, and died on December 27, 2024, in Cornwall, PA. He married **Esther Wert** (born April 12, 1935) on May 31, 1958. They had two children:

Sharon King was born on June 7, 1960. She married **Arlen Wilbers** (born October 26, 1958) on June 27, 1981. They reside in Quakertown, PA. They had four children:

- **Rachel King** married **Daniel Kennedy** (born January 25, 1988) on October 15, 2011. Rachel was born on March 13, 1988, and they currently reside at a military address. They have three children: **Carl** (born March 17, 2016), **Esther** (born December 18, 2018), and **Sylvia** (born January 30, 2021).
- **Eric King** (born March 27, 1990) married **Chayah** (born January 31, 1990) on June 22, 2013. They reside in Quakertown, PA. They have two children: **Brielle Lynne** (born March 1, 2018) and **Jacob Timothy** (born May 21, 2021).
- **Sarah King** (born March 16, 1992) married **David Smith** (born October 25, 1989) on May 31, 2014. They reside in Macungie, PA. They have two children: **Caleb** (born September 11, 2019) and **Lydia** (born August 10, 2021).
- **Joshua King** (born March 4, 1994) married **Nicole** (born September 4, 1991) on September 13, 2020. They reside in Trappe, PA.

Bruce King was born on September 29, 1963. He married **Patty** (born January 17, 1964) on June 9, 1990. They reside in Lancaster, PA. They have five children:

- **Isaac** (born October 6, 1994)
- **Dan** (born May 26, 1996)

- **Abby** (born January 27, 1998), who married **Nick Fischer** (born December 27, 1996) on July 15, 2022. They reside in Goshen, Indiana.

Molly (born December 20, 1999)[OBJ]

Young Elmer holding a fish

About Elmer

Bruce King

When I asked Esther how Elmer should be best remembered, she said to remember him as a Giver. He gave of his time and energies for his close family, and well as his community and church families. They both lived their lives in a manner of servanthood.

When I think of what defined my dad, Elmer, and how that affected my life, I think of the events of his life and how they influenced who he became, and therefore how he affected others.

He did not have an easy beginning growing up, with his mother becoming ill when he was around 10. His mother Agnes contracted Hodgkins lymphoma in the mid-1940s. The treatment was rudimentary in those days, and was not successful. She would have periods of being very sick and periods of being in recovery. During those times when she was feeling better, she spent her time teaching Elmer and Walter how to do things around the house, knowing she would not be there much longer. When she passed

only a year and a half later, Elmer was the eldest of four, and took a lot of responsibility for his siblings.

I believe it was this early acceptance of responsibility and lack of freedom to be a kid that caused him to have little tolerance or understanding for the enjoyment of watching sporting events. His idea of a sport was something that could bring food back to the dinner table, like fishing or

King family 1947, Elmer on top left

hunting. But it was also this acceptance of responsibility that led him to a life of selflessness and serving others. During the Korean War, he chose to do alternative service, where he served as a nursing assistant in a psychiatric hospital, which would change the path of his career. (Many Mennonite men during Korean War who chose alternative service ended up working in psychiatric hospitals. It was their participation and influence at these hospitals that led to revolutionary changes in psychiatric treatment for patients in the U.S.) This experience helped guide Elmer to pursue psychiatric nursing, a career which would span more than forty years.

Dad had a strong passion for family, and had an interesting way of defining that. As I was growing up, family didn't mean our immediate family only, but rather the extended families on all sides (King, Wert and Ogburn). Whether you were an uncle, aunt, first, second or distant cousin, it didn't seem to matter. They all had significant meaning. That is likely why most of our family vacations revolved around spending time with family in other states and attending family reunions. The sense of family was not limited to blood relatives either; it included church family and members of the Lebanon and Jonestown communities. Dad spent much time connecting and helping out people in our communities.

This brings in another attribute that dad lived daily: *what is mine is yours*. He was ever in the mindset that if he had something, it was a gift from God and should be freely shared with those less fortunate. He loved to pick up items at auction or discarded along the road, bring them home, and fix them up, only to give them away to someone that needed it. When we were cleaning out the garage as we prepared to move Elmer and Esther to Cornwall Manor, we discovered chain saws, weed whackers, and leaf blowers in various stages of repair - half a dozen or more of each.

Sometimes he went a bit too far. I remember quite a few calls from dad that went something like, "Hey, I was at the auction last night and got a great deal on bananas. Do you need any?" I would say sure, we can use some bananas. He says, "I have about 12 large bunches of yellow bananas." Not green bananas you could bide some time with, but yellow ones. Another example was a great deal on shredded coconut. "How many pounds do you want? I have a great coconut macaroon recipe you can use." Sharon and I had plenty of shredded coconut for quite some time.

His sense of community also was shown in his high level of engagement in conversations in various settings, something an introvert like me could never understand. Back in the good ol' days,

we had a party line on our house phone, where multiple people from the area shared the same phone line. You would pick up the phone to make a call, and someone could already be having a conversation with another party. My father is the only person I know who, instead of hanging up and waiting for them to get off the line, would join in the conversation. Another such setting was after church. Mom, Sharon, and I would be out in the car waiting and sometimes have to wait for a considerable time, until Dad finished connecting with people and shooting the breeze.

As we continue in our path of grieving his departure, it is our privilege and duty to remember his best attributes daily and find a way to integrate them into our own lives. In this way he will continue to live on through us, similar to what our Lord and Savior calls on us to do.

My son Isaac said that one of his fondest memories of Elmer was when he was hunting deer with him. He said spending quiet time with him, just being with him, was meaningful. Telling off-color jokes also helped pass the time. I don't recall having deep philosophical discussions with dad. He was a man of few words when it came to deep discussions. A lot of my memories with him were just "being," usually performing a task such as changing the oil in a car or working on a lawn mower that had decided to quit. Being in his presence and working jointly on a task seemed to be enough. I do regret not paying closer attention to learn a lot of the skills he had, especially in mechanics and woodworking. As a teenager, there are many things more interesting than learning life skills.

Josh remembers a little ditty that Elmer used to sing, the lyrics of which are as follows:

Spotty and Dotty were two little dogs
They went sailing on two floating logs
The logs rolled over, the dogs went in

They got very wet 'cause their coats were thin
Bow-wow bow-wow, oh dear lackety, bow-wow bow-wow

You will need to catch up with Josh at the next reunion for him to sing it for you.

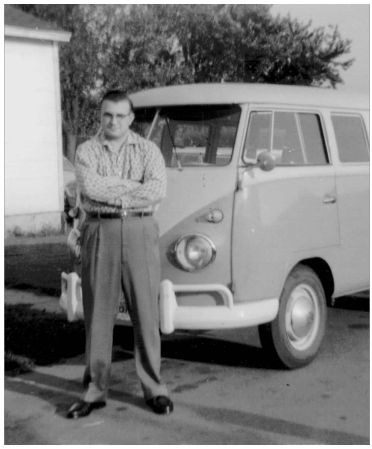
Remember Who You Are

Sharon Wilbers

"Remember who you are."

This is a phrase I heard often from my Dad as I was going out to school events or to hang out with friends. I am sure, as a young teenager, that I would roll my eyes and say, "Sure Dad," believing his words meant that I should behave, and not do anything to embarrass the family.

As I grew older, I began to realize the depth of this phrase. To remember who I was, I needed to know who I was. I was the older child, the only daughter to Elmer and Esther King, the only sibling to my brother Bruce. I was granddaughter to the King and Wert families, and niece and cousin to many. I was a friend, a student and a neighbor. And later I became a wife, a mother, and now a grandmother. Who I am now is a reflection of my family. I am who I am because of the love and guidance Dad and Mom gave me.



Elmer with his Volkswagen Bus

as a young child, a teenager, and an adult.

I am a child of the King, not only in earthly terms but heavenly ones. So what does it mean to be the child of our heavenly King? When people see me, do they see my Heavenly Father? Am I a good reflection of Him? Do I spread His love to those I meet, both strangers and those with whom I share my life? Do I draw others to Him and His desire to have them become part of His family? These are questions that I saw mirrored and played out in Dad's life. He knew who he was.

Dad was a godly example to all those who knew him. A man who loved deeply - his family, his community and his church family. A man who gave, even when there was little to give, to any who had need, both in time and money. I know I am not the only one who can attest to this. He was Jesus' hands and feet to many. He loved to sing and tell jokes. He was a tremendous storyteller. How many can remember his "Big Mouth Frog" story? He was a good cook, with his bean soup and coleslaw being favorites for our family. He loved being in the mountains, hunting and fishing, and just being with family and friends.

Thanks, Dad, for your love, guidance and godly example. Without these, I would not be who I am. And because of them, I can say with Joshua, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." (Joshua 24:15)

Walter

Walter King was born on June 14, 1937. He married **Miriam J. Hostetter King** (born August 31, 1941) on December 21, 1961. They reside in Hickory, North Carolina. They had five children:

Patricia Grace King was born on April 17, 1967. She married **Dave Janzen** (born October 24, 1968) and they reside in Durham, England.

Linda King was born on March 17, 1969. She married **Greg VanBenschoten** (born June 10, 1965) on July 2, 2011. They reside in Hickory, North Carolina. Their children include:

- **Cameron Yoder**, who married **Kimmy** (born October 15, 1994) on July 28, 2021. They reside in Nicholasville, Kentucky and have two children: **Isaac** (born January 1, 2018) and **Penelope Grace**.
- **Peyton Yoder** (born August 21, 2000)
- **Riley Yoder** (born May 14, 2003)
- **Sydney VanBenschoten** (born January 12, 1991), whose children are Kayden (born December 22, 2009), Stella Harris (born March 29, 2013), and Tylton Harris
- **Zack VanBenschoten** (born November 5, 1993)
- **Aaron VanBenschoten** (born March 7, 1995)

Wally King was born on November 24, 1973. He married **Kristin** (born June 27, 1973) on December 27, 1998. They reside in Hickory, North Carolina. They have two children:

- **Neila** (born March 18, 2002)
- **Mason** (born April 1, 2004)

Cindy King was born on February 13, 1978. She married **Bosky Dawson** (born January 18, 1978) on August 8, 2013. They reside in Charlotte, North Carolina. They have two children:

- **Asha** (born February 25, 2016)
- **Ari** (born April 30, 2018)

Sandy King was born on February 13, 1978. She married **Steve Witmer** (born July 23, 1977) on July 23, 2005. They reside in Harrisonburg, Virginia. They have two children:

- **Tavi** (born November 9, 2016)
- **Kai** (born December 5, 2018)

About Walter

Patricia Grace King

Walter Lee King was born in Westover, Maryland on June 14, 1937, the second son of Amos Christian King and Agnes Ogburn King. He was named for Agnes's brother.

With his older brother, Elmer, and younger siblings, Ruby and Harry, he grew up in relative poverty on Maryland's Eastern Shore, walking a mile every morning to meet the rural school bus. When he was nine, Walter's mother died of Hodgkin's Disease, leaving the four children in the care of their bereft father and his mother—Walter's grandmother—Rosa King for a tumultuous year. When Amos remarried, Walter gained a loving stepmother in Martha Wert King, as well as (eventually) five more siblings, all of whom were raised on the same small farm in Westover.

Seeking connection with a wider circle of Mennonite kids and better academic standards than his local high school could offer, Walter spent his junior and senior years at Eastern Mennonite High School in Harrisonburg, Virginia, where he lived in the dormitories with his best friend from home, Albert "Turk" Miller. It was during this

time in Harrisonburg that Walter first made the acquaintance of Miriam Hostetter, whom he would eventually marry, though their first date was still years in the future.

After graduation from EMHS, Walter spent one year back in Westover, doing carpentry work for his father, who kept Walter's earnings to help pay for the family's needs but did give Walter the use of the family car (and paid for his gas) in the evenings. During those after-work hours, Walter built "a very nice ski boat," in addition to building a ping-pong table with Turk, and enjoyed socializing with the local Mennonite youth group.

But the years that he "owed the government," as he later put it, were looming. As the United States engaged in the Korean War, Walter faced a choice between being drafted into the military or fulfilling I-W service. He chose the latter and worked for two years as an orderly in a mental health institution in Norristown, Pennsylvania. After completing his required service, Walter stayed in Norristown for a third year, working nights, while during the daytime he worked at Harry Brackbill's farm market in Paoli, about ten miles away. Not coincidentally, Miriam Hostetter was working next-door all summer at the Brackbill Motel (owned by her grandparents, Milton and Ruth Brackbill, while Harry of the farm market was Milton's brother). Though one of Miriam's cousins had previously told Walter that Miriam was "too professional" to be "the dating type," Miriam and Walter did begin to date and quickly became an item.

Walter finally returned to his educational path, completing an undergraduate degree in pre-medicine at Eastern Mennonite College and moving on to medical school at the University of Virginia. In December 1962 at Frazier Mennonite Church in Pennsylvania, he married Miriam Hostetter on a very snowy Winter Solstice—the longest night of the year, as he later joked.

Early married life saw Walter and Miriam moving often, between

Harrisonburg where Walter was finishing college and Charlottesville where Miriam was finishing her nursing degree at the University of Virginia—and where Walter then entered medical school—and later to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania for Walter's internship in medical surgery. They eventually bought their first house at 109 Harmon Street in Charlottesville, where their first two children, Patricia and Linda, were born.

In 1971, the family moved to Hickory, North Carolina, where Walter joined an ophthalmology practice and Miriam raised their growing family. A son, Wally, soon arrived, and meanwhile Miriam's younger brother, Chuck Hostetter, lived with the family for several years while attending the local college.

In December 1973, Walter achieved one of his life's dreams by buying a house on the water—in this case, on the shores of Lake Hickory, where the nightly dinner table accommodated more and more people as twins Cindy and Sandy were born, and as many relatives came to visit and sometimes stayed for a while. That two-story brick colonial at the end of a single-lane forested road leading to a quiet inlet of Lake Hickory has been Walter and Miriam's home for fully 50 years now.

Walter's younger brother, Harry, joined his medical practice as an otolaryngologist in the early 1980s, and eventually the two brothers struck out on their own and established their co-owned eye-ear-nose-and-throat practice in Hickory. The two brothers lived half a mile apart and raised their families side by side for many years until Harry's untimely death in 2001. Walter, meanwhile, continued to practice as an ophthalmologist in Hickory until 2020, when he retired at the age of 83.

Meanwhile, Walter and Miriam were and remain active members of the Mountain View Mennonite Church, where they both taught Sunday school for several decades. They also traveled the world, taking various of their children with them: to Nigeria in 1972, to

visit Miriam's parents who were working in Lagos; to the Philippines in 1981, to visit Miriam's sister and her family who were working in Mindanao; in 1984, to attend the Mennonite World Conference in Strasbourg, France; to Honduras on several occasions to visit Walter's sister Mim E. and to vacation with their children; and later, as their children married, to visit Cindy's husband's family in India and to visit Patricia and her husband in England.

Miriam and Walter are now the grandparents of nine: Linda's children, Cameron and Peyton and Riley Yoder; Wally's children, Neila and Mason King; Cindy's children, Asha and Ari King-Dawson; and Sandy's children, Tavi and Kai King-Witmer. They are also the great-grandparents of Cameron's children, Isaac and Penelope Yoder. Their sons- and daughter-in-law are David Janzen, Greg Van BenSchoten, Kristin Nolan King, Bosky Dawson, and Steve Witmer. Their granddaughter-in-law is Kemmy Urbina Yoder.

Walter and Miriam divide their time between Hickory, where Walter is famous for his flower garden and his "bird whisperer" powers, and Sunset Beach, North Carolina, where Walter doubled down on his dream of living near the water and bought a second house on the ocean.

Nine Questions for Dad: aka, Walter Lee King, Sr.

Interview conducted by his oldest child, Patricia, on March 6, 2025.

What is your earliest memory?

Sitting on the stairsteps of the house where we lived near the Holy Grove Mennonite Church, and Mother was sitting in the living room right outside the first-floor bedroom changing Ruby's diaper. Why in the world that memory stays with me, I don't know. (This was the house where I was born. When I was six, we moved to the farmhouse on Charles Riggin Road.)

But I might have been equally young—maybe five—when Elmer and I confessed to Mother that we had been smoking. Elmer was three years older than me, and he was excited (at first) about learning to smoke. People threw all kinds of cigarette and tobacco boxes out along the road, and Elmer told me that if we got stamps off the packs and whatnot, we could send them off to the tobacco company, and they would in turn send us a real pack of cigarettes.

We kept these stamps in a big blue ink bottle. (It was empty, with a screw top.) We put the bottle with the stamps in it in the mailbox, but then we had to watch the mail very carefully and take the bottle back out before Mother saw it, because the postman never picked it up.

We also made corncob pipes and smoked coffee in those. You can smoke coffee just like tobacco. And we picked up old pipes that people threw away. Then Elmer got convicted that this was wrong and we ought to confess; I wasn't much in favor of the plan, but we did, and Mother said, "Well, you should talk to Daddy when he comes home." We did, and he asked us to collect all the pipes. We had one that was clay or porcelain—very pretty, blue and white—and we didn't turn it in right away. We thought we could maybe keep just this one back. But then Dad asked, "Is this all?" Of course Elmer had to say no, it wasn't, so we had to bring that pipe too, and we smashed them all on the poured cement outside the house with a hammer.

What were some of your favorite activities when you were a kid?

Anything to do with the water, including making a boat like the very basic one Elmer and I built together. It was only about eight feet long, but it did float! We even built a cabin on it and hung little curtains in the window. We launched it in a cow hole, which is what we called these big puddles in the woods where the cows used to drink when they roamed free.

I also loved clamming at Aunt Mildred's house, across the water from Chincoteague. She and her husband ran a boat repair business on the Chesapeake Bay, and we could clam in the water near there. You stood in water waist-deep and felt for the clams in the sand with your feet. You loosened them up with your feet and then dove down into the water to pick them up. We collected the clams in a basket that we kept nearby, floating in an inner tube.

In those days, there was no such thing as suntan lotion or sunblock, and we would get sun-blistered—I got great big water blisters the size of a half-dollar coin all over my back.

Elmer and I also built an airplane when I was probably five or six. It was not much more than a wooden sandbox, a four-by-four square box that we were sure we could fly if Dad would only let us use the motor that was on the cattle pump. And Dad would not let us do that. But then he built an airplane for us, out of plywood. It had a seat and wings and a tail, and Dad even made a propeller for the front of it. We could drive it around the yard. It was fun.

What chore or responsibility did you most dislike as a kid?

Milking cows! Oh my gosh. They stink. We never had adequate straw or coverage for the barn floor where we milked, so there was cow manure all over the place and it got on your shoes.

I was milking cows from age 9 on—for as long as I lived at home. We only had a couple of milk cows, but it was plenty for me.

The most embarrassing day of my entire life happened like this: when I went out to milk in the morning, I always wore old shoes that were covered with dried cow manure. Then I'd change into my good shoes for school. But one day when I was a sophomore in high school, I forgot to change into my good shoes, and when I got to school and realized what happened, I just stayed in my seat with my feet tucked underneath me all day. This was possible because we didn't have to change classes, but it was very unusual for me to

stay sitting there all through lunch period. Normally I would have gone to the library during lunch.

What was your nickname as a kid?

All four of us older kids had nicknames. It maybe started with Elmer, whose nickname was King Fish. He got called King Fish by his classmates.

So then I was Gator. I don't know why, or where that came from. But then Elmer and I thought up Ruby's nickname, because we were trying to find the ugliest nickname we could think of. Normally Elmer was protective of Ruby, but he went along with me on this. (I was much more inclined to pick on Ruby when we were kids.) We nicknamed her Maugin.

Harry's nickname, meanwhile, was Captain. His full name was Captain Stink.

Who were your favorite relatives when you were a kid?

Harry, always. He was my best friend ever. No one ever came close. We were on the same page. If you were playing a game where you have to anticipate what the other one would say, we always could win when we played together. And we always had this dream of flying that we shared: we had all these magazines that listed the prices of used planes and all the specs on how high and how fast they could fly.

There was also Aunt Susie, my mother's youngest sister, who always acted like I was special and would pamper me whenever I was around. She lived in Johnstown, Pennsylvania but we would see each other at

Ruby milking Cherry, the King's cow, and getting swatted by her tail

Ogburn family reunions.

Who has been the most important person in your life, and why?

It's got to be my wife, Miriam. She's just sweet. I met Miriam for the first time in person when I was 12 years old. My dad and Martha (my stepmother) were visiting Harrisonburg, Virginia to attend a Mennonite missions conference. They took me along, as well as my new sister Mim E, who was a just a baby. I was going to help take care of the baby while the adults went to the conference.

While we were in Harrisonburg, we visited Grace and B. Charles Hostetter (Miriam's parents), because Martha and Grace were second cousins and knew each other well. We went to Grace and B. Charlie's for a meal, and afterwards, when the missions conference was starting, Grace wanted Miriam to stay at home and help me take care of baby Mim. Miriam was only about 8 years old at the time! She decided to go along with the adults to the conference

rather than stay and help me.

What was the happiest moment of your life?

PK's note: At first he could not think of an answer, but then I suggested, "The day you got married? Or the day you graduated from medical school?" And he said, "They would be hard to beat." Then he had this memory:

Miriam and I were on our honeymoon down in Sarasota, Florida. This was the year I was finishing college (after taking four years off between high school and college) and had just applied to medical school. In the middle of our honeymoon, my father called from Maryland, saying that he'd received an envelope for me from the University of Virginia, and he wondered if he should open it. I said, "Of course, open it and read it to me," and he did, and that's how I found out I'd been accepted into medical school at University of Virginia.

What was the saddest moment of your life?

My mother's death. It's such a deep hurt that even now when I talk about it, I almost immediately cry.

Who has been the biggest influence on your life? What did you learn from them?

My father, Amos King, was the biggest influence. What did I learn from him? Anything I wanted to know. He was so widely knowledgeable: almost any subject I was interested in, he could add to. I worked with him during the summers from ages 13 to 19, and then full-time for a year, so I had a lot of time to quiz him about any subject. At first he'd act like he didn't know anything, but if I kept pumping him, he'd call up some fascinating detail. You could get interesting airplane stories from him.

He was the pastor at Holly Grove Mennonite Church and was also the Summer Bible School superintendent; he actually initiated SBS

in that community, where they'd never had it before. In this role, my dad would bring young women from Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, to come and teach in the Bible School for two weeks, and he always took them out on a fishing expedition during that time. He'd borrow a big boat from the Church of the Brethren pastor, and I always managed to go along with them . . . because I wanted to do more fishing. (We didn't have a boat of our own yet, so this was a once-a-year chance.)

My Uncle Emery (Amos's brother) was also a big influence on me. He married a Brackbill and was very closely connected with that whole family. (Milton and Ruth Brackbill were the parents of Grace Brackbill Hostetter, the mother of Miriam Hostetter King.) On their wall was a big photo of the Brackbill extended family, which included Miriam as a little girl, so I knew of her long before we really met.

Another important influence was Miriam's father, B. Charles Hostetter. After my sophomore year of college, I was discouraged and was on the verge of dropping out. I was actually in the process of applying to Moody Bible Institute to become a missionary aviator.

As a sophomore, I hadn't made the honor roll yet. Between high school and college, I'd been out of school for four years and I wasn't as well prepared as I should have been. I hadn't taken the courses I should have if I were going on to college.

Grades were a huge deal; for those who were accepted into medical school—which had always been my dream or goal—there was an even greater correlation to high grades in Physics and Organic Chemistry than to your MCAT scores.

Also I didn't have any money to continue with my studies, and I wasn't sure it was worth it.

But B. Charlie, Miriam's father—Miriam and I were already dating

—talked to me. He told me not to give up so fast. He said, “Let the next semester be a test; don’t do anything rash. See what happens in the next semester, and then make your choice about whether you’ll quit or not.” He also told me I could apply for a grant to fund my studies, and I did.

The next semester, I was given a $50 grant. That same semester, I made an A in Physics and an A in Organic Chemistry.

It all happened in that next semester, which made me decide to stay in school. So B. Charlie’s advice was pivotal in my life.

Do you believe in an afterlife? What do you think it will be like?

Yes. Your mother (Miriam) and I disagree somewhat about this. I believe that when we die, we go to sleep, and when Christ returns we will rise from the grave and meet Him in the air, but Miriam believes we’ll immediately be with Jesus.

In Heaven there will be a river; isn’t that a nice? I don’t care much about the streets of gold, but it’s going to be a great existence. I don’t visualize it very concretely, but the river will crystal-clear.

Haunted House

Patricia King

One of my best memories of going to the Eastern shore when we were kids is that dad would take us to the haunted houses, all these deserted houses that I guess you can just go into, I never asked if it was legal or not. We would go busting into these old deserted houses that are all over the eastern shore. We’d go in there, we’d poke around and sometimes we’d find like old magazines from World War II that we could take home with us, and once we found a corset, it was falling apart, but we could put it on and lace it up.

Sometimes it was a little bit scary because, they were haunted

houses, but they weren't usually that scary. One time, I think Linda and I were, I don't know, six and eight or seven and nine or something like this. Dad took us out to this haunted house and it was way back down this windy road into the bushes. We were a little scared coming into it because it felt more deserted than most. We go in there and dad's acting more tense than he usually does. He's like, "Oh, what was that, what was that?" Everywhere we go, each room we go into, he's like trying to spook us a little bit and we're getting a little bit scared.

The next thing you know, this old vase comes rolling down the staircase and dad was like, "Oh," and so we all just started screaming and we wanted to leave, and dad wouldn't leave. Dad's like, "Let's go look in the next room." We go to the next room and there's this fireplace and things start falling down the fireplace. There was like things coming down and falling out the gray at the bottom of the fireplace. We're crying by now.

Dad won't leave, it's like he doesn't know how to get out anymore, it's like we're trapped in this nightmare world all of a sudden, because we don't want to leave because we're too scared and dad won't leave. We keep going around from room to room and they're like things that are like screaming in the walls and they keep having things falling down from above. We're just about traumatized.

Finally we get out of this thing and we're just weeping in this weedy front yard when who comes out laughing, laughing?

AJ and Billy had been hiding, they were planted in that house. They and dad had planned this whole thing before we got there, they were planted there to scare the crap out of us. We were so mad, we beat them with our fists and they laughed the whole time.

Ruby

Ruby King Dorsey was born on June 12, 1939, and passed away on September 19, 2022. On November 19, 1971, she married **Columbus Dorsey** (born November 19, 1905 and died October 17, 1979) and they had one son:

Ben Dorsey was born on September 17, 1967. He married **Renee** (born May 17, 1970) on June 1, 1991. They reside in Elkridge, Maryland. They have three children:

Rebecca (born August 24, 1995)

Nathan (born October 3, 1999)

Leah (born December 30, 2001)

About Ruby

Ben & Renee Dorsey

Born on June 12, 1939, in Westover, MD, Ruby Irene King's life was marked by a deep and abiding care for others. Following her graduation from Lancaster Mennonite School in 1957 and inspired by her brother, Elmer's, career path, she pursued psychiatric nurse training in New Jersey. Her early career at the New Jersey State Mental Hospital laid the groundwork for a lifetime of compassionate service. Returning to Westover in 1968, she established her lifelong home on the Pocomoke River and continued her nursing career at McCready Hospital in the Labor and Delivery Department and Tawes Nursing Home. On November 19, 1971, she married Columbus Dorsey. Beyond her professional roles, Ruby’s true vocation was nurturing those around her, tirelessly caring for family and friends through all stages of life.

Ruby’s heart overflowed with love for her family. She diligently

maintained connections with her siblings and their growing families, celebrating their achievements with genuine pride and enthusiasm. Ruby rejoiced in the birth of each new family addition, always ready to welcome a new baby. Her

remarkable memory allowed her to recall names, family lines, birthdays, and interests effortlessly. She delighted in sending cards and calling loved ones on special days, ensuring they felt her love and prayers. Ruby had a special talent for finding small, meaningful gifts for each person, setting these aside for the next time she saw them. She saved and treasured each

Rosa holding Ruby

and every memento of family milestones, evidenced by the boxes of memories she carefully preserved.

Her greatest joy was her son, Benjamin Lee King, born on September 17, 1967. His well-being was her primary focus, and she selflessly ensured a loving and healthy upbringing for him. Ben was the center of her world. She warmly welcomed his fiancée, Renee Michele Benton (born May 17, 1970), into the family as if she were her own daughter. Following their marriage on June 1, 1991, Ben and Renee eventually settled in Elkridge, MD, and brought Ruby immense joy with the arrival of each of her grandchildren: Rebecca Grace Dorsey (August 24, 1995), Nathan Lee Dorsey (October 3, OBJ

Ruby & siblings, June 18th 1944

1999), and Leah Elizabeth Dorsey (December 30, 2001).

A defining characteristic of Ruby was her unwavering compassion. She treated everyone with kindness and respect, a deeply ingrained principle evident even in her youth. One story Ruby shared recounted her refusal to enter a segregated diner during a bus trip, choosing instead to share a meal outside with her excluded friend.

Ruby developed a profound love for the people of Central America, particularly Honduras, after her first visit in 1966. Her desire to serve led to multiple trips, where she helped her sister Miriam and her husband Wilmer, caring for their children as well as fostering a baby.

With remarkable empathy, Ruby recognized and responded to the unspoken needs of those around her. She had a gift for befriending and celebrating individuals often overlooked. One of her favorites was Davey, a non-verbal child with Down's syndrome, often telling how she always encouraged him to speak until one day he repeated her words to everyone’s surprise! Another favorite was Matt, a family member with autism, always taking him under her wing at

family reunions, making sure he was included in all the conversations. Even in her final years, she spent time with Matt, who would visit and sit on the floor by her chair while they shared stories and laughed together. These connections brought joy to both Ruby and those she touched.

Ruby enjoyed spending time in God's creation every chance she could. She loved traveling to new places, enjoying learning the unique wildlife in each area. An avid birdwatcher, she had an amazing ability to identify birds by both sight and sound. Locally, her favorite place to go was Assateague, Virginia where she loved watching the birds fly over the marsh. Even at home, you would find her relaxing in her recliner watching the eagles and ospreys soar over the Pocomoke River. This connection to nature provided her with moments of peace and reflection.

Above all, Ruby's life was a testament to her unwavering faith in God. Her devotion shaped every aspect of her life, providing strength in hardship and inspiring her to share God's love with all she encountered. Her faith was a profound inheritance, the wellspring of OBJ

Ruby, January 1956

her selfless and loving life. Ruby passed away peacefully in Elkridge, MD, on September 19, 2022, at the age of 83, with Ben by her side.

Donkey Toilet Surprise

Ruby: I took this trip with Judy Miller. Miriam and Wilmer were already in Honduras. We went to see the different mission sites. We went out to Gualaco, where George and Grace Miller were. Of course they had an outhouse, but they told us to be careful to check in it before we went in because of snakes or the tarantula spider and scorpions.

I waited. I knew that I wasn't going to get up and go to the bathroom in the middle of the night, and go outside in that. I went out just when it was getting dark. I never saw a burro or donkey, whatever you call it, in the field or anything. I got in the toilet and I showed my flashlight around to see if there was any snakes, or scorpions, or anything. I just had pulled my clothes up and my underwear down, and packed to sit on the seat, when all of a sudden the donkey let loose braying right behind the toilet.

I went tearing out. I didn't know what was getting me. I went tearing out, running toward the house with my drawers down around my legs. I didn't know because I had never heard the donkey bray before. I was sure whatever it was was getting me.

I love the life that they lived in Honduras. Life as near as the nationals as they can, so the nationals don't feel that they're superior to them. I appreciate that.

Ain't Nothing Funny

Ruby: Mrs. Keenan tried, when she started class, not to look who the kids' parents were so that she wouldn't be biased by what the parents that she taught. Anyway, it kept worrying her,

who Ben was like, and so she had to go and look in Ben's file to see who his parents were. She knew me. She had never taught me, but she said he was just like Harry, that Ben was just like Harry.

Then when Ben was in Mrs. Keenan's class, they had to show that picture about the birds and the bees and everything. Well, it showed the father and mother getting undressed, and showed how the father and mother were different, and all that. The kids started laughing and snickering. Ben said, "Stop your laughing." He said, "It ain't nothing funny." He said, "That's the way God made us." Mrs. Keenan came to me and told me that that was the only child she's ever had in the class to react that way, is that he didn't like the kids laughing about the way God had made us.

Harry

Harry King was born on September 20, 1943, and passed away on May 14, 2001. He married **Rosemary Gerber** (born August 27, 1943) on January 25, 1964. Rosemary resides in Harrisonburg, Virginia. They had four children:

Rodney King was born on August 21, 1969. He married **Holly** (born May 11, 1971) on May 26, 2001. They reside in Harrisonburg, Virginia. They have five children:

- **Harriet** (born October 2, 2002)
- **Silas** (born August 17, 2005)
- **Wendel** (born August 21, 2008)
- **Louisa** (born January 10, 2011)
- **Susannah** (born November 7, 2013)

Ladene King was born on October 12, 1972. She married **Gretchen Nyce** (born July 22, 1971). They reside in Harrisonburg, Virginia.

Sidney King was born on January 5, 1977. She married **Ellie Nakos** (born August 18, 1980). They reside in Durham, North Carolina. They have two children:

- **Rika** (born July 4, 2019)
- **Reyna** (born September 26, 2022)

Bradley King was born on November 18, 1978. He has two children with his ex-wife **Martha**:

- **Ada Miriam** (born January 11, 2009)
- **Ruby Lou** (born August 21, 2011)

About Harry

Rosemary King

Harry Lee King was born at the home of Amos and Agnes King on September 20, 1943. He was their fourth child.

Harry was only three years old when Agnes died of Hodgkins Disease. Harry remembered being held up to see his mother in the casket. He remembered standing on a stool beside his daddy, making pancakes for the family after his mother died. Harry learned early on it is okay for a man to cook, and he shared those skill often in our family, even when it was not hip to do so. Amos King married Martha Wert about one and a half years later. Harry acknowledged and honored Martha as his new mother.

Harry was raised amidst a large and lively family of three older siblings, and five younger siblings. He was outgoing, mischievous, and sociable with his friends at church and school. He had strong interests in girls, and in his sophomore year was encouraged to attend Eastern Mennonite High School boarding school to meet other Mennonite friends. Life in the dormitory during Harry's first year away from home was fraught with difficulties. Because of these difficulties, he was permitted to live his junior and senior years at the high school, living with his brother Walter in a small house trailer that Walter also shared with Turk. Walter and Turk were in the pre-med program at Eastern Mennonite College, studying hard for the necessary A's in organic chemistry and physics. These two years for Harry provided an improved environment, and he graduated in June of 1961. During Harry's senior year of high school he met me, Rosemary Gerber, and our relationship grew throughout that year.

Harry spent 1961-1963 at Eastern Mennonite College studying in the premed biology program. Harry had medicine in his bones from

early childhood. A big fat “D” in physics class was a major blow to his dream of becoming a doctor. Now what?

Harry moved home in the summer of 1963 to learn and work in the construction business with father, Amos. He and I were planning a wedding in the spring of 1964, several months

Rodney

before I would graduate from Riverside Hospital School of Nursing, a three year nursing diploma program in Newport News, Virginia.

Following the Christmas holiday, Harry moved to Newport News, Virginia and purchased a house trailer in preparation for our first home. A great job opportunity for him came up doing door to door milk delivery with Yoder Dairy. We felt all set to begin married life.

Harry and I married on January 25, 1964. Following my graduation the summer of 1964, we both had full time jobs in Newport News, Virginia. In December we decided to make the move to Harrisonburg, Virginia for Harry to complete his four-year college degree at Eastern Mennonite College. He calculated that he could graduate with a high school teaching degree by going to school one semester, two summers, and one full college year, and graduated in the spring of 1966.

Following college graduation in 1966, Harry and I signed up with

Mennonite Central Committee for a three-year term with Teachers Abroad Program in Choma, Zambia, Central Africa. Harry taught biology and science in a secondary school and I worked at the nearby government hospital run by Irish Catholic nuns. Our experiences in Zambia were life-changing in many ways. Our worldviews were turned upside down.

I always wanted a family, and Harry said, “I do not want to be a teacher the rest of my life. I still dream of being a doctor someday.” He continued to be curious about medicine in Choma, Zambia and continued to talk to other medical personnel about diseases and cures. Medicine was still in his bones. We both thought it possible to begin a family and pursue Harry’s dream of a life in medicine. Our young, healthy years were the best time to birth and raise children.

Walter advocated for Harry, and informed him of the opportunity University of Virginia afforded students to apply as a special student. This was specifically a program for students with life experience but who needed the courses required to be competitive in medical school.

LaDene

Upon return to the states, Harry was accepted at the University of Virginia and enrolled as a special student. He needed to take the hard-core pre-med courses that were required for any medical student. There was no guarantee of acceptance into UVA medical

school after the one year. But Harry's long-held coveted dream of medical school was being realized. He graduated from UVA Medical School in June of 1974.

On August 20, 1969, Rodney Alan King was born to us just before Harry entered UVA as a special student. The new father cried when he called his parents to share our good news. Harry was not embarrassed to show emotions. On October 12, 1972, LaDene Joy King was born while Harry was in his third year of medical school.

Years of uncertainty and study added stress to our lives, but our growing family was a time of learning and joy. Those five years were not easy years academically, financially, emotionally, nor physically. Our growth came spiritually. Walter and Miriam provided support for us spiritually, materially, and emotionally.

After Harry graduated in 1974, he was matched for a one-year internship at Roanoke Memorial Hospital. During his internship he chose Ear, Nose, Throat, Head and Neck Surgery as his desired specialty. After researching options available, he was accepted to continue at Roanoke Memorial Hospital for another year as a general surgery resident. That choice kept us living in Roanoke, Virginia from 1974-1976. He was accepted at the Duke ENT three year residency program from 1976-1979.

In June of 1976 we moved to Durham, North Carolina and bought our first home on a cul-de-sac near Duke Hospital in Durham, North Carolina. Sidney Ryan King was born on OBJ

Sidney

January 5, 1977. Bradley Mark King was born on November 18, 1978.

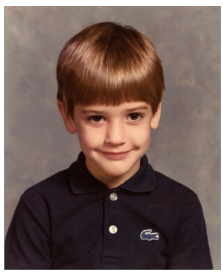
Whew, those were three busy years. Sidney had a short hospitalization for an ear infection in his first months of life, we almost lost LaDene to a ruptured appendix, and Bradley was born with transient tachypnea of the newborn. Lost sleep and fatigue set in frequently. In spite of all the challenges, we were a young, happy family and had a plan with a defined future for us and our family. In the midst of Harry's family demands, he met the rigorous life of a resident. As we neared the end of three years, we were eager and ready to look ahead.

Where will we move? What ENT group practice needs an ENT physician? Will there be a Mennonite church? Will this community be a safe and stimulating place to grow our family? We looked at three locations. Two of the locations met the criteria. Our third preferred location was in Hickory, North Carolina. They had two Mennonite churches, but the ENT group had just recently hired a new physician and were not ready to take on another ENT doctor. We chose Hickory, NC anyway, and Harry started his own ENT practice in the same building, with his brother Walter.

Harry and I had twenty-two years of heavy-duty living in Hickory, North Carolina. I was amazed that after a heavy workload in the office and hospital, he always had time and energy to take our

growing children to church activities that encouraged their spiritual growth. He was involved with church leadership, teaching adult Sunday School, and loved to sing in his deep, resonant, and melodious bass voice.

Around the home Harry would cook, clean up after meals, help with picking up toys, and vacuum floors. Housework was okay for men and boys. Harry was a hands-on dad, changing diapers, feeding babies, and his soothing voice could even put crying babies to sleep some of the



Bradley

time. At bedtime, unwilling babies and children crawled into our bed and relished story time with Dad.

Harry learned from his father Amos how to create, build, and repair most anything inside the home or outside the home. He took time to teach his children how to do the same: create, build, and repair. Tools got lost and found in weird places around the home and farm. Our garage was full of equipment and tools to fix whatever would come up.

Our original 8 ½ acres of land taught our children something about large and small animal care. Rabbits, chickens, sheep, goats, cows, and llamas were part of our years with Dad.

There was nothing more relaxing for Harry than to get out on his tractor and mow the fields. He saw that his children learned early on how to drive big wheels, bicycles, go-karts, motorcycles, and golf

carts. As they reached age 16 it was not overwhelming for them to think about driving a car or tractor.

Harry's busy and successful professional life as a physician spilled over into our family life too. Our children emptied trash cans at work, cleaned the office, folded and stamped patient bills to go out. They went on patient rounds over the weekend with Dr King which gave them a glimpse into his work life. He did not shy away from sharing interesting and odd case studies he might be dealing with at work, without divulging patient names.

Harry loved flying, and had two children following suit. Rodney was taking flying classes at CVC, and Bradley had moved home to fly with Dad, anticipating doing some serious aerial photography. Harry's accident and death was a severe blow to our family and changed these aspirations.

Dietrich Bonhoeffer wrote, "The dearer and richer our memories, the more difficult the separation. But gratitude converts the pangs of memory into a tranquil joy. The beauties of the past are not endured as a thorn in the flesh, but as a gift precious for its own sake. We must not wallow in our memories or surrender to them, just as we don't gaze all the time at a valuable present, but get it out from time to time, and for the rest hide it away as a treasure we know is there all the time. Treated in this way, the past can give us lasting joy and inspiration."

Hand Holding Workarounds

Harry: My first date with Rosemary was to Harmon's for a cookout. Harmon's on 321, the Old Stone House right before you get on Route 33, I'm sorry. Before you get to where Sam and Jen live in that house. The second date, I think I took her to the Natural Bridge with who? I'm not certain, but these were during the days when any physical contact between the opposite sex was not allowed, and physical contact between the same-sex wasn't discussed at that

time. We each got back scratchers. Souvenir back scratchers from Natural Bridge. They're plastic things about this long with four fingers on the end of them, and it looked like this. It was a hand with four fingers on it and coming back we took the box scratchers and put the hands together and held hands with the back scratchers.

Rosemary: You were not to touch. We cheated very early on. That is absolutely the truth.

Rosemary's First Shore Visit

Rosemary: My tensions arose as I thought about traveling to Westover, Maryland and meeting Harry's family for the first time. His descriptive words to me were in early spring, "Westover is a barren, godforsaken place. I live in a rundown, two story, three bedroom home. The paint is peeling off the exterior of our house. Our well sometimes runs dry and our bathroom is a three-seater outdoor toilet. He also spoke of his bedroom upstairs with cracks to the outside. For me to see and feel the winter cold coming into my room at night. My daddy has two jobs, a paid job in house construction, and an unpaid job pastoring the nearby Mennonite Church. We are poor because he spent all that he had to care for his wife, Agnes, who died of Hodgkin's disease when I was three-years-old. I can hardly wait to take you to the beach." He knew I had rarely been outside 20 miles of my own house.

We came and after arriving, after his description, I thought he white trash, and there had to be old washing machines and old cars and little dirty children running around. That was my idea of what I was going to see. After arriving at Harry's home and meeting his parents and five younger brothers and sisters, they showed me my bedroom, a room all to myself. I don't know where his sister slept that night. I was relieved when Harry's father kindly handed me a flashlight and said, "Here, use this when you need to use the toilet."

Then the following day, of course, we all gathered into this little Ford and drove 20 miles to the beach. Harry's mother never went fishing but packed all the food for us. This was my first view of the ocean. There were no questions about mixed bathing. That was okay, but the next Sunday morning, we get up and go to church with red beet faces but people had their coverings, their hair tucked under their coverings and his father wore a plain coat and Harry didn't wear his tie because his daddy told him. Out of respect for his daddy he did not wear a tie.

When we returned home, they gave me the first shower in their little outdoor shower that wasn't heated, but we could take a shower in their little back porch and they made me do it first. I said, "Oh, let the little children go first." "No, you are a guest." Sunday morning, then, of course, back to that, Martha was in her usual cape dress. The older girls wore their hair tucked under coverings along with simple dresses. We got to church with faces red as beet, tired bones from the day before and now we got to sing the old Mennonite songs. We had our big typical Sunday dinner, and then we left.

How am I to reconcile my own personal family life with this seemingly out of the box family who wore plain coats to church, went mixed bathing on Saturdays, wore cape dresses, tucked their hair under their covering. Had no fear of the ocean or water. And I even overheard his father use the N word. In this barren forsaken country, we would ride the ocean, go motor boating, skiing and fishing. What could I make of what seems to me a lot of incongruities in this life? Harry did not fit into the box of a typical Mennonite boy my parents would dream of me marrying someday. He was wise in the ways of the world. He understood language used by the rough and for the rough.

I returned to my dorm room with a lot to think about. I love this odd, quirky guy. Recently, a friend shared with me, "I loved Harry,

warts and all, because he was genuine and authentic." That would say it best for me about Harry's family, as we drove out of the lane at spring Sunday evening. Harry's family was something to be admired.

A Different Way of Practicing Medicine

Rosemary King

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine." (Proverbs 17:22)

"What do I owe you, Doctor?" This was after a house call (rarely heard of in 2001) and Harry's response was "How about a piece of that cake there on the table?" That settled it and both sides of the fence were happy campers.

"No charge" per Dr. Harry to a patient, as she happily left the room to give the check-out sheet to to our receptionist out front. Harry's generosity sometimes got in the way of good business practices. When the receptionist checked out the patient she said to me, "Rosemary, this patient has Medicaid." We knew we could collect a fair reimbursement if Dr. Harry would appropriately check the CPT code, write in the diagnosis, and let the rest up to the collection experts. He happily allowed us to use our best business practices in the future.

When Harry was doing surgeries 2-3 mornings a week at the hospital, he never minded checking ears of babies and young children of staff, to save the hospital employee a trip to his office, if it was medically safe.

Harry was not only known for generosity with pro bono work, he gained a reputation in Hickory as a kind person and a skilled practitioner. In Harry's early years of practice a number of times he received checks of $100 from the local psychiatrist for seeing a potentially difficult patient. Included in the check was a note: "Thank you for seeing Mrs. Smith. I believe you to be a person that

others are saying that you truly are." Harry was a bit perplexed, because in his mind he was just doing his job, agreeing to see this referral.

The office waiting room was generally filled with toddlers and young children in the afternoons, enough for us to feel like we were running an after-3 o'clock daycare center. Harry was sought after to care for children's ear, nose and throat needs, and was particularly gentle with people with Down's syndrome and their families.

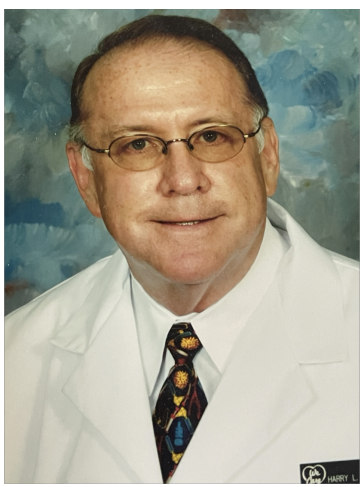
A quote from a three year old's mother: "My daughter was three years old when she first saw Dr. King. She was terrified of men, doctor's offices, and exam chairs. He heard her crying while he was in the hall and laid down on the floor and crawled in the room on his hands and knees. She instantly got down in the floor beside him and he never stood up until she left the room. She was never afraid of him again."

Harry had a knack for putting the patient at ease with humor. A patient letter to me shared, "My 18 month old daughter, Sarah, became an ear and allergy challenge for Dr. Harry. Each time we made a visit, he would look in her ears and declare, 'My goodness, child, you have lots of brains in there!' Sarah would giggle with delight. This became their (thing) with each visit."

LaDene, our daughter, said this about Dad, "Dad was good with children because he was like child, in many ways. Dad had a simple approach to enjoying life-like kids do-that was a source of his personality. His curiosity and easy fascination with life prevented the stuffiness of adulthood that so many of us succumb to."

Sierra, our teenage friend who batted around the neighborhood in her four wheeler, gave this tribute. "Dr. King, a guy that was never acting like an adult - he did, but he always showed his playful side he made kids laugh a lot. He had a loving family that cared for him."

Harry's exceptional qualities weren't reserved for children and patients he encountered at work. He involved his own children in caring for high-need patients in his community. By meeting complex needs where they lived, Harry modeled for his children technical skills and the boundless compassion that drove him. Bradley, our fourth child, says this, "I went with dad to change Ducky's trach. Ducky was a thirty-something quadriplegic[OBJ] black man who lived alone. He lay in a white hospital bed with a breathing tube and watched TV all day. He could talk, and he had a good sense of humor, but I remember being scared of him. I was scared of the way his eyes bulged like a frightened sheep's when my dad would take out his tracheostomy and replace it with a new one. He faced death in those few seconds he couldn't breathe and was totally at the mercy of my dad." Ducky and his nurses assigned my dad celebrity status.



Dr. Harry King
Ear Nose Throat (ENT) Doctor

Our whole family knew the name Rosemary Bolick. She was a quadriplegic and lived in a nearby nursing home. Harry had saved her life in a dramatic incident and continued to see her in the

nursing home as necessary. Rosemary's most memorable remembrance of Harry was his extra effort to get her a computer where she could type with a wand to her mouth and thus communicate with her family via internet. At that time it was a new edgy gizmo that Harry knew about and did the research to make it happen for Rosemary Bolick.

I've Got Your Picture; Heaven's Got You

Rosemary King

Harry came home with exciting news. "Pete gave us tickets to the Hickory Community Theatre's Patsy Cline production for tonight. Let's go. Tomorrow morning *(May 11, 2001)* Pete and I are taking an Angel Flight Mission to the North Carolina Coast to pick up Casey Viands and her grandfather. Casey is a two-year old, just had heart surgery in a hospital in Florida, and requested transportation to her home in Harpers Ferry, West Virginia." Harry was referring to a free flight service for qualified patients needing out-of-town medical services, sometimes at a great distance from home.

Harry and Pete were friends who enjoyed flying together for the Angel Flight Mission program, an initiative of the Baptist Church Conference, as it added a special purpose to their hobby. We said our goodbyes and he left for the day. "I'll call you just before we leave Martinsburg on return to Hickory Airport this evening, probably sometime between 6:00-8:00PM." I decided within myself that morning that I would fly with Harry the next sunny, clear day he would be in the air. In the past I had not usually begged to go on his flying trips.

Pete and Harry had a lovely day to fly, and Harry was the pilot. Harry's magic with children created laughter with Casey and her grandfather on the way to the airfield in Martinsburg, West Virginia. Pete took a picture of the three of them when they

disembarked the plane.

“Hi Hon, we are leaving Martinsburg shortly and will be home around 7:00 PM.” Harry’s call came at about 5:00 PM. Harry was in the pilot’s seat, purring along in a southerly direction in the still, quiet skies with perfect weather. Who wouldn’t want wings like a bird to fly in the sky? Harry had a passion to fly from his early childhood years and I could feel it from the time I learned to know him. It was in his blood.

The proverbial knock on the door came to my home on May 13, 2001 around 12:30 AM. I opened the front door in my housecoat and the local policeman presented me a piece of paper and began to leave. I asked him what this was about and he said, “I don’t know.” I thought, *That can’t be true.* In a small community where we know everybody or almost everybody, he had to know something about this message. I called the University of Virginia Hospital number on the paper. The nurse at the other end of the line offered, “I guess you heard Harry was in an accident and is here in the UVA critical care unit. He has severe brain injury and is unresponsive. Does he have a living will, or what would be your wishes for his care?” I could only respond, in that instant, that he was only 57 years old but I would want the medical team to use their better judgement. She then said, “Prepare for the worst, hope for the best.” At that moment I was only thinking *that’s not good*.

(How was I supposed to know Harry was in the Critical Care Unit at UVA if nobody along the way had bothered to call me? He was not home between 6:00 and 8:00 PM as promised. Late into the evening I had called the local numbers in Hickory and Raleigh, NC, to inquire, and they reported there were no accidents in those areas. Mary Lou, Pete’s wife, was accustomed to Pete being late and getting to visiting his friends in the world of aviation, so she was not concerned. “No worries, they’ll be around,” she told me on the telephone call I made to her with my concern.)

LaDene, Gretchen, and I readied ourselves quickly and Gretchen put the pedal to the metal as we drove north. My trusty flip phone was busy contacting Rodney, who was in Canada preparing for his own wedding one week later. I couldn't reach Bradley, in Blowing Rock for a friend's wedding, or Sidney, who was off at the beach with his girlfriend. The nurse called me on the way up and kept me posted that Harry had had surgery to relieve brain pressure, and had major surgery on his lower body bone injuries. But there were no changes to his condition. Pupils fixed and dilated. *That's not good*.

Finally, in the early morning hours of May 13, LaDene and I walked into Harry's room and I whispered into his ear, "I love you." Hearing is the last sense to go, so to speak. Harry was hooked up to a 24-7 breathing machine, IV fluids and medicines flowing into his body, and the worst site was the left side of his brain heavily bandaged with a pressure monitor attached. He did not flinch, twitch, or move a single part of his body as I stood by him. *He never said a mumbling word.* The nurse caring for him bluntly told me she had never seen anybody live with pressures as high as the monitor numbers reflected. *That's not good*. The kind sympathetic nurse told me the brain surgeon would be in to talk to the family in the afternoon or early evening. I suspect he was busy saving all the brains and other neurosurgical events surrounding him that Sunday. I stayed by Harry's side morning, afternoon, and evening, watching and wishing for some activity that might show a bit of life in him. I was in a state of powerlessness and disbelief.

Rodney had Holly by his side as they drove down from Canada, where they were planning their wedding for the following Saturday. Bradley received a knock on the door like mine in the wee hours Sunday morning from the sheriff in the Blowing Rock Mountains of North Carolina, where there was no cell service. He and Martha were attending Martha's brother's wedding. Bradley, their assigned photographer, handed over the camera to a family member so he could drive up from Blowing Rock to Charlottesville alone. Martha

came later in the day. Sidney and Laura, still on their way from their beach trip, were notified following their arrival at Laura's home in PA. I was mostly unaware of the support in the waiting room where friends, family, and children were gathering, also in a state of shock and helplessness. What now?

That evening, my children and I were in a conference room to hear from the brain surgeon. We were presented with our choices. We asked necessary questions and agreed to await Sidney's arrival for him to absorb all the events and information about his Dad. The surgeon said, "I would not want my father to live like this." We walked over to the hotel, already knowing what we would all be likely to decide.

Early Monday morning, May 14, 2021, as I entered Harry's room, the nurse approached me and said "He is making the decision for you." I could see then his heart rate had dramatically decreased. Yet I was still telling the newspaper reporter from Hickory that "Harry and Pete would some day fly again," even as the team was confirming that Harry was brain dead and they would keep him oxygenated so they could harvest some of his remaining body parts. I had a temporary dissociation from my circumstances. Many months later I was at a party dancing with that particular reporter and we talked about it. Trauma and ensuing numbness remained and still remains with me now at different levels.

I can not begin to list the countless number of people who came forward to support Harry's immediate and extended family. Following many days of untold grief, sorrow, and farewells, with family, friends, and community, we laid Harry to rest in a gravesite in Hickory, North

This picture of Harry in his last hour alive is part of my holdings. Today when I look at it, I can only sing the Patsy Cline song we'd heard the night before: "I've got your picture, Heaven's got you."

Carolina. A site is prepared for me beside him, and the tombstone says such.

Days, Months, and Years Later

The entirety of Harry's accident was disconcerting to me for many reasons. Harry was a conservative pilot and would never take risks, always checking weather reports. He and Pete always took detailed care of the plane, and had just had the motor rebuilt by Teledyne company in Alabama. On Sunday, May 13, the NTSB called me and I learned they knew details about the accident. They had protected the airplane at the crash site from anybody tinkering with the motor, and had drawn blood from Pete and Harry to be checked out for any possible drugs or alcohol prior to my knowledge of the accident. They informed me that "this accident should never have happened."

I was on a serious mission to learn details of what occurred between the hours of 7:00 PM May 12 in New Market, Virginia and 6:30 AM May 13, 2001: a total of 11 ½ hours when I felt helplessly unaware

of what was going on with Harry. But it took a long time to piece the story together. Even though the complete investigation by the NTSB was conducted immediately and confirmed that the cause of the crash did not lie with Harry as pilot, I wanted to know more of the medical details of those hours. Was Harry able to convey a message to his loved ones in the many hours he lived after the crash? Was he really alive?

The results of the NTSB investigation gave me a clear image of how the crash likely happened. Suddenly, an abrupt and stunning *silence*. The airplane motor had stopped. *That's not good*. Harry and Pete were 8,000 feet in the air, and had only a few minutes to find a place to land the airplane safely. The air traffic control person on duty had directed them to fly across the mountain to a larger landing strip in Luray, VA. He was unaware they were in a single engine Cessna that would not make it over the mountain. Of the possible nearest emergency landing sites, the golf course was full of golfers and Interstate 81 was busy, so those options excluded a safe landing opportunity. Pete and Harry did locate a private field which presented a perfect opportunity, but swiping a tree and a house roof slowed them down considerably. They landed on a soft spot near a wet ditch, and the plane flipped over. Harry had "shaken head syndrome" that resulted in immediate unconsciousness. Pete was badly injured but showed signs of life.

The accident had occurred around 7:45 PM. Due to several accidents that night, the local emergency departments, ambulances, and helicopters were unusually busy. The physician on call at the local hospital that evening told me later that all staff were so busy with emergencies and saving lives that no one had the time to look at Harry's personal information to call me. His billfold was in the ER that night, but later remained with the police up in New Market.

The information that came trickling in from strangers, from my friends, and from friends of my children felt like gifts to me.

Ironically, this accident occurred in New Market, VA, near where Harry and I met at Eastern Mennonite High School in 1959 in Harrisonburg, VA. LaDene and Sidney had also attended Eastern Mennonite High School and had many friends in the area. One by one, individuals emerged from this community over the following days, months, and years, to tell me their part in Harry's last hours.

A retired husband-wife EMT team saw the crash happening and immediately ran to the crash. They wrote me a personal letter explaining their role in the immediate aftermath of the accident. He remained with Pete and she remained with Harry until the local rescue squad arrived. Pete was responsive and showed signs of life. *Harry never said a mumblin' word*. These kind strangers believed it would be reassuring to me to know Harry and Pete were not alone, upside down in the crashed airplane.

The local EMT arrived and delivered them both to Rockingham Memorial Hospital (RMH). The helicopter waiting at the hospital only had space for one more patient, so they chose to take Pete via Pegasus Air to University of Virginia Hospital in Charlottesville. Each patient required two EMT- or paramedic-trained persons in the helicopter. When this information was known to me it felt like Harry was part of war-time drama event where a physician chooses who lives and who dies. These crises do not happen on a quiet sunny Saturday evening in Virginia.

I learned that the physician on call who attended to Harry that evening at RMH was a friend, so I spoke to him personally. Dr. Wade Wenger told me that in the time he stabilized Harry while waiting for another helicopter to fly to UVA, *he never said a mumblin' word.*

Interestingly, the gentleman who manned the ambu bag at RMH for Harry walked into my church one Sunday morning. He and his sister introduced themselves to me, and he immediately recognized my name. He volunteered to me on the spot that he was the person

who kept Harry's oxygen flowing to his brain and body. I asked the crucial question, "Did Harry say anything in the ER?" and the gentleman said to me, *Harry never said a mumblin' word*.

There were multiple paramedics on the helicopter that finally flew Harry to the University of Virginia Hospital. One day as I was walking down a sidewalk in Harrisonburg, VA, I met a young man who knew my son, and he recognized me and volunteered to me, "I was in the helicopter that flew your husband to UVA." "Oh," I asked, "did he talk to you or say anything?" *He never said a mumblin' word*.

Most recently, I learned new details from Paul Helmuth, who remembers being Harry's personal EMT on that helicopter flight. Because of the unusual emergency load on the Pegasus Air service, AirCare from Fairfax, VA, was called in to help. Paul, an employee of AirCare, was at his home in Harrisonburg, and so arrived quickly in response to this need. AirCare and Paul delivered Harry to the University of Virginia emergency room along with another patient, a trip that still lives in Paul's memory because he had been a classmate of my son, Sidney.

Why would strangers and friends talk freely to me months and even years later? I imagine it is traumatizing to even a paramedic to attend to your classmate's dad. There would be a degree of therapy in being able to talk about the experience with someone who could connect with the situation. I am mentioning this because I was grateful, I found it therapeutic, and astonishing to hear these pieces of the story emerge at unexpected times and places.

I feared and now believed that Harry was brain-dead on impact, and in my reading about such situations I learned that Harry almost certainly did not feel pain. His strong heart continued to beat for 40 hours, and many skillful people kept Harry oxygenated for almost all of those hours until he was surgically attended to at UVA.

As I reflect on my quest for answers my mind brings me to the

preservation of life motto, “First Do No Harm.” In the absence of a DNR (Do Not Resuscitate) order and with no family contact for many hours, the EMTs and physicians were using their skills and knowledge to Do No Harm. A neurosurgeon performed a procedure on the brain to release the high pressures. The orthopedic surgeons operated on Harry’s pelvic bones and broken lower extremities. These were good learning opportunities for the physicians on call, which is something Harry would have supported. Was harm done to Harry? Who gets to decide?

There are many uncertainties in this situation, as in life. Rodney said it well in our service to honor Harry: “For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as I also am known.” (I Corinthians 13:12)

Harry’s legacy lives on, and I see it each and every day in our children and grandchildren. Harry lives on in my heart. Life’s trauma leaves an empty hole in all of us, but we continue our lives with gratitude for what Harry’s life of 57 years gave to us: Rosemary, Rodney, LaDene, Sidney, and Bradley.

Crazy Quilting Through Story

Sidney King

“The best stories come from hardship.” Most of us have heard some variation of this expression. But what is it exactly: a truism? A hypothesis to be tested? Or just a question?

Maybe hardship is what’s behind the rich tapestry of King family stories.

Some of the stories are memorialized in letters, emails, bound volumes and the occasional book such as this one. Others are shared at microphones or around picnic tables at funerals and reunions, and are never quite captured or retold in the exact same way. If you’ve been fortunate enough to participate in these storytelling sessions, you might say they’re less of a rich tapestry

and more of a crazy quilt, with each generation and branch of the family adding their own thread and scraps of mixed fabrics and fingers pricked from retellings.

My earliest memories of these stories were as a sleepy boy in a dark minivan on the drive from North Carolina to Westover, with the highway whine and the rhythmic thumping of the Chesapeake Bay Bridge expansion joints passing beneath the tires as Dad told us stories about growing up on the Eastern Shore.

And what stories they were: near drownings at the Puppy Hole, behinds full of buckshot, plunges through frozen rivers, adventures on the water and on farms that often involved bodily injury and occasionally lessons learned.

Some of the stories strained credibility, from the family ties to Jesse James, to the family's Chesapeake Bay Retriever Mister competently playing left field during family baseball games, to Uncle Speck's rollicking and gravity-defying adventures flying homemade pontoon planes over the Bay.

But lurking beneath the rowdy adventures of a large family living large in Westover are also stories of loss and hardship: of famine, disease, and financial ruin in North Dakota. Of a family broken by the untimely death of Agnes, followed by a new family born out of a new marriage and somehow molded into one big blended and unruly family.

I think of the King family stories and I think of a confounding mix of perennial hardship and struggle and broken dreams and shattered relationships, but also of healing, abundance, faith, and always, love. Ultimately so many of the stories seem to feature boundless stores of love.

I've tried to forge my own path as a storyteller, from a travelogue-style documentary about the disappearance of Clayton Kratz and the formation of Mennonite Central Committee, to a feature film about a family coming to terms with past traumas, to what I hope was a fun action-adventure movie about a family's struggle against an erupting volcano.

But easily the most rewarding storytelling I've done is at bedtime

with my two daughters under an arm, listening to stories of my own childhood. They seem particularly rapt by the stories of hardship: Uncle Rod and Dada getting lost on Rumbling Bald Mountain and ultimately getting rescued by four-wheelers and a dog squad during what was undoubtedly the biggest storm in recorded history, to a somehow even bigger storm called Hurricane Hugo cutting a swath of destruction towards our home, to the night that same house burned down in a house fire with flames so high they licked the highest branches of the nearby oak trees!

As the girls grow sleepy and heavy-lidded on my chest, I wonder what stories about their growing up they might tell their own children. It's a wonder I feel more intensely as we lose the heroes and heroines of the stories I heard while thumping over the Bay bridge: Grandpa Amos, Grandma Martha, Uncle Elmer, Aunt Ruby, my dad Harry.

They're gone, but their stories are not. Yes, they take with them precious details, and certain stories forgotten or mixed up or just left unshared. And we're left to grieve the loss of the details and the stories themselves, while we're also grateful for and celebrate the ones that survive and persist, sometimes in new forms.

And I circle back to the question: do the best stories come from hardship? I consider this as my girls sleepily ask for more details about the night the house burned, and I marvel at being blessed with a life of security and opportunity that my parents worked so hard to provide. It's a blessed life that the generation of Kings who homesteaded in North Dakota and who lived through bone-freezing winters in mud-walled homes could have scarcely imagined.

Like most parents, I want my own girls to enjoy lives of abundance and security, but I also want them to appreciate great stories - as listeners, readers, tellers, and also protagonists, writing and living their own stories that will be remembered and laughed at and argued about long after I'm gone. And so part of me hopes hardship isn't necessary for all of that.

Their stories are just beginning. They'll add their own threads and patches and fabric to the King Family Stories crazy-quilt. In the

meantime, I'll do my best to give them a little needle and thread.

MimE

Miriam "MimE" Elizabeth King was born on March 12, 1949. She married **Wilmer Dagen** (born June 9, 1946) on July 2, 1972. They split their time between their homes in San Esteban, Olancho, Honduras and Westover, MD. They had two children:

Roberto Dagen was born on May 25, 1983. He resides in Pocomoke City, MD. He has three children with his ex-wife **Angel**:

- **Joshua** (born November 16, 2006)
- **Jeremiah** (born October 5, 2007)
- **Isaiah** (born October 5, 2007)

Ricardo Dagen was born on July 18, 1985. He married **Ashley** (born November 3, 1985) on March 18, 2016. They reside in Salisbury, Maryland. They have one child:

- **Nicolas** (born July 30, 2016)

About MimE

Miriam Elizabeth King

I have struggled with how to condense seventy-six years of living in three different countries on two different continents, being an alumnus of nine different universities and doing externships associated with two more, raising two sons in third culture environments, then raising three grandchildren from ages one and two to adulthood.

I was born on March 12, 1949 in Crisfield, Maryland. From a young age I felt drawn to cross-cultural experiences and a life of service. Looking back, it is no surprise I have lived and studied in other countries, learned to communicate in other languages, experienced

and enjoyed many different foods and cultures and spent my life in service to others.

A Household of Many Cultures

I grew up in a large family. I was my mother's first child and the fifth of my father, who had children from a previous marriage. That put me squarely in the middle: three older brothers and a sister, then three younger brothers and a sister. Maybe that explains why I have always had both oldest-child responsibility and middle-child adaptability.

In our house we related to a variety of cultures, missionaries home on furlough from other countries with slide shows, Puerto Rican "Fresh Air" children from New YorkCity in the summer and African American neighbors.[13] I remember my father taking Russian immigrants without transportation to the doctor. We had a Chinese student stay with us for a summer. That hospitality and exposure shaped my whole life. I remember that dad would pray, "God, bless me and make me a blessing."

One of my earliest inspirations was Betty Erb, a missionary nurse serving in India. She wore traditional Indian clothing and cooked Indian food when she visited us. When I was about twelve she shook my hand and said, "You have the hands of a doctor." That observation never left me.

When dad began pastoring Snow Hill Mennonite Church, it was a hard experience for me. Our former church, Holly Grove Mennonite, was filled with older couples who were like grandparents to me. My own grandparents lived five to six hours away in Pennsylvania and my paternal grandfather had died when dad was just a teen.

The Snow Hill church was more conservative. The dress code felt restrictive. It took me a few years to feel comfortable going forward

during revival services, partly because becoming a church member was expected at the same time as accepting Jesus as Savior.

But there were blessings too. One of the best experiences at the Snow Hill church was the music instruction we received from John Kurtz every Wednesday night after Bible study. The Bible verses and songs from those sessions have resurfaced over and over in my life — reminders of truth and comfort when I've needed them most. One verse that sustained me through surgeries and hardship is: "He will keep you in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Him."

Simplicity and Frugality

One of my strongest memories is of how resourceful my mother was. My dad used to say she could have run President Roosevelt's rationing program. She could stretch a two-quart jar of blueberries across a family of seven to ten, or make a single pack of hot dogs provide for an entire meal. When we cleaned everything on our plates, she would smile and say, "I knew just how much to make."

Since my father did not receive a salary as a pastor, we sometimes received a donated basket of food and household items. Each Christmas I remember receiving a donated basket of food and household items. One year there was a complete setting of silverware. I was a little embarrassed that our family had to receive something like that — it made me feel exposed. But I was also grateful for the contents.

We did not eat out much. Fast food was not common at the time, but once, on a trip to Pennsylvania we splurged and bought a bag of hamburgers (a real bargain) to share as a family. Mom always brought finger foods and milk along. Ice cream was for special occasions, birthdays mostly. I later learned that sometimes, when we had ice cream, it was because Dad had spent the last of his money.

Living close to the land was part of our life. We always had a cow

for milk and butter, and we grew vegetables in the garden. A few fruit trees (pears, apples and peaches) added to our bounty. When neighbors had finished their harvest and sales we would go gleaning the strawberries and tomatoes left in the fields. Mother always had her summer canning goals: peaches, sweet corn, green and yellow string beans and meat when we could purchase it wholesale or venison. I remember one year she canned over 200 jars of peaches.

We tried raising pigs for meat. We built a low fence to keep them from digging out and then a higher one to keep them from jumping over. After all that without success, Dad finally gave up on raising pigs.

School and Early Learning

One chaotic but memorable part of childhood was the morning rush to catch the school bus. If we missed it, we could catch it later in its route by walking or biking to the corner of Charles Barnes Road and Boggs Schoolhouse. I remember how Ruby ran a tight ship when she took charge of the household while Mom and Dad traveled to North Dakota. We had to get up early for breakfast and sweep the floor and then catch the bus. It was kind of a relief, actually, to have that kind of structure.

I started first grade at Marion Station, riding the bus with my brother Harry, who was in sixth grade. The school was a two-story brick building. Elementary students were downstairs; upper grades were upstairs. I got scolded once for reading ahead in the Dick and Jane readers. When Mr. Chamber asked what might happen at the end, I raised my hand and spoiled the story. I didn't know better! I was already reading books from our church library and reading Harry's sixth-grade textbooks.

While in middle school our family was designated the Somerset County "Family of the Year." Dad was PTA president that year.

Our weekends, especially in the summer, were full of visitors, mostly relatives from Pennsylvania. I used to think it odd that my parents prioritized owning a boat over other things. The boat had been built by one of my older brothers and left with the family. We used it for water-skiing, fishing and ferrying our visitors to a nearby uninhabited island for shell collecting.

We also had a three-holed outhouse with a cement walkway and even a light, and an outdoor shower, which made summer living practical. One summer Dad built a pony cart for Dan and me. We used it with a pony we bought with help from our big sister Ruby, using money we earned from summer jobs. Dan and I picked cucumbers for Mrs. Croswell, the black farmer who lived nearby. I also rode my bicycle to a local farm to do laundry and housekeeping for farmer Dryden's wife. I even babysat for a family of four kids when I was just eight years old, preparing me for caring for my younger siblings.

High School, College, and Marriage

After completing 9th grade at Marion School I went to Lancaster Mennonite High School for a year and then transferred to Eastern Mennonite High School where I lived with brother Harry and his wife, Rose Mary. I played three sports — softball, basketball and field hockey. I was editor of the year book, sang in a women's quartet and served as president of the National Honor Society.

Before starting college I took a year off and worked at Speedy Laundry and Car Wash, owned by my Uncle Frank King. I lived with my Uncle Emory and Aunt Ruth King, spent time with my paternal grandmother Rosa and saved money. Then I headed to Eastern Mennonite College, now University, to study chemistry and pre-med. Eventually I changed my major to nursing for practical reasons — I needed income to cover my expenses and I could work as a nurse while planning to pursue medical school later.

I first met Wilmer Dagen in 1966 at EMU. We reconnected when I was recruited as a life guard for summer camps in Florida and Alabama. He was also volunteering at Camp Victory in Alabama, his home state, and contacted me to offer a ride as he was traveling there from Pennsylvania where he was working. That led to many more trips, including one unforgettable road trip of seven, three former volunteers who had served together in Honduras and their friends, in an old van. On that trip we hit a dead cow on the road at night requiring significant repairs, had our passports and vehicle documents stolen in Guatemala, and I had an early glimpse of the wild and adventurous unpredictability of life in other countries. It was a test — could I handle it?

I transferred to the University of Virginia my Junior year and completed my BS in nursing in 1972. Wilmer and I were married a month after graduation in an outdoor, weekend-long celebration with family and friends at Camp Victory. I had always intended to wait until I was 30 to get married, but love and the lure of being with someone who also enjoyed traveling had its own schedule.

Honduras and the Philippines

We moved to Tegucigalpa, Honduras where Wilmer was working in rural development projects. I volunteered training nutritionists, helping recuperate malnourished children in a Catholic children's home and eventually became the head nurse on the OB/GYN floor of a local hospital.

In 1974, we entered into a partnership with another couple to purchase a 500 acre property in the mountains of Honduras. That property became our home.

In 1977 Wilmer was offered a position in the Philippines with World Neighbors, an international development non-profit. I was able to go to medical school there. We became certified scuba

divers while there and greatly enjoyed experiencing that part of God's creation. I did externships in North Carolina and Johns Hopkins, then returned to the Philippines to complete my degree and graduate in 1982. We lived on a sail boat our last three months there. After graduating we returned to Honduras.

From 1983 to 1990 I worked for the Honduras Ministry of Health in the northeast region of the country known as La Mosquitia. During that time I coordinated the construction of ten community health centers and the first government hospital in the region with USAID funding during the peak of the Nicaragua revolution and USA support for the Contras who were operating in the region. Wilmer worked with World Relief and help found and direct a local development non-profit, Mosquitia Pawisa (MOPAWI).

Ruby was a special part of our lives. she came to live with us in Honduras from 1990 to 1992. Both Wilmer and I had jobs that required a lot of travel and Ruby stayed with our sons and two high school girls we were helping to complete high school. She had a sharp sense of humor and we played a lot of table games during those years. I remember how much joy she brought into our home and we all benefited from her steady presence.

Our Sons

Roberto came into our lives when I helped at a refugee field hospital so the Doctors Without Borders staff could have a break from their 24/7 schedule. He was just a baby, eight months old born May 25, 1983, and very ill with malnutrition and tuberculosis. His mother had died of tuberculosis. His father, maternal grandmother and four younger siblings were being relocated and his father, a Seventh Day Adventist pastor, asked if I could care for him. With treatment he recovered and, miraculously did not even have a scar on his lungs. After several visits by the father to see how Rob was doing, he told us he thought God wanted us to raise

his son.

Almost two years later, after delivering many babies in homes in remote rural areas as well as hospital settings with many women asking if I had given birth, I experienced childbirth firsthand with the birth of Ricardo on July 18, 1985 in Tegucigalpa. It was during my pregnancy that I had my first of many surgeries in my life after damaging my knee falling on wooden steps at a neighbor's house.

Our boys spent their earliest years in our home on the edge of the Caratasca Lagoon in Honduras where they could roam freely, learn to swim, fish and catch blue crabs, play with neighborhood friends and begin their life's journey as bilingual, Third culture sons.

In 1990 we moved to Tegucigalpa to take on new job assignments and the boys studied in bilingual Christian schools with a two year stint on our rural property where they rode horses, hunted with sling shots, swam in the river and played soccer while following a home school curriculum until we moved to the USA in 1996. Rob and Ric completed high school in Maryland as they navigated adjusting to life in the USA.

Rob married Angelette Cowboy and their first son, Joshua, was born on November 16, 2006. On October 5, 2007 their twin sons, Isaiah and Jeremiah, were born.

Ric married Ashley Desjardins. Their son Nicolas was born July 30, 2017.

Rob has utilized his musical gifts touring Mexico and the USA with the Continental Singers and as keyboardist and worship leader in various churches.

Ric followed in the footsteps of both his carpenter grandfathers. He has worked in construction and as a project supervisor for real estate and construction companies where his knowledge, skills and ability to troubleshoot and resolve difficult issues have been valued. Being bilingual has been a major asset working with the many

Spanish speaking subcontractors who he mentors and trains as well.

Our Grandsons

In 2009, Worcester County Social Services asked us to assume custody of our grandsons — Joshua, Isaiah and Jeremiah. This resulted in a move to Phoenix, Arizona to resolve legal matters related to obtaining a permanent guardianship in the Navajo Nation court system as recommended by social services. This gave us the opportunity to visit their mother's Navajo family including their great grandmother, grandfather, uncles and others.

In 2016 we moved to Honduras where the three attended a small two room school, learned Spanish, enjoyed the freedom of rural life and played soccer. I helped manage a scholarship fund for students attending high school and supported youth soccer programs, driving village kids to soccer clinics and events in the area.

Nic is following in his father's footsteps with an eagerness to try new and different foods and experiences, travel, play multiple sports, ride horse, swimming while bringing much joy to his grandparents.

A Life of Service and Joy

Over the years, beginning the year we were married, we have shared our home with volunteers from Japan, the United Kingdom, Holland and Peace Corp volunteers from the USA. Others included teenage girls who needed a safe place to live and both male and female teenagers who we supported to complete their studies. Throughout my life I have striven to make sure people had opportunities to learn and help them achieve their full potential. Encouraging cross-cultural experiences and helping others experience the beauty of our multi-cultural world has been satisfying.

I have loved the water ever since I fell out of a boat in the Chesapeake Bay as a toddler and my dad pulled me back in with the

rope he had tied to me. I love swimming, snorkeling and scuba diving and experiencing God's creation under the waves in the Pacific and the Atlantic has been a highlight of my life.

One verse that sustained me through surgeries and difficult times is: "You will keep in perfect peace those whose minds are steadfast, because they trust in you."

Dan

Daniel King was born on December 7, 1950. He married **Jeanette N.** (born October 6, 1950) on October 13, 1973. They reside in Dover, Ohio. They had two children:

Matthew King was born on August 19, 1977. He married **Renata** (born July 15, 1978) on February 14, 2004. They reside in Evanston, Illinois.

Philip King was born on November 9, 1980. He married **Amanda Barczyk** (born May 21, 1982) on April 24, 2010. They reside in Charlottesville, Virginia.

About Dan

Dan King

To the best of my calculations, I have lived in at least 17 places for at least a months' duration: Maryland, Pennsylvania, Virginia (3), Costa Rica, Nicaragua (4), Miami (2), Indiana, and Ohio (4). Following is a brief recap of events in each of these places.

Maryland

I was born in 1950, the second of five children to Amos and Martha Wert King. I don't remember much before age five - huddling together in the front room during Hurricane Hazel, getting a bath in the big galvanized tub beside the coal stove, and a near- drowning, to name a few. Entering first grade at age 5 (there was no kindergarten at Marion School), I loved school and was excited about learning to read. Books took me to times and places otherwise inaccessible!. Some of my childhood stories are recorded in this book; the rest will have to wait for my autobiography.

Pennsylvania

Like most of my siblings, I went to a Mennonite boarding school (Lancaster) for 11th & 12th grades. There I enjoyed many new activities, like singing in choirs, making new friends, and taking interesting classes. I returned home after graduation for a "gap year", to work and help support the next sibling (Rosa) in attending the same private school.

Virginia

I studied two years at Eastern Mennonite College (now University) as a pre-med major. I began dating Jeanette Neuenschwander from Kidron, Ohio only two months before leaving for Nicaragua for two years. (At 18, I had registered with the draft board as a CO….it was during the Vietnam War era….and was approved to serve with a non-military organization in endeavors similar to the Peace Corp.)

Costa Rica

I went to San Jose, Costa Rica in July 1971 to study Spanish for seven weeks at the Instituto de Lenguas. During that time I lived with a middle-class Costa Rican family with four teenage boys.

Nicaragua

I began my two years of Voluntary Service with Rosedale Missions in a small, primitive village called Nueva Guinea, located deep in the rainforest of east-central Nicaragua. There were four of us on the medical team: an American nurse, another single Gringa, a young Nicaraguan woman, and myself. We held clinic several days a week in our village, in a small building next to our residence. In addition, we would travel on foot or mule to six outlying villages several times a week. Major health issues we encountered were gastro-Intestinal parasites, malnutrition, childbirths, and machete wounds.

After 15 months in the jungle, I was transferred to Managua, the capital city, to work with a Canadian Mennonite missionary on youth ministry at his church. I was there just two weeks, orienting

myself to a very different kind of work, when a major earthquake rocked the city, with three successive quakes around 12:30 am on Dec. 24, 1972. There were an estimated 11,000 deaths and 20,000 injuries. Our center was damaged beyond repair, but all nine of us sleeping inside were able to dash outside without injuries. While many were homeless, we were able to find an undamaged rental house nearby on the following day. (Back in Ohio, enjoying Christmas break with her family, my fiancée, Jeanette, did not know of my condition for two long days, as she watched the news on TV.) Although I continued to work with teenagers at the church, the majority of my time over the next nine months focused on earthquake relief.

Virginia (again)

I returned eagerly to my fiancée in Harrisonburg after two years apart, to marry on Oct. 13, 1973. She worked as a nurse at Kings Daughters Hospital for the next two years while I finished college - a BA in Biology Education. We lived in a trailer just off campus.

Miami, Florida

Upon my graduation, we both felt a distinct call to move to Miami to find jobs and support a pastor couple (Dave and Jan Gerber) who were approaching burnout in a bi-lingual inner-city Mennonite church. Jeanette found employment as a public health nurse; I found a teaching job at Westview Christian School (Gr. K-8) Three years later I became the principal, and served in that capacity for the next six years. Wearing a second hat, I also co-pastored with Dave at two different churches during those years.

Matthew and Philip were born in Miami in 1977 and 1980, respectively. We lived in a lower income, multicultural neighborhood, which was enriching for all of us!

Indiana

We took a 14 month hiatus, moving into a trailer at Grace

Theological Seminary in Winona Lake. I received an MA in Christian School Administration in August of 1986. Our two young boys (ages 5 & 8) experienced their first northern winter.

Miami (again)

We returned to the same house in Miami. I took a pastorate (half-time) at New Hope Mennonite Church, a multicultural inner city church, made up of Anglos, African-Americans, Haitians, Cubans, and more. I started a daycare center at New Hope (which fizzled after several years). I found other part-time jobs to supplement income.

Kidron, Ohio

After two deaths in rather close succession (her 20-yr old brother Todd and her mother Orpha at age 60), Jeanette felt the need to be closer to family. We sold our house in Miami (summer of 1992) and bought a house on Kidron's south side, three doors from her dad Tilman. I began teaching middle school science at Central Christian (10 years). Jeanette was a Hospice nurse for 3 years, then took a job as a public health nurse for Help Me Grow in Holmes Country. (almost 13 years). Both boys attended Central Christian; Matt graduated in 1995 and Phil in 1998. In April 2002, we purchased (with our good friends, Joel and Rose Lehman) fifty-nine acres of hunting property near New Athens, fifty minutes to the southeast. The next year, we disassembled an Amish man's 20x26 post-and-beam barn near Berlin, hauled everything in two truckloads some sixty miles away, and reassembled it at the top of a hill overlooking our beaver pond. Adding many windows, insulation, kitchen cabinets and sink, composting toilet, and a wood-burning stove made it a bit more livable, at least for hunters. We two families, plus many other relatives and friends, continue to enjoy the many activities available at our Quiet Waters getaway…. deer and turkey hunting, berry picking, hiking, birdwatching, canoeing, mushroom hunting, beekeeping…to name a few.

Dover, Ohio

I began pastoring, halftime, a small storefront church, Dover Christian Fellowship, in the summer of 2003. A year later we sold our house in Kidron and moved to Dover. I found various part time jobs to supplement income, while Jeanette continued to work for Help Me Grow. I resigned from the pastorate at DCF three years later. I felt disoriented over the next ten months, with 3 or 4 part time jobs, until I got an unexpected phone call.

Louisville, Ohio

In February 2007, I received a call from Wayne Neische, regional pastor for Ohio Conference, to consider a one-year interim at Beech Mennonite Church. I commuted the forty-minute drive and at the end of that year was voted to stay long-term. We rented our Dover home to an elderly lady and moved into the parsonage next door to the church. It was a fulfilling nine and a half years, pastoring a vibrant, talented, and caring congregation. During that time, I got into beekeeping and a large garden, specializing in growing some 25 varieties of heirloom tomatoes from seed.

Dover (again)

Upon retiring in November 2016, we returned to our cozy brick home on Walnut Street, with few ideas about our retirement years. During December, we volunteered at the International Guest House in Washington, D.C. (Make that 18 living locations!) It was a rewarding experience - meeting guests from around the globe, and visiting museums and historic places during our free time.

Three months later, with little to do outside and becoming stir-crazy, I took the suggestion from a friend to apply at Dover High School as a Spanish interpreter. I was hired immediately, and am now in my eighth year, working three days a week. I am assigned to certain teachers with students who are struggling to learn English and pass their classes. I'm often called to the office or to accompany

the assistant principal on home visits to truant students.

In addition to my work at Dover High School, Jeanette and I have become very involved in walking alongside the growing number of immigrants from Guatemala who have moved into our area. We help them sort their mail, fill out Medicaid and passport applications for their US-born children, apply for reduction of medical bills, study for drivers' licenses, and much more.

Learning to know many of these families continues to be an enriching experience.

We attend St John UCC church in Strasburg, and have become involved in choir, Sunday School teaching, scripture reading, and substitute preaching for Pastor Jason. We dearly love Jason and Heather Rissler and their four children.

In our spare time, Jeanette and I enjoy hiking, kayaking, biking, gardening, travel, and reading.

Summary

I am most proud of two accomplishments. First, looking back, I find it hard to believe that I led the endeavor (with quite a few volunteers) to dismantle a barn, haul it to another destination (Quiet Waters), lay the right sized foundation, and reassemble it all at the top of a steep hill.

On a very different note, I feel great satisfaction in having pastored a church for almost 10 years (Beech Mennonite) without any significant crisis to manage. We continue to maintain close relationships with several families eight years later.

Maybe I should add a third? I continue to enjoy my work as Interpreter at Dover High School, and seem to have a special rapport with Hispanic teenagers, despite my age.

In terms of my beliefs and values, first and foremost is my relationship with God. I am full of gratitude for God's love and

faithfulness, first by sending Jesus to earth for my forgiveness, and then gifting me with the Holy Spirit, who slowly and patiently works to shape me into Christ's likeness.

At the same time, I believe in the importance of belonging to a community of faith, where followers of Jesus share their resources, as well as their joys and struggles, and in so doing demonstrate to the world a foretaste of God's kingdom.

I consider myself an environmentalist, concerned about the wellbeing of all of God's creation. To that end, I maintain two organic gardens, keep honeybees, and try (though I often fail) to reduce our use of non-renewable energy.

One of the key biblical texts that continues to direct my life is Matthew 25, when Jesus teaches that those who would follow him must show compassion and solidarity with "the least" of those in society. As we work with Hispanic immigrants, we continue to hear these words,

"I was a stranger and you welcomed me." More broadly, Jeanette and I try to live simply, so that we can be as generous as possible to those in need.

Dan & Jeanette's First Date

Dan: My first date with Jeanette was an overnight campout. She was about the next one I kissed after Phyllis Hatchethead.

I had been on a Gospel Team at Christmas time, and the following spring, we had a reunion just before EMU was done for the year in May, I believe, First of May. First weekend in May, and our gospel team decided to have a camp out, out in West Virginia camp. I forget the name of that campground out there, State Park, West Virginia, and we did have to have chaperones and so we picked Ken and Phoebe, who were our age. They just happened to be married. They were our chaperones.

We all had our own separate sleeping bags, but I did wake up first of any in the group, which is typical, and get up in the morning, and grab her sleeping bag by the end, and pull it up like this so she falls down to the bottom of it to wake her up. Then we went on an early morning hike up into the mountains, before anyone else was awake.

My Triple-Double

Dan King

I am not a huge fan of pro basketball, although I am quick to point out to hoop lovers that we live just 40 minutes from Lebron James' childhood home.

(A humorous side note on my father Amos: I recall him turning to a TV channel with a pro basketball game underway, and within a few minutes, observed, "This just isn't fair. The gigantic guys have no trouble dunking the ball, but the short ones don't have a chance. They should either put the hoop at about 6 feet, so everybody can do it, or else 20 feet, so no one can.")

Notwithstanding my lack of basketball enthusiasm, I do know the meaning of a triple-double: achieving double-digit numbers in three different categories, the most common being points, assists, and rebounds. So let me tell you about my triple-double.

Near-Drowning, Twice

To the best of my recollection, both events occurred at the "Puppy Hole," a deep depression along the banks of our favorite swimming beach at Coulbourne's Creek. As we grew older, we learned to stay in the shallow waters along the beach and to stay clear of the Puppy Hole. On both occasions, however, I had not yet learned this important lesson. I'm told that the first time, perhaps at around 3 years old, I fell into the deep part and Ruby, though not able to swim, jumped in and pulled me to safety.

The second time, at 5 or 6, I made the same mistake. I remember seeing the sandy bottom, deep down, and fish swimming around me. Once again, Ruby came to my rescue, dashing into water over her head to grab me. On the shore, with someone pounding water out of my chest, I stammered, “I was down there a long time, maybe five minutes.”

Falling From a Moving Car, Twice

The first incident is very foggy in my memory; perhaps it’s more about hearing the story told to me. I would suppose I was two or three.

Dad was driving an old black Buick with rear doors that opened the opposite way. I believe I was the only child with them, which was unusual. Were they taking me to the infamous Dr. Peyton in Crisfield? We had just turned right onto Route 667 at our dead-end road and were accelerating when I began playing with the door handle.

I was standing in the back: no seat belts in those days! Mom scolded, “Get away from the door, Danny.” I didn’t listen, and pulled on the handle. When the door cracked open, the wind whipped it backward, and I was thrown out onto the grassy shoulder.

How fast were we going? Maybe 25mph by that time? Dad slammed on the brakes and they both jumped out and ran back to me, greatly relieved when they saw that I wasn’t injured.

Harry was driving the two-tone tan station wagon as we returned from Marion. I believe several other sibs were in the back seat. At about 14, I must have been the oldest to be able to sit shotgun. We were perhaps only a few hundred yards from my earlier tumble, turning left onto our road. I was leaning heavily against my door, and as we turned the corner, my door flew open and I tumbled out onto my behind and elbows. With nothing more than some brush

burns on my elbows, I got up and jumped back into the car.

Airplane Crash, Twice

Both times it happened in a single-engine prop, and both times when we were attempting to land. I guess it's easier to get airborne than it is to land!

I believe it may have been my "gap year" when I was at home working before going to college. My best friend's brother, Paul Hostetler, was marrying a girl from Dalton, Ohio and had asked our pastor, Omar Stoltzfus, to have a part in the ceremony. Fortunately, Omar also had a pilot's license, so he could make the long trip much faster. He invited me along for company; I quickly said "yes."

His single engine Cessna was in repair, so he rented another Cessna, one that was a bit more powerful. As we were flying over West Virginia, he noticed that the fuel gauge was low. He radioed the closest airport and got clearance to land. I thought he was coming in too fast and touching down late. Sure enough, as he tried to brake, we came to the end of the runway and plunged headfirst down a cliff.

Fortunately it was only about a twenty-foot drop. A shaving kit from the back seat hit me on the back of my head, and our arms were sore, but we sustained no further damage except a bent propeller. It seems like we were forced to rent a car and return home to Maryland, but I don't remember what happened at the wedding.

The second crash occurred in the Nicaraguan jungle. It was my second day in the country.

My director wanted me to spend a week at my assigned location in the rain-forest before I went to Costa Rica for 7 weeks of language study. I accompanied three other volunteers to the Managua airport, and as we waited on the tarmac, we saw a young man approaching. By his short stature and baby face, he appeared no

older than 16. “Soy su piloto,” he told us.

The three men with me climbed into the two rear seats; I sat shotgun. As we flew east, small cattle farms below began to give way to jungle, and a dense cloud cover set in. After some time, it appeared that our young pilot may be lost, as he tipped the wings one way, then another, peering out his window.

Suddenly he saw a small opening in the clouds below, and to his surprise, the grass landing strip indicating our village appeared directly below. Not wanting to miss our destination, he put us into a nosedive, bringing us halfway down the strip before the wheels touched down.

As we approached the end of the runway, grass turned into slippery mud. He braked one way, then another, as we slid sideways. Suddenly a Jeep appeared in my window. Someone not expecting a plane that day had left it parked on the airstrip. Skidding sideways a final time, we slammed into the Jeep’s front bumper directly below my window.

The right wing dropped as if sliced by a machete and our plane spun in a 180 deg circle before coming to a stop. We looked at each other and were grateful to see no serious injuries….just a few bruises on our arms.

They say that the *“third time's the charm*”, but in all three cases I hope not to find out!

When I was drafted at age 18, I registered as a Conscientious Objector and served my required two years on a medical team in Nicaragua, instead of combat in Vietnam. Our team of four volunteers (two American women, myself, and a young Nicaraguan woman) worked in a remote, jungle village called Nueva Guinea, as well as six smaller surrounding villages. We lived in a small, wooden three bedroom house with no running water, unpredictable evening hours of electricity, and an outhouse (nothing new for

me).....Space doesn't allow me to share many of the life-changing experiences during those days in the jungle; I hope to be able to include many of them in an upcoming memoir. I will enlarge upon just three: Drunken Friends Fight, An American Doctor, and Gored by a Bull.

Drunken Friends Fight

Dan King

Our clinic building was next door to our residence, equally rustic with its whitewashed plank siding. We would open its doors two or three days a week to hold clinic. The other days we would pack our mules' saddlebags with basic supplies, mount them (or walk) for a trip to one of six smaller villages, even more remote, in the surrounding jungle. One day, as we were seeing patients at our clinic, we heard a commotion outside. Looking out the window we saw a man being carried by four others in a homemade stretcher of bamboo poles and a blanket. What had happened to the victim's hands, sliced many times, with a black, sticky substance in his wounds? And his chest, with a wound at the ribs, opened enough to see his beating heart beneath the fascia? Slowly the story surfaced from his carriers. Deep in the jungle, he and a friend had found alcohol and began to drink. Some disagreement ensued, which ended when the friend took a machete and attacked him. And the black goo? Without any other medical resources available, coffee grounds had been packed into the bleeding wounds; caffeine restricts blood vessels. They had carried their friend on the stretcher through the jungle for two full days before reaching our clinic. Nurse Viola shook her head - too much time had elapsed for her to clean and suture the wounds. Providentially, while we pondered what to do next, a single-engine plane landed unexpectedly on the grass airstrip in front of the clinic, bringing bank officials and/or supplies. We showed the pilot our patient and begged him to take

him to Managua, the capital, where hospital staff might, perchance, save his life. We never heard from him again.

A Unique American Doctor

Dan King

The most frequent medical issue we encountered at the clinic was gastro-intestinal infestation of the roundworm *Ascaris lumbricoides*. It was a white worm, reaching up to 19 inches long, that lays its eggs in the stomach and intestines of humans. Once hatched, these parasites feed off the host's food. Symptoms include fever, stomach pain, malnutrition, and diarrhea. Children were the most susceptible. Several times we saw children whose bloated bellies were so packed that the worms had begun coming out their nose. Eggs are spread primarily through feces and contracted through contaminated food and water. Without latrines, human excrement was deposited anywhere. Families would bathe in the river, wash their clothes there, and draw drinking water without any awareness of the worm's life cycle. It was difficult to convince already overworked mothers to boil their drinking water. Even more difficult was to persuade families to dig holes and construct primitive latrines. Although it was easy to diagnose and treat with anti-parasitic medication, reinfestation would quickly occur.

Dr. Edwards (I can't remember his real name) was a tall, slender family doctor from Pittsburgh, PA. The wavy white hair indicated that he was nearing retirement, yet he chose to give two weeks every year with a non-profit medical group in a developing country. In our clinic, he would sit on his wooden stool, greeting each patient with a warm smile. Although he knew no Spanish, he would cock his head to listen intently to the young mother describe her problem. He soon learned to pick out the word "diarrhea" from the verbal chatter. At which time, he would jump to his feet, raise his arms and sing vigorously, "Die….a….rea!", while the parent and

children stared at him quizzically.

On other occasions, he would observe a young mother come shuffling into his exam room, head down, carrying a baby on her back, with four or five others, stair-step in stature, following her. He would jump to his feet and hold up his palms, saying, “Stop, young lady, don’t say a word. I know exactly what you need! I am going to prescribe for you two weeks in the Bahamas, on the beach, without any of these little ones.” And as she looked at me, expecting translation, what was I to say?!

Gored by a Bull

Dan King

It was the week when our village, Nueva Guinea, celebrated its patron saint. (I don't remember which one.) There was music, dancing, special food, and plenty of drinking. On the outskirts of the village, a makeshift corral was constructed from bamboo poles, strong enough to hold a bull for their popular bullfight. Instead of the Mexican style with a red cloak, men would ride a horse, wielding a spear to inflict damage on the innocent animal until it died. One day that week, while we were seeing patients at the clinic, we heard strange noises outside. Looking out, we saw a man being carried to us on a makeshift stretcher. They showed us his wound - a deep perforation in one of his buttocks. The story they told us: In a state of inebriation he had crawled through the bamboo slats and had begun to taunt the bull, "Hey there, toro, try me out!." When the bull began to charge, the man turned, only to find one of the horns lodged in his backside. Our nurse sized up his situation, and decided he likely would feel nothing as sutures were inserted. Sure enough, as she began to sew him up, belly downward, he would twist his head at a 180 to make verbal passes at our attractive American nurse.

Rosa

Rosa King was born on April 17, 1953. She resides in Santa Rosa Valley, California. She had three children with **James Hargett**:

Ebony Hargett was born on June 12, 1980. She married **Raul Gonzalez** (born November 5, 1974) on June 13, 2022. They reside in Sardinal, Carrillo, Guanacaste, Costa Rica. Ebony has three children:

- **Jasmine Stevens** (born November 23, 2002)
- **Eric Stevens (**born August 22, 2005)
- **Romario Delgado** (born November 23, 2012)

Damayea Hargett was born on August 12, 1981. She married **Forrest Brown** (born November 21, 1984) on January 6, 2016. They reside in Santa Rosa Valley, California. They have two children:

- **Izaiah** (born December 9, 2019)
- **Zoe** (born December 9, 2019)

Mandela Hargett was born on February 10, 1990. She married Graciela (born August 1, 1978) on May 7, 2016. They reside in Adelanto, California. They have three children:

- **Makeda** (born April 5, 2007)
- **Mariamrosa** (born February 18, 2017)
- **Bethlehem** (Belen) (born June 12, 2018)

About Rosa

Rosa King

April 17, 1953. The day that Mickey Mantle hit the second longest home run in the history of major league baseball. The day of the birth of Rosa Lois King to parents Amos C King and Martha E King. My mother had told me as a teen that I was special because she had a miscarriage before me, and after me and also had to be in a wheelchair with leg wraps for phlebitis before I was￼

born. She had gone through a lot for me, and continued to do so.

My childhood was overall carefree. I had 8 brothers and sisters, and there was plenty of noise and laughter. One memory is of my cutting my own bangs at about age 5, and this was a no no since Mennonite females were not allowed to cut their hair for their entire life. Siblings told me that I￼

put my hands on my hips and said “Daddy won’t spank me because I’m cute.” And he didn’t. Another memory in my childhood was of getting burned on my belly from touching the coal burning stove while I was taking my bath in a tin tub. The pain was severe and I had to go outside in the cold to ease the pain. I think we each took about one tub bath a week before Ruby helped get us a shower.

I attended elementary grades at Marion High School, which was a 12 grade two story brick building. When I was in the first grade, I was surprised to win the first place in the school’s talent show, singing “Three Little Puppies”. Music and art were my favorite subjects. When young, I read everything in sight. When we had many guests or loud commotion, I would hide in the attic or even climb up a tree to read. Mother said I should have been in the circus, because I did a disappearing act, every time there was work to be done.

In middle school, there were dramatic changes. For the first time our school was integrated, with new black students and a new teacher, Miss Griffith. We had grown up beside black neighbors, but having black classmates was a new experience. I made friends quickly and enjoyed my middle school classes.

I started high school at the same Marion school and enjoyed being on the field hockey team, especially riding on the bus with the soccer team. My parents enrolled me in Lancaster Mennonite School, a boarding school, for my grades 10 - 12. I enjoyed singing in multiple choirs and being a soloist and women's choir director. I had the lead female role in dramas in two years of high school. I was the MVP of field hockey my senior year of high school. I enjoyed many new friends, but I felt that the school had many rules that were were too harsh. We had to wear our prayer coverings even while playing sports and our cape dresses had to be several inches below the knee. I managed to get in trouble for breaking some of the rules.

After graduating from high school I lived at home working nights as a nurses aide in Crisfield's nursing home. I initially was not interested in going to college. While living at home I made crocheted rose jewelry and large drawings which I placed in a consignment shop in Pocomoke. My parents were not that supportive of my artistic efforts and did not know I had placed things in the shop. One day, my father came home, noting that the rich woman he was working for had shown him two drawings of egret and sea birds with the initials R King at the bottom and had asked him if it was any of his family. I confirmed that indeed it was my work and that it had been sold from the consignment art shop. That was the only time that I can recall my father appearing proud of my artwork; he seemed impressed that a rich woman would be buying my drawings. But he still discouraged me from putting anything else in the shop. Everything had already sold out except the sketch of a starving Biafran child.

I was 18 years old when my brother Harry and wife, Rosemary asked me to come live with them for a few months, and take care of their two-year-old son Rodney because Rosemary was pregnant and wanted to work awhile before she took maternity leave. This was a wonderful experience for me. I had my own

room in the basement and enjoyed going to UVA for different cultural events. I enjoyed getting to meet people from other parts of the world. I also took a sewing course during that time. I became engaged to Levi Zimmerman and we married when I was 20 years old.

Levi encouraged me to go to college and I went to West Chester State University earning a degree in social work, summa cum laude (1 B, the rest A's). I had started as an art major and enjoyed stone and wood carving, but most of the students were more skilled than I in drawing, and I realized it would be hard to earn a living as an artist. I then changed my major, and after graduating, went to Scranton, Pennsylvania and received a masters in social work.

While I was a college student, I worked at Fellowship Farm, Pottstown, PA in many different capacities. Levi worked in the business office. Fellowship Farm had many intercultural, religious, and international conferences, and I was part of the family camp and children's camp, singing campfire music. It was very interesting meeting people from different walks of life, including a variety of religions, nationalities, politics, and sexual identities.

After four years of marriage, Levi and I decided to go our separate ways. My parents were very upset and requested that we be

evaluated and counseled by a Christian psychiatrist. We went for evaluation, sharing our varied concerns. The psychiatrist noted he could not advise that we stay married, based on our problems.

After finishing my graduate education, I moved to New York City, where I met the father of my children, James Hargett, a single African-American male who was raising three children after his wife had left him. Life in New York was exciting and we went to many music concerts, including Bob Marley, Diana Ross, Tina Turner, and many jazz musicians. James and I were very active in the community, forming a block association, organizing programs for the youth and advocating for the elderly. James and I won a New Yorker for New York award for our community work.

My first child Ebony Rose was born on June 12, 1980 and Damayea Isatu was born on August 12, 1981. Their early childhood was in West Harlem, New York, and included youth and community activities. There was some violence and drug use in our neighborhood, and one dangerous situation occurred involving Damayea when she was about 3 years old. Her father was sleeping when I made a quick run to the store, and told Damayea I would be right back. When I returned from the store, there was a big commotion. I soon learned that Damayea had dragged a chair to the door, unlocked it and gone downstairs, A neighbor on the 5th floor looked out of her window and saw a strange man walking down the street with Damayea. She grabbed a kitchen knife and flew down the stairs, screaming and running to the stranger, and snatched Damayea. The man ran down the street, hopped in a car and sped off. I still get chills thinking about this incident.

I was a social worker with New York State Department of Developmental Disabilities, working with group homes for several years in Brooklyn. I became interested in getting more education. I then enrolled in a new medical school in St. Lucia in the Caribbean and went there with my two daughters to study medicine. It was a

nice lifestyle in St. Lucia because I had a nanny and she took my daughters to the beach every day and did all the laundry, cooking, childcare and cleaning so that all I needed to do was study. Unfortunately, the medical school went bankrupt and I could have moved to Grenada to continue at another medical school, but decided to return to New York. Before I left St. Lucia, the girls and I stayed for one month with my nanny's family, enclosing a porch for an extra bedroom. They had no electricity or running water and that was an interesting experience for us. After leaving St. Lucia, I returned to New York City and worked halftime as a social worker and halftime attended premed classes so that I could apply to a US medical school.

I was accepted at Morehouse School

of Medicine in Atlanta, Georgia, so moved to Atlanta with my daughters. They were in kindergarten and first grade when we moved. At Morehouse, I had 4 years of academic and clinical studies, and took an extra year in the middle to do research. I then did my first year of family medicine residency at Morehouse and transferred to Savannah for my last two years of residency. I was 41 when I completed my family medicine residency.

It was not easy being a single parent while attending medical school, but my daughters were incredible support. The first 2 years

in Atlanta, they helped with laundry, cooking and cleaning. They attended a private school and enjoyed dance and music. Damayea started playing trumpet in kindergarten and Ebony started playing trombone in first grade. They continued playing brass all the way through high school; Damayea played tuba during her first year of college, while on a full academic scholarship.

In the middle of med school, James surprised me by retiring early and came to Atlanta to join us. He bought a house with a pool south of Atlanta, and the children enjoyed the pool with neighbors and friends. They also appreciated having their father home all the time, especially with his cooking. My only son Mandela Akinwale was born on February 10, 1990. Mandela became very ill during my final year of medical school, and was hospitalized with encephalitis and meningitis, requiring IV antibiotic treatment for a week. I was terrified and stayed by his side in the hospital for days. His illness eventually resolved but he gave us another scare when he later fell into the pool. Ebony was the only one that noticed his fall, and she dove into the pool with her brand new basketball shoes to rescue him. After residency, I worked for Emory University as an assistant professor of the new family medicine residency program, supervising residents and students. I initially did obstetrics, but decided I did not want to do it long-term, so began working for another clinic doing only outpatient medicine.

I bought a house with some land in Atlanta and the children stayed with me. James and I had separated although we maintained a good relationship, and in total were together for 18 years. We both went to most of the girls' band concerts and half time shows all throughout their school years.

Later I moved to eastern Virginia and worked with Eastern Shore Rural Health. I rented houses in Cape Charles that were near the Chesapeake Bay. While in Cape Charles I met and married Victor Gomez Vartolon. Mandela and I enjoyed being part of a Latino

community. Mandela was asked to be an escort for multiple quinceaneras. We attended christening, weddings, and other parties and enjoyed the Latina music, food, and friendships. Mandela and I took a trip with Victor to Chiapas, Mexico, and visited Victor's family, who lived on a coffee farm. Mandela enjoyed playing soccer and fishing with Victor. Victor's brothers lived in North Carolina, and eventually Victor joined them. Victor and I divorced after seven years of marriage.

My mother died suddenly in a severe car accident as she was attempting to take fresh made pies to some elderly friends. She died the day after Christmas and two days prior she had told me on the phone that she had visited her sister who was dying of cancer. She said she was praying that she could be taken suddenly and not suffer with cancer as did her sister. A week before she died, she, dad, and other family members came down to Cape Charles and we had a nice dinner together. At that time, my parents gave my daughter Ebony Rose the key to their green car which she drove back to Georgia. Mother also gave her a small painting of an angel guarding two young children. My brother Harry died the very next year, a day after Mother's Day in an airplane crash. Harry was dearly loved by family and friends, and it was devastating to lose him.

At age 50, while still living in the Cape Charles Virginia area, I was diagnosed with ovarian cancer. The oncologist surgeon was very fearful that the cancer had spread, OBJ

because there were multiple enlarged lymph nodes, but all the pathology reports were negative, except the right ovary, which was very large and full of cancer. It felt like a miracle. I had 8 rounds of chemotherapy and took a year off from work. I was getting restless but thought I still had symptoms from the chemotherapy, and decided I wasn't ready to work full time as a family physician. I decided to work part time as a social worker doing family therapy in the homes of emotionally disturbed children. After working for several months, I felt ready to return to the practice of medicine.

Later, I moved to the Harrisonburg, Virginia area and worked in clinics of the local hospital. For five years, I rented an 1815 log house by a branch of the Shenandoah river. It was a large house in a very peaceful setting and I enjoyed having family and friends visit. I also enjoyed celebrating holidays with Rosemary's family.

My daughter Damayea was working and living in Ventura, California after completing her orthopedic surgery trauma residency. She invited me to consider living in her condo next door. It was hard to leave Virginia but I eventually moved to California. I enjoyed living in Ventura in a studio with a balcony view of the ocean. Forrest and Damayea then had twin children and Forrest's mother came to live with them. We all moved out to a larger house

and Joey and I helped take care of the children.

The entire time that I lived with or near Damayea, I worked part time in the local clinics affiliated with a community hospital. I worked from 1 to 3 days per week, at various clinics. Many of my patients were Spanish speaking, and I enjoyed improving my Spanish.

My daughter Ebony Rose, an elementary school teacher, had moved to Costa Rica and was very happy there. I visited her every year, sometimes for several months. I was in Costa Rica last summer when Damayea came to visit and she noted the improved health I had, with increased physical activity, decreased stress and weight loss. She recommended that I consider living in Costa Rica full-time. She helped me to buy a condo in Playa Del Coco, Costa Rica. The condominium is a second floor studio, amidst palm trees and flowers, two blocks from the ocean and 7 miles away from Ebony Rose.

I am enjoying my new lifestyle in Costa Rica, especially the fresh fruit and beach walks. I plan to continue living here as long as my health permits. Currently I am enjoying singing karaoke or open mic in nearby restaurants.

I have had a wonderful life, especially being the parent of three very unique and beautiful children, and the grandmother of many special grandchildren. I have enjoyed teaching the grandchildren to bake pies, cakes and cookies and to sew. I'm proud of my children's parenting skills, and believe that my grandchildren will be beacons of light in the future.

I am proud to have an international family. Ebony Rose is married to Raul from Panama, Mandela is married to Graciela from Mexico, and Damayea is married to Forrest whose mother is Jamaican.

My work as a family physician has been very meaningful, and it is difficult to let it it go.

I worked with wonderful nurses and colleagues, and know that I made a difference in many patients' lives. The medical field continued to change throughout my years of working, and became more focused on quantity rather than quality. This was frustrating for me since my technical and computer skills were limited, and I struggled with the daily charting. I felt pressured to spend less and less time with the patients, which challenged my goals of providing holistic, compassionate care.

Throughout my life, my values have included a strong work ethic, empathy, honesty, responsibility, earthiness, individual and world peace, and personal freedom. Although I am not enthusiastic about organized religion, throughout my life I have enjoyed singing in many church choirs, including Baptist, Methodist and African Methodist Episcopal churches. I have sung solos in Quaker services, a black evangelical church, and nondenominational churches.

Throughout the years, singing and reading have been my most enjoyable interests. The Mennonite four part harmony singing is the thing that I most appreciate from my Mennonite heritage. I also respect the Mennonite goals of simple living, pacifism and lack of emphasis on materialism. Communing with nature, such as walking along the beach or through the woods, gardening or watching birds is a spiritual experience for me.

I have been inspired by leaders of peace, justice, and non-violence. I have shaken hands with Cesar Chavez, during my college years, as I participated in boycotts, marches and fundraising for the United Farmworkers. I was proud to see Nelson Mandela in person for his inspirational speech in Atlanta after his release from prison. (My son Mandela was born on the day when the release of Nelson Mandela was announced, after 27 years in prison.) Martin Luther King's speeches, sermons and writings have also been a strong influence. I have spent years in an African American community and also in a Hispanic community. Those experiences have given

me a greater understanding of the struggles of minorities in this country, and the ongoing pursuit of “liberty and justice for all.”

About Ebony

Ebony Hargett

As beautiful and passionate as a rose flower, yet strong and resilient as African ebony wood, the firstborn child of Rosa L. King and James Hargett was named Ebony Rose Hargett. Born on June 12,1980, Ebony Rose was a very sweet and athletic child who played many sports and loved school. As a high school graduate, Ebony Rose was very active in band (trombone), basketball, student government, homecoming court, various clubs and among the top three students in her class in academics.

After high school, Ebony Rose attended Spelman College in Atlanta for her Freshman year only and later married Eric Barnard Stevens, Sr. After welcoming two beautiful children, Jasmine Rai Stevens and Eric Barnard Stevens, Jr., Ebony Rose finally found her calling to serve as an educator and began taking classes at Georgia State University for a BA in Early Childhood Education.

When Ebony Rose’s father James became ill in 2009 with many aging health problems and her marriage began to fall apart, she decided to divorce her husband and take care of her father. She later met Orlando Delgado and together, they had a son, Romario Orlando Delgado. Ebony Rose graduated from Georgia State University in 2012 and began her career as an Elementary School Teacher in grades 4 and 5 in Atlanta.

After her father’s death in 2013 and only three years teaching in the public school system, she needed a change, an awakening, a rebirth. Her prayers were answered when she was given an opportunity to teach in Costa Rica. Surrounded by nature, peaceful days and meaningful work, Ebony Rose reconnected with God and

rediscovered her true self.

Now, Ebony Rose permanently lives in Costa Rica and is the wife of Raulgan Gonzalez Castillo. She continues working as a teacher virtually and enjoys sharing her life-changing experiences in Costa Rica as inspiration to all.

About Mandela

Mandela Hayileeyesus

My name is Mandela. I was born in Decatur, GA on February 10, 1990. My parents blessed me with this name because I was born one day before Nelson Mandela, the anti-apartheid activist, was freed after 27 years in prison. Most of my youth was on the Eastern Shore of Virginia, in Cape Charles and Machipongo. My first job was at Southeast Expeditions, first at the store in Capeville, then later in Cape Charles. Also, I would spend many

Mandela & Amos in the garden

summers with my father James Hargett in Riverdale, GA. Some things that influenced me the most from my dad was African-American history, the Drum Circle at Lake Claire Community Land Trust, hanging out in Little Five Points, international music, soul

food, soul music, competitive swimming and the sport of boxing. I didn't grow up liking school or church. I played soccer throughout high school and wrestled for two years. I graduated from Northampton High School in June 2009.

With no educational or career plans following graduation, I helped my sister Damayea drive from coast to coast, from ESVA to Los Angeles, CA. I then took a journey of my own. I flew from Los Angeles to Bangkok, Thailand, staying there for about two months to train in the martial art of Muay Thai. When I got back to Los Angeles, Damayea helped me find work. I eventually got work as a security guard in downtown and Hollywood. My main work nowadays is security jobs. At the same time, I also was an amateur boxer, but suffered from chronic shoulder dislocation. I wanted to be a successful amateur boxer but physically couldn't. It was deeply depressing. On a family vacation in 2012, I had my final injury while kayaking. I was fortunate to get surgery in December 2012. After recovery, I chose not to pursue my dream of being a boxer.

On the other hand, around the same time, I had been a member of an online Rastafarian group. After some time, I actually ended up joining another religious group, a very old time religion. A sign of God's biracial blessing on me, a White-American monk-priest and a Black-American monk-priest, guided me into the ancient Ethiopian Orthodox Tewahedo Church. In the spring of 2013, I was baptized at Virgin Mary Ethiopian Orthodox Tewahedo Church in Los Angeles. The spiritual name I received at baptism was Haile Iyesus, which means "power of Jesus." (Baptismal names are given in the classical language of the church, Ge'ez.) Although I had barely joined this church and even began dating someone, I returned to Riverdale, GA in the summer of 2013 to help my sister Ebony with dad. I never thought it would be his last year. He passed away later that year in September 2013. I deeply regret not having the knowledge to aid him when he had that final stroke. Also, I felt like I wasn't very close to him. It affects me today. One interesting thing

that he told me, commenting on my lack of skills, was that he thought I would have at least been skilled in something (like carpentry, farming, maintenance) because of all the years I had lived near the King family in Maryland.

I returned to Los Angeles in 2015 and got back with the person I began dating a couple of years prior, Maeza. Maeza Selassie, meaning “fragrance of the Trinity” is the spiritual name of my wife Graciela Vargas. Graciela is a first generation Mexican-American, the seventh of eight children born to Otilio and Rosa Vargas. They were from Morelia, Michoacan, Mexico. Graciela was born August 1, 1978, born and raised in the greater Los Angeles area. When we got together, she was a single-mother, with her precious daughter, Makeda Harris, who was born on April 5, 2007. Graciela was a Sunday school servant, and a professional educator with a Master’s degree in Education. We didn’t have an easy relationship but we trusted our religion and got married on May 7, 2016. We had two daughters together, Mariamrosa and Bethlehem. Mariamrosa Hayileeyesus was born on February 18, 2017. Bethlehem Meskel Hayileeyesus was born June 12, 2018. Hayileeyesus is a variation of the spelling of my baptismal name. I thought it would be special for them to inherit a spiritual name telling the story of their parents meeting, like an origin story. This last name is my current legal name, Mandela Hayileeyesus (Hi-lee-yesús).

Graciela (and I) bought our first home, a newly built cookie-cutter in Adelanto, CA, in February 2021. It’s in the Mojave desert, an hour north of San Bernardino, CA. I always make sure to help my family as much as possible by giving them most of my time, since my wife has a super demanding job, yet makes enough money to support all of us. Graciela is the breadwinner. She has her dream job as a dual-immersion Spanish teacher. I help with money at times with intermittent/temporary security jobs. For a few years, I provided childcare and homeschooled Mariamrosa and Bethlehem. In June 2023, I obtained my Associates degree in Religious Studies

from Victor Valley College in Victorville, CA. Also, I have a certificate in Religion and Ecology: Restoring the Earth Community.

My family and I value faith, spirituality, earth, sustainability, minimalism, simplicity and vegetarianism. We both have electric cars. My wife tries to convert me to plant-based eating, so most of our meals are plant-based with occasional dairy and fish. I love mindfulness and meditation. I love evolutionary cosmology and movements like Human Energy, to advance "scientific research about the future of human collective consciousness." I want to write a book or essays about my practical utopian visions of eco-technological societies. Family life, gardening, simple living, religion/spirituality are important values that I owe much to my King family heritage. I am learning how to garden and maintain the house. I haven't been fishing since probably high school, so I'd like to do that and take my family fishing.

Bill

William "Bill" King was born on February 16, 1956. He had two children with his ex-wife **Debbie**. Later he married **Barbara Isdell**. They reside in Fruitland, Maryland, next to Barbara's daughter Ariel.

1. **Joseph** (born March 28, 1988)
1. **Alex** (born August 9, 2000)
1. **Ariel Killmon**, who has two children: **Liam** and **Luna**

About Bill

Bill King

Well, they tell me I was born on February 16, 1956. My arrival must have been rather uneventful, as I can't remember any interesting stories about my birth. Although Ruby was upset that I was named "Billy," and that had something to do with a classmate of hers – Billy Outten, and apparently she wasn't too fond of him. The second fact worthy of mentioning is that I weighed in at a robust 12 ½ pounds.

My earliest memories start at about age five. I remember green ceramic-tiled walls when I was in Crisfield Hospital for hernia surgery, and the three little teddy bears Ruby gave me. Papa, Momma and Baby Bear, and they were very blue. I remember sitting on the front porch with mom while she made sure I knew the alphabet so I would be ready for first grade.

The three major influences in my development as a person were being part of a large loving family, being a Mennonite, and being

poor.

Being raised as a Mennonite, it was not easy trying to explain to classmates why we didn't have a TV, go to movies, go to roller skating, or why we went to church so much. I can't imagine what all my sisters went through with having to dress differently than the norm. Being poor and wearing a lot of worn hand-me-downs was worse for them as well. My desire to be accepted probably led to me being very friendly to just about everyone.

In the tenth grade, the school newspaper listed the characteristics of an ideal valentine. I made the list as "The friendliness of Bill King."

There were not many Mennonites in our school, so the sense of being different and not fitting in was definitely part of childhood, and hasn't completely left me in adulthood. As was the norm in our family, I finished high school attending a Mennonite school, and the reality that there were a lot more people like me was comforting and reassuring.

The first six years of my life, we attended Holly Grove Mennonite Church, and I don't have many memories of that time or the turmoil when our folks decided to leave Holly Grove and go to Snow Hill. I figured that, by the time I was eighteen, I had spent over 2,000 hours riding back and forth to Snow Hill. On Wednesday nights we would hope that Nock's Gas Station was still open, and Dad would stop and buy ice cream sandwiches. I remember one time we got gas there and, after checking the oil, Mr. Nock accidentally slammed the hood on dad's hand. That was back before self-service, when the attendant would check your oil after pumping your gas.

It was at Snow Hill where I started to develop a love for a capella harmonies, and that was thanks to John Kurtz's singing class every Wednesday night after Bible study.

I have been blessed to be a part of my large family. There is a twenty-four-year span between the oldest and the youngest, so I

don't remember a time when we were all living in the same house. There were a lot of people coming and going, siblings and their friends and siblings and their families.

I think I will always feel a twinge of emptiness during holidays – especially at Christmas - from missing my family.

I wish we had a record of how many aunts, uncles and cousins got to ride in the Kingfisher – the boat that Walter built the year I was born. I remember standing in the yard, hoping I would get to go fishing with whoever was getting ready to go, knowing there wouldn't be room, but still hoping and fighting tears when they left without me. But I got to go often enough.

I remember Dad holding his arm out straight and saying anyone who could walk under it without hitting their head could go. I think a couple of us might have ducked to qualify. I once had a neighbor tell me that when dad showed up at the fishing hole, he would have to leave. "Amos would arrive at full throttle, and when he stopped, there were so many kids in the boat, I was afraid it would sink. The kids were climbing all over that boat and I knew someone was going to drown. I couldn't watch and had to leave." I do remember that one of my favorite places in the boat to fish was sitting on the boat motor. I had less competition from other fishing rods. Walter, I wish there was a way to measure the amount of happiness that boat has provided.

I guess it also had some trials and tribulations. I remember one time when the steering cables came off. I think it was Dan who crawled under the deck and was able to put the cables back on, but they were backwards, and you had to turn left to go right. It made for some interesting water skiing. I also remember a lot of hollering when someone would fall off the skis into a cluster of jellyfish.

A point of interest regarding the boat: there is a small piece of wood patched in the edge of the deck. That's from the time that one of our horses reached through a window in the shed where the boat

was kept and chewed out part of the mahogany neck, and dad patched it.

Back to the large family and growing up poor: I have always felt a lot of love and support from everyone, especially as I've aged. I never knew it at the time, but have become aware that the older brothers and sisters gave considerable time and money to help our family survive. Although occasionally I would overhear mom and dad wondering where the money was going to come from, I can say I never went hungry. I think a lot of credit goes to mom who made a little money go a long way, and it was good food.

We did produce some of our food. We ate a lot of sweet corn, and with our own cow we had a good supply of milk, cream and butter. I remember canning corn, string beans, lima beans and tomatoes. I can't say I always enjoyed all of the work this required. One time I remember working in the garden and hearing a loud boom from the house. The lid on the pressure cooker wasn't closed properly and blew off. The sudden change in pressure caused all the jars full of corn to explode. Corn and glass covered the kitchen and the ceiling, above the stove had a hole where the lid penetrated the drywall. I recall Mom, Mimi and Rosa being in the kitchen, with no injuries except for a cut finger while cleaning up the shattered glass. I think it was seven quart Mason jars full of kernel corn that exploded.

I remember being embarrassed when my classmates would share about the presents they got for Christmas or birthdays. We typically got the pants or shirt that we needed, having outgrown or worn out the ones we had. I think all of us started to work as soon as we could find someone to pay us. My first paying job I can remember was hauling hay for Clarence Hartman on the farm that AJ now owns. AJ and I were small enough that it would take both of us to put some of the heavier bales up on the wagon. I think I started to buy all of my own clothes by the time I was fourteen, partially because I wanted cool clothes like bell-bottoms that our folks

weren't inclined to buy. I worked for neighboring farmers through high school. The two years I went to Lancaster, I came home every weekend and cleaned pigpens to earn money for school. I missed working very few weekends those last two years. After high school I worked with Dad, but that was when he was diagnosed with prostate cancer and ended up working on a farm again. I didn't have much direction or purpose in those years. I had seen my older siblings make their way through higher education, but I'm afraid I didn't have the desire or self-discipline.

I worked several years on that farm, but my sister Mim came home for a long work visit, convinced me I was rotting away, and handed me an application for Hesston College. So off I went to Kansas. I'm still not sure why, but I remember crying the whole way to Ohio. I got an associate's degree in agriculture but also had some of the more interesting experiences of my life. I worked on a custom combining crew one summer and cut wheat from Texas to Montana. Although I looked whenever I had a chance, I never saw a rattlesnake. When we finished in Montana, I bought a motorcycle and drove it home to Maryland. One time I hitchhiked, with a friend from Harrisonburg, from Kansas to our respective homes in the east, where I got on that motorcycle, picked Joel up in Virginia and drove straight though back to Kansas.

I also went skydiving, fell in love, and eventually got married and moved back to Maryland. In Maryland I threw my heart and soul into becoming a farmer. Sadly, I was not very successful at either farming or marriage. Although I still feel like a farmer at heart, I have reinvented myself as a maintenance technician – eventually getting my masters licenses in both electrical and HVAC.

I have been greatly influenced by a father who could do many things and instilled a curiosity as to how things work. I remember all the Popular Mechanics magazines that came to our house when he could barely afford them, and books on the shelf actually titled

“How Things Work.” Our father let us use tools and showed us how to use them even though I am sure I lost or damaged some of them. Like my father, I’ve developed a lot of skills to build things and fix things. One of my favorite Dad sayings is, “You better learn something new every day, because I guarantee you will forget something every day, and if you don’t learn something new, you are going to get dumber and dumber.” I would like to add my own saying: “The more you know, the more you know you don’t know.”

I got married again to a woman who has become my best friend, biggest fan, chief encourager, great mother to all our kids, and my helpful critic. I have reached that time in my life where I am not over the hill yet, but am fast approaching the crest. I guess I am pretty fortunate to be alive. I have been a medical mess, and if it wasn’t for modern medicine, I’m not sure what in shape I would be. I have had two inguinal hernia repairs, an emergency appendectomy, polyps removed from my vocal cords (my brother Harry did this), a mitral valve repair, a prostatectomy, a surgical hernia repair, and most recently two sinus surgeries to remove an inverted papilloma. I also had a lipoma removed and quite a few cuts sutured up including one by Dr Sarah with her “no anesthesia procedure”. I thank God every day for relatively good health and for all the doctors and nurses that have made that possible.

I wish I was full of wisdom to pass along. I’ve heard people say they really miss not being able to ask their fathers for advice after they passed, but I don’t ever remember asking Dad for advice as an adult. I do remember his advice when I started working. “Always do what the employer asks and a little bit more, and you will never have trouble having a job.” That was the advice his father gave him, and he always found employment, even during the Great Depression.

Although he wasn’t overflowing with advice, he definitely led by example. As I look back on his life, I am amazed at the struggles

and the deaths of his loved ones that he endured, and still took on life with a positive attitude and a smile. Yes, there were parts of his character that weren't good, but I try to do better in those things and to embrace and copy the rest, with the goal of making this world a better place.

Did You See Where That Quail Went?

Bill: This was 1980 or '81. Carl wanted somebody to go hunt with him all the time. One time, we all went hunting. Quail hunting. The dogs would point out the quail. The quail usually freeze, and you move up and the quail would take off, and you'd try to shoot it.

We're out in the swamp, tall standing trees. We're both walking along together and all of a sudden, the dog stood. "Billy, get on the other side." We want to see whether-- We had fun with these quail out here on the marsh. I kept talking to him, trying to figure out where he was on the other side, and all of a sudden, ka-blam, and just… I got coated with my arm, my chest, I had on a rather heavy leather vest. Oh, man, all of a sudden, I felt a knot about this this big on my forehead. It just stuck right out like this and blood started coming out of it. It's right there. I can still feel right where the scar is. I'm standing there and Carl says, "Billy, did you see where that quail went?"

I said, "What? No. I didn't see where he went."

"Dance, Billy. Dance. Why don't you watch where them quail go? We can have fun out on this marsh. You can see right where they go."

I said, "Well, you shot me."

"What?" He came tearing through the bushes and he saw that I didn't have any major problems. We kept right on the hunting.

Later on I can remember we were down on St. Andrew's, by the church. We were coming out by the church and we're walking back toward the truck. He says, "Billy, please don't tell anybody I shot you because nobody will want to go huntin' with me anymore."

About three days later, I was taking a shower and the shot that had stuck it right in my head fell out, because I remember it hitting the bottom of the bathtub. And I had to go get another one cut out. When the swelling went down enough, I could feel the pellet in there.

AJ

Amos "AJ" King was born on December 10, 1957. He married **Crystal Lehman**. They reside in Westover, Maryland. They had four children:

Victor King was born on August 2, 1986. He married **Joanna Crosley** (born July 5, 1989) on January 1, 2010. They reside in Westover, Maryland. They have three children:

- **Zipporah Carmela** (born January 22, 2012)
- **Lucia Martha** (born October 4, 2013)
- **Eliza Flannery** (born July 26, 2017)

Jonathan King was born on August 29, 1988. He resides in Salisbury, Maryland.

Michael King was born on July 8, 1996. He married **Allison Rathkamp** on May 30, 2015. They reside in Princess Anne, Maryland. They have three children:

- **Noah Grace** (born August 14, 2018)
- **Dakota Wren** (born June 22, 2020)
- **Beckham Fields** (born October 30, 2024)

Graham King was born on July 8, 1996. He resides in Westover, Maryland.

The Daydreamer

AJ King

As I look back on the past 67 years of my life as youngest of the nine King siblings, I'm amazed at the patience, the sovereignty and the redemptive work of God.

From a very young age I was a daydreamer. For long periods of time, I would stare into space and make great plans in my mind. I made plans for cool go-karts with spare parts from Dad's shed, and grand plans for a fort in the woods that would rival Jamestown. I also daydreamed of ways to earn money, so that when I got older I wouldn't have to worry about how to pay the bills. In the third grade I even got “the ruler” after the third time of daydreaming when it was my time to read during the story time.

During adolescence, dreaming about the future yielded to peer pressure at Crisfield High and the culture of instant gratification. I was quite a rebel, and not at all interested what God had for my future. This very dark period of my life ended on February 3rd, 1975. I was a senior, attending Lancaster Mennonite High School, when I got word that my father had cancer. That night, with some close friends, I made a simple two-word prayer of confession: “I’ve failed.” Immediately, the darkness of my soul disappeared and the “what if” dreams returned.

The next few years were exciting, as I attempted to figure out what God had wired me for and what a sold-out life to Jesus looked like. I read a lot of Francis Schaefer’s books, and dreamed about going to L’Abri in Switzerland. With some close friends, I also spent a weekend with the Society of Brothers in Pittsburgh as we explored the communal lifestyle. I was ready to try anything to help Jesus save the world.

But to my surprise, I became convinced, through a series of unusual events and a passage in 1 Timothy[14] that God was calling me to be a hog farmer in Westover, Maryland. After graduating from LMH, I continued dating a girl I met there, often double-dating with my best friend Nelson and his girlfriend. After one of these trips, I told my mother that Nelson’s girlfriend Crystal was going to make someone a really good wife. (Which she has: I’m blessed to have married her!)

The next ten years were good, but very hard. After a year of drought and a hog disease that made me have to liquidate my entire breeding herd, we avoided bankruptcy only because of the generous investment of my brother Walter. For the next seven years, we barely kept our heads above water while we tried to get the business reestablished and Crystal through medical school and residency.

Even before starting our family, we knew we wanted better educational opportunities for our children, so I joined the Holly Grove Christian School board when I was 23, and was elected school board chairman at the first meeting (only because everyone else declined). It has been a forty-plus-year challenge, but it has been very exciting and rewarding to see God accomplishing amazing things at Holly Grove. I've had the opportunity to do lots of daydreaming as I've drawn up plans and overseen nine additions to accommodate student growth from 50 to 560 students. I think the success of Holly Grove school is partly due to the foundation Dad laid forty years earlier when, with a heart to reach out to the community, he started Holly Grove Bible School.

Some other fun opportunities Crystal and I have had are:

- Raising our 4 sons on a beautiful farm
- Taking boat trips every summer for the last twenty years, to explore every river on the Chesapeake Bay
- Taking many winter missionary and MDS trips to Mexico, Honduras, Guatemala, Puerto Rico, Texas and Louisiana
- Leading a worship team at Holly Grove Mennonite Church for almost forty years
- Seeing many lives changed by Jesus through the ministries of Holly Grove school and church.
- Starting a tree planting business and planting and spraying over a

million trees on the lower Eastern Shore

- Purchasing five neglected houses and fixing them up, as well as building one new one.
- Starting an excavation business which has resulted in 20 acres of ponds on the farm for neighbors, friends, and grandkids to fish in
- Being a grandma and grandpa to six precious grandkids

There are still many dreams I have that I may not live long enough to see God accomplish (including an assisted living facility at Holly Grove), but there is one dream I know I will experience: a great big eternal King, Ogburn, and Wert reunion with Jesus and Dad and Mom and Harry and Ruby and Elmer and all the rest of our godly ancestors whose stories we have yet to hear!

A Garden Talk & A Late-Night Prayer

AJ King

One day in the early summer of 1998, I stopped by to visit with my Dad in his well-cared-for vegetable garden and orchard. He looked extremely tired as he leaned on his hoe, and he told me of the conflict he was experiencing at Snow Hill Mennonite Church. The new leadership at the church had been very mean and ugly to him. In tears, he told me he had survived many hard things in life, but he was now old and tired and didn't think he was going to survive this. I had never seen him this defeated, and it troubled me greatly.

Very late that night, after we had our four boys tucked in, I told Crystal about the situation, and we pleaded for the Lord to intervene. Dad woke me up very early the next morning, thanking me for praying for him. When I asked how he knew we prayed for him, he told me that he got a call very late from a person at the church who'd said he couldn't sleep and realized he needed to apologize to Dad for what he had done to him.

After that, Dad seemed to be free from carrying the responsibility of Snow Hill Mennonite's future, and started attending Holly Grove, which was closer and was where some of his children and grandchildren attended. He was enthusiastically welcomed as a returning missionary, even by those who, many years before, had caused his departure.

Rhubarb Pie

AJ: My first date with Crystal was a double date. She was with Nelson and I was with Sally. We did a few of those dates together and one of them, the memorable one, was when we went down to the Lehman house to ride horseback and have a picnic, I forget what all, but Nelson and I went and picked up Sally and ended up down at Crystal's house. We had a lot of fun.

Then we were having the picnic and Crystal came out towards the end of the picnic with a gorgeous rhubarb pie. I don't know which was glowing more, the pie or her. She went to present this pie she had made for us to eat and for her boyfriend to impress whoever or just-- she was proud of it. Nelson looked down, he said, "What kind of pie is that?" She said, "Rhubarb." He said, "Oh, no. My mother tries to trick us boys into eating rhubarb every way she can."

You could just see her melt. I thought it was about the best rhubarb pie I'd ever eaten. It was good. I was impressed. I was impressed with her long before that. Over a period of time, it ended up Nelson and Sally disappeared, and I was looking for a good woman.

One day after work, I drove to LMH for a spring music concert. I knew she'd probably be there and there might be some other eligible women there. I jumped in my pickup, drove like crazy after work, didn't stop to eat or anything, got to the music program, endured the music, and then looked for some fellowship afterwards. I enjoyed the music, too, but looked for some fellowship and here ran into Crystal. We struck up conversation right away. I forget the exact words, but I think she might have said, "Are you hungry?" I said, "Man, I am starved." She said, "Well, I happened to have a piece of rhubarb pie out in my car."

She wasn’t the kind of girl that would call up the guys and ask them out. She was very modest, but she had thought about it--and let me tell you, that hit the spot. The rest is history.

Crystal: I can’t believe I did that. I made that pie hoping he’d be there.

About Vic OBJ

Vic King

This whole King family history book began when I first read my great-grandfather Harry's 1901 diary. His son, my grandpa, had already joined him in the ground. Because Harry died almost thirty years before my father was born, there was no one living who had known him, and I wanted to get to know him better. His diary didn’t help.

This book, then, is my attempt to get to know him - and the rest of my ancestors - better, and to make it easier for my daughters - and the rest of our descendants - to know us all better. So I'd be a hypocrite if I didn't disclose more of myself than my great-grandfather did in his work-and-travel log.

But first, the facts: I was born in the Christiana Hospital, because that's where my mom was in residency at the time, becoming a pediatrician. My aunt Ruby cared for me while my mom finished that up, and soon we were living at the old Baptist parsonage on Coventry Parish Road, just a mile from one of my dad grew up, two

miles from his new farm, and less than a mile from where my future wife would live most of her childhood.

I remember next to nothing specific from my single-digit years. Memories come in flickering images: getting swallowed up by the big recliner with the book in my lap, spinning donuts in the backyard with the unreasonably-fast Cub Cadet riding mower, building hay bale forts and shooting BBs into pigeons in the dusty old barn loft with my brother, picking honeysuckles on the long walk back the lane from the bus to the house. I remember having several plain Mennonite nannies, one of whom gave me a pocket knife. My only real encounter with snow was, while visiting my mom's family in Lancaster County for Christmas, we got caught in the blizzard of ‘93.

I was a happy kid and an omnivorous reader. There were rumors that I'd read every book in the library of our little Christian school; the truth was that by fifth grade I'd read every book there that interested me. (Later, as an ESOL teacher at a public elementary school in Carroll County, I would start a Guys Read chapter to get boys and the men who loved them to read for the fun of it.) With an imagination fueled by countless Hardy Boys novels, I wanted to be an FBI agent when I grew up.

Our family doubled with the birth of my youngest brothers. My parents later told us they thought they would try for a girl, and lo! Along came twin boys. God's got jokes. Around this time we moved onto Dad's farm. I got serious about soccer, and I barely survived a burst appendix.

That bears a quick retelling: ‘twas the day after Christmas 1999. I'd been feeling crappy and willfully ignoring it, what with it being Christmas and all. You can't let a stomach bug ruin Christmas. All the local Kings were gathered for a meal at Granny and Grandpa’s, and us cousins were playing football in the backyard. I tackled Ric into the shed wall. He was the one who hit the wall, but I was the

one who came up hurting - a white hot knife of pain in my hip. When by bedtime I was throwing up, my doctor mom realized what it was, and rushed me to the hospital for an emergency appendectomy. There I passed the turn of the millennium, watching the ball drop on a hospital TV, living off Sprite and peppermints for almost a week before I could keep anything down. When I got dressed to come home, my pants fell right down to my ankles. I'd dropped probably twenty pounds, and was rail-thin for years afterwards.

High school was a blur of soccer, youth group, girlfriends, and mule driving (the Kawasaki kind of mule, not the animal kind). My prized possession was my '74 VW Bus that I bought for $1500 and restored, with my dad's help, into a silver and blue beauty. It wouldn't break 65 miles an hour, but it had a 2000-watt sound system that you could hear a mile away. My faith was more theoretical than experiential. I managed to graduate valedictorian and headed off to NYU's Gallatin honors program with dreams of becoming a filmmaker or a photojournalist.

My years at NYU were a hinge point. New York City is the quintessential big pond, and I also managed to spend a summer in Vermont and a semester studying abroad in Prague. I had everything I wanted, but nothing made me happy. Beyond the usual college dissipation, I lived with a darkening sense of despair. I felt in the pit of my stomach that, if God even existed, he was surely against me… My heart careened between deadness and pain, and, despite how cliched it may sound, the best word to describe how I felt was *lost*. Two pinpricks of light shone through: first, I'd fallen in with a group of artists and musicians who were involved in a campus ministry called the Navigators. These kids had a joy that I envied. And then I wandered into a Sunday evening church service on the Upper East Side, where a preacher named Tim Keller was telling the story of Jesus in a way I hadn't heard it before.

On April Fools' Day in '06, I had an experience of God's presence that I won't try to describe here… it radically disoriented me. I ended up dropping out of college to figure out what on earth I was supposed to do next. That summer I was reintroduced to my future wife, Joanna. We'd met years before, when she was eight and I was eleven. Her dad had taken a job at Holly Grove Christian School, and with my dad being the board chair, our family was there to greet them when they arrived. Legend has it that her dad hopped down out of the moving van and announced, "We've come to enlarge the gene pool!"

Well, when Jo and I reencountered each other eight years later, that was exactly what we wanted to do. We started dating two years later, on her eighteenth birthday down at the Rehoboth boat ramp, and were married on New Year's Day 2010. By that time I was working as an ESL teacher outside Baltimore, she was finishing art school at Towson, and we were excited to start our family.

Zipporah came to us in January 2012, followed by Lucia in October 2013. By then I was going to seminary at night and interning at our church on top of my full time job. When Joanna got hit with a severe bout of postpartum depression, it prompted us to reevaluate our pace and trajectory. Put another way: God challenged and course-corrected my mindless workaholism. In 2015 I took a job as a chaplain at Helping Mission, working with men recovering from addiction and homelessness. I loved working with folks in the raw intensity of a radical transformation process. I had the privilege of bearing witness to, and sometimes playing a small part in, some beautiful redemption stories. Along with the usual chaplaincy stuff, I led retreats, took guys hiking, created art and music programs, and wrote curricula.

Eliza was born to us in July 2016, rounding out our trio of daughters. Raising them with Joanna has been the greatest joy of my life thus far. In 2023, after fifteen years in Baltimore, we moved

back to Westover. We started homeschooling our girls, Joanna became a licensed counselor, and I've been building websites for small businesses (something I'd been doing on the side for a dozen years prior). And now, in 2025, we're preparing to move to Lakeland, Florida, to plant a church with friends and to help out at a homeless ministry there.

Those are the facts, with a few feelings sprinkled in. But what do I really care about? What matters most? What kinds of things do I wish Harry had written in his diary, so I could know what made him tick? Perhaps I should frame it as a statement of belief:

I believe that life is meant to be spent. I believe that it's all grace, all gift, all the way down. (I have the first clause of 1 Corinthians 4:7 tattooed in Greek on my right arm as a reminder.) I believe that following Jesus is the way to a life that is good and beautiful, and as I follow him, I become more fully and uniquely myself. I believe that suffering is inevitable, and conflict is an opportunity, and joy can coexist with both.

And I believe like a child (with Dostoevsky) that "suffering will be healed and made up for, that all the humiliating absurdity of human contradictions will vanish like a pitiful mirage, like the despicable fabrication of the impotent and infinitely small Euclidean mind of man, that in the world's finale, at the moment of eternal harmony, something so precious will come to pass that it will suffice for all hearts, for the comforting of all resentments, for the atonement of all the crimes of humanity, for all the blood that they've shed; that it will make it not only possible to forgive but to justify all that has happened."

Chesterton once said, "My wife has been married to six different men, and all of them have been me." Same, brother… As I stand here near what I hope to be the midpoint of my life, I have at least a few more men to be, to become. I have more chapters to write by living. And my prayer is the same as my grandpa's: "Bless me and

make me a blessing.”

About Jon

Jonathan King

I was born in Salisbury, Maryland at Peninsula Regional Medical center. In my childhood, I enjoyed playing soccer and learning to play musical instruments, including guitar, bass, piano, drums, and harmonica. During my early teenage years, I spent a summer and many weekends helping my father build our home. It was then that I learned carpentry skills that had been passed from Grandpa Amos to my father when he was young - skills that would prove to be valuable while purchasing and renovating investment properties in my adult years.

Upon graduating high school, I attended college at University of Maryland Eastern Shore until my acceptance in the Maryland State Police Academy at age 20. My first duty assignment was road patrol in Somerset County, Maryland, where I was selected as Trooper of the Year several times. Following almost 5 years on patrol and in the Criminal Investigation Division, I transferred to the Aviation Command, where I eventually was promoted to the rank of Sergeant and assumed command of the Salisbury medevac base: Trooper 4.

I’ve used my free time to earn multiple degrees: Associate’s Degrees in criminal justice, pre-hospital medicine, and nursing, and Bachelor’s Degrees in nursing and finance. My passion for music has carried into adulthood, and I enjoy meeting regularly with my brothers to play. Several times a year, I travel across the country with my cousin Joe for automotive racing.

About Michael

Michael King

I was born on July 8th 1996, the second-youngest of Amos King's biological grandchildren. Alongside my twin Graham, I grew up enthralled by the outdoors, exercise and pursuit of knowledge. Living on a farm by King's Creek, Princess Anne until age four, and the "Home Farm" (Somers & Hostetler farms) until age 18 gave me ample opportunity for hunting, trapping, fishing, soccer, and lifting weights in a barn hand-built by Grandpa Amos many years prior.

I was baptized in the farm pond at age 12, and grew into a faith in Jesus that would shape my future and my family. I attended Holly Grove Christian School for 12 years, where I would meet my wife Allison Rathkamp (of the Beauchamp, Rathkamp and Parks clans of Princess Anne and Deal Island) in the 4th grade. Though best friends for years, we began dating in the summer of 2012 following a Holly Grove youth group service trip in Appalachia. I continued to develop as a musician throughout adolescence by leading hymns in church, singing in choirs, and playing jazz as a bassist accompanying Graham on the saxophone.

One year into a bachelor's degree in nursing at Salisbury University, I married Allison on May 30th, 2015. As Allison walked the stage to graduate from Salisbury in December 2017, she was carrying our first child, Noah Grace King, who was born in August 2018. In June 2020, Dakota Wren King followed, and in 2021 we moved from a cottage connected to the Home Farm into a new home (built by cousin Ric, Uncle Bill, and AJ) on Rathkamp family land near Princess Anne.

After 6 years of working as a nurse in a local ICU and psychiatric ward, I began a career as a psychiatric nurse practitioner in 2023, and Allison retired from teaching at Holly Grove to expand our

family and homeschool our astute and strong-willed daughters. Our son Beckham Fields King was born in October 2024, and already seems to have the optimistic, congenial and mischievous disposition that mirrors that of his father, grandfather and great-grandfather Amos.

We love the Lord by raising our expanding family in the best health possible, and continue to pass on the fruits of the working hands of Grandpa Amos; whether by sitting in the pews at Holly Grove Mennonite Church, tending our little plot of land, or taking the wooden-hulled Kingfisher on the river to fish.

The AJ King branch of the family: Michael, Dakota, Allison, Beckham, Noah, Graham, Crystal, AJ, Lucia, Jon, Zipporah, Vic, Joanna, & Eliza, at AJ & Crystal's farm on Thanksgiving 2024

Write Your Own Chapter

Continue the King Family Story

Do You Know? A 20 Question Quiz

How well do you know your own family history?

Dr. Marshall Duke and Dr. Robyn Fivush created the "Do You Know?" scale in 2001 to ask children questions about their family, in order to test the hypothesis that children who know more about their families are more resilient and can handle challenges better than children who have limited knowledge about their families.

The questions are as follows:

- Do you know how your parents met?
- Do you know where your mother grew up?
- Do you know where your father grew up?
- Do you know where some of your grandparents grew up?
- Do you know where some of your grandparents met?
- Do you know where your parents were married?
- Do you know what went on when you were being born?
- Do you know the source of your name?
- Do you know some things about what happened when your brothers or sisters were being born?
- Do you know which person in your family you look most like?
- Do you know which person in the family you act most like?
- Do you know some of the illnesses and injuries that your parents experienced when they were younger?
- Do you know some of the lessons that your parents learned from good or bad experiences?
- Do you know some things that happened to your mom or dad

when they were in school?

- Do you know the national background of your family (such as English, German, Russian, etc)?
- Do you know some of the jobs that your parents had when they were young?
- Do you know some awards that your parents received when they were young?
- Do you know the names of the schools that your mom went to?
- Do you know the names of the schools that your dad went to?
- Do you know about a relative whose face "froze" in a grumpy position because he or she did not smile enough?

If you answered "no" to any of these questions, you have some family history research to do - in the form of storytelling! Just go to the people who would know the answers to those questions, and replace "Do you know" with "Tell me about…"

Learning Family History Helps You Understand Yourself

How our family stories connect us to the past and create meaning.

Robyn Fivush, Ph.D.

More than ever, people are interested in learning their family stories—tracing their family trees, discovering archives, photos, letters, and diaries—and sharing stories with their elders and their children to weave a family story of who they are, where they have been and where they are going. As director of The Family Narratives Lab at Emory University, I have studied family stories for years and have learned just how important these stories are for individual and family functioning. But this hunger for family stories was underscored for me this past weekend as I participated in

RootsTech, the largest family history conference in the world, hosted by the non-profit organization Family Search. I arrived in Salt Lake City to a bustling convention center, with tens of thousands of people going to lectures and taking lessons on using archives, finding artifacts, organizing material, telling their own family stories, and on and on, with many more participating online. People from around the world came together over a shared interest in family stories. It was a whirlwind!

But the true highlight of the experience was learning about my own family history. I knew my family immigrated from Eastern Europe around the time of the Russian Revolution, but I never knew anything beyond my grandparents and, really, only some stories about them. I did not grow up in a storytelling family which, ironically, may be why I spent so much of my research career exploring the benefits of family storytelling.

Family Search conducted a deep dive for me and discovered the names and birth places of my great-grandparents, and provided maps of the cities they lived in and so many documents about my grandparents' lives: ship manifests, entry through Ellis Island, and U.S. census reports. The physical materials helped me build a picture of my immigrant grandparents, the hardships they faced as the pogroms swept through Russia, the urgent need to immigrate, the long and difficult journey to America, and the work ethic that brought them from poverty on the lower east side of New York City to become successful business owners.

Many of these stories I knew in skeletal form; they echo the stories of so many Jews who immigrated from Eastern Europe in the 1900's and so many others as well. More than 12 million immigrants from around the world immigrated through Ellis Island between 1892 and 1954, my grandparents among them, most of them escaping difficult living conditions, leaving behind their families and their homes, often never to see them again, in the hope

of building a better life.

This research helped me create a more embodied understanding of where I came from, and, not surprisingly, this gave me a firmer sense of who I am. My research over the past decades has confirmed the power of family stories—adolescents and young adults who know these stories, the stories of their parents' childhoods and their grandparents' lives, both the achievements and the struggles, show higher self-esteem, lower depression and anxiety, and a greater sense of meaning and purpose in life. Even as an older adult, learning more about my own family story has given me a new perspective, a sense of strength and connection.

I had a wonderful time at RootsTech, sharing my own research demonstrating the psychological benefits of family storytelling for both individual and family well-being. But at the end of the day, I must say I most enjoyed learning about my own family history, forging new connections to my forefathers and foremothers, living into their stories, and making them my own.

Robyn Fivush, Ph.D. *is the Samuel Candler Dobbs Professor of Developmental Psychology at Emory University and the director of the Family Narratives Lab. This article first appeared in Psychology Today. Reprinted with permission.story*

The Power of Family Stories

An interview of Dr. Robyn Fivush by Shankar Vedantam

Shankar: We're exploring the world of family stories, how these stories shape who we become, and the fascinating science that demonstrates why telling certain kinds of stories can make us happier, healthier, and better people.

Cultures around the world have occasions designed for people to gather, chat, and reminisce. This can happen on birthdays, anniversaries, and at funerals. Family members remind each

other about the ties that bind them together. Disputes break out over half-remembered events from decades ago. At Emory University, psychologist Robyn Fivush studies the psychological effects these stories can have on our lives.

Family stories are not just family stories. They are much more than dinner table conversation or fodder for Thanksgiving table punchlines. Family stories turn out to play a crucial role in the mental health of the people who tell the stories and the mental health of the people who listen to the stories. They can serve as anchors for identity and self-esteem. Told right, they can change the direction of our lives. Early on in her career, Robyn spent extended amounts of time with families listening to how parents talked with children.

Robyn: Families that tell more stories show more trust and community within the family. Specifically, children within families that tell more of these stories have higher self-esteem, they have higher academic competence, they're doing better in school, they have higher social competence, and they are more socially skilled.

In later research, because of course, we followed up on this first study with lots and lots of research, as they get older and you can start to assess more mature aspects of well-being, like a sense of agency, a sense of maturity, and a sense of meaning and purpose in life, all of that is higher for children, adolescents, and young adults who know more family stories.

S: One of the things that you pointed out is that the key here is not just the knowing of stories in an informational sense, but you discovered there was something powerful about the process of family storytelling. Can you talk about this idea that the important thing here is not the facts, but in some ways the process by which those facts are arrived at?

R: Absolutely. The key here is storytelling, not just stories. So

yes, it's important that we know the stories, but the process of learning those stories, hearing those stories, sharing those stories, and constructing those stories together is what really matters in terms of this positive youth outcome.

S: So, when telling family stories, you say that adults might be modeling the regulation and modulation of emotion, and in some ways, children are learning from this. How so, Robyn?

R: I think both when we're constructing stories, helping children understand their own experiences, and when we're talking with children about our experiences, the way that we talk about our emotions, how we reacted in the moment, and how we dealt with that emotional reaction helps children understand appropriate emotional regulation.

Let me give you a sense of what I mean by that. One of the really important things about reminiscing about the child's own emotional experiences is, you know, the child throws a tantrum in the store. And that's the worst time to try and sit down and have a talk. You just want to get out of the situation. But later, when the child calms down, it's important to sit down and say, "Let's talk about what happened. Why were you so upset?" Not to say, "That was bad, you were wrong," but rather, "What happened? Why were you upset? Okay, I understand why that upset you."

But maybe being that upset was not the best way to get what they wanted. And to help them figure out how to recognize their emotions and resolve them and regulate them.

S: So in other words, the story is helping you name the emotion, understand how it came about, and consider what options you might have had in the moment.

So it's allowing you, in some ways, to recreate the event and ask, "How could you maybe have reacted differently?"

R: I could not have said that better. When parents tell stories about their own childhood, they're, of course, not talking about their child's emotional reaction. But often those stories are told in moments when the kids are struggling with something.

So the parent's story becomes, "Well, okay, let me tell you how I dealt with something like that in my life and the lesson I took from it. Maybe that will help you." Think about your life. They're worldviews. Stories are little models of the world. We see that even in the larger families when everyone is together; this is particularly important.

Obviously, it's important to talk about the fun times, the positive events, laughing, and creating those bonds, but it's also important to discuss the challenging experiences. We asked families to talk about challenging experiences. Many of them talked about an illness or death—the death of a grandparent or a beloved family pet. And the families that were more collaborative really shared the emotional experience.

We create our sense of self through our sense of our experiences. I am the person I am because I've had these experiences. This has made me the person I am today. This has set up my beliefs, my goals, and my values, particularly in adolescence and young adulthood when all of us go through a period of identity questioning. As children, we don't question our family's values, their religious values, or their community values.

But then we reach an age where we have more resources. We're moving out into the world. We have a broader set of friends and contacts. We can think about things more abstractly. We start to go through what Erik Erikson called the identity crisis: "Who am I? Who do I want to be?"

Many adolescents and young adults end up in the same place as their parents, but we all go through that process of exploration and questioning. And that's when we really start to put together

what's called a life story or a life narrative.

How did I become the person I am? And who do I want to be? In doing that, we need material. We certainly have our own experiences. But what we've discovered is that adolescents and young adults really draw from their parents' stories, the stories their parents tell them about their childhoods and their family history, to figure out what their own personal experiences mean and how to make sense of them. It's how they draw their life lessons and moral stances.

S: An interesting finding from your research is that knowing family stories appears to help people be more resilient in the face of adversity. You say this might be because hearing other people's struggles provides us with something that you call vicarious memory.

R: Vicarious memory is a memory that you have of something that happened to somebody else. For example, I can tell you a story that happened to my husband when he was a child. I wasn't there; I didn't know him when he was a child, but he's told me that story. I know that story, and so I have a vicarious memory of it.

That's what these intergenerational narratives are. Most of our knowledge of the world is vicarious, and these vicarious memories essentially provide models or views of how the world works. So when we have these stories of our parents and our family, they become ways of understanding both how the world works and how we fit into that world.

S: Stories are not just stories. They are sophisticated tools that humans use to pass on values, norms, and the complex contours of relationships. In family settings, stories can be engines of meaning, identity, and purpose. You and your colleague Marshall Duke have theorized that there are three types of family stories and that one of these three is the most predictive

of positive outcomes. What are these three types of stories?

R: Ascending, descending, and oscillating. These are not about particular stories; it's about the shape of the whole family saga, so to speak. So this is really the family history. Ascending, in some sense, is the American dream: "We came with nothing, we worked hard, and we succeeded. Ta-da!"

Descending is when things are bad, and they only get worse. Things are never going to get better.

Oscillating is acknowledging that life happens. There are good times in life and bad times in life. We will discuss the bad things that happened, but we'll also put them in the context of all of the good things that happened. For example: "We came, we worked hard. Unfortunately, we didn't have as much success as we might have liked. There were some setbacks that we had to take, but we overcame it, and now we are here, and we're still together."

That's a characterization because all family sagas are a little bit of all of those. But the problem with an ascending narrative that everything's great all the time is that it's not true. Life happens.

If that's your model, when something bad happens, you have no resources. You have no, "Well, I know Grandpa Joe went through something like this and was okay." You have nothing to rely on. So you just have no coping skills. Descending, of course, is this kind of spiraling down into rumination. The oscillating story is one where you have a sense that life has its ups and downs. "But we are a strong, persevering family. We will overcome. We will get through this."

S: You say that it's really valuable for parents to share stories of their own transgressions with their children. What are these transgression stories, and why are they important to share?

R: Transgression stories are stories that challenge our children's

sense of who we are. We did something that we're ashamed of, not proud of, and we feel guilty about. We hurt somebody or did something wrong. And we all do, hopefully, in our lives, small transgressions. We lie, we cheat, maybe we do a little bit of stealing, or we betray a trust, or break a promise.

I think sometimes adolescents and young adults think that their parents don't understand what it is to go through teenage angst. They don't understand what it is to be angry or dark or moody. But in fact, we all have those memories. It's one thing to say, "Oh, well, yes, I felt like that too when I was your age." I think it's another thing when you tell a story like this. It gives it a texture, a reality.

Do-It-Yourself Interview Guide

Adapted from a guide by Storycorps for the National Day of Listening.

Choose a loved one to interview, and find some recording equipment. There's no wrong way to do it. Just listen closely, and ask the questions you've always wanted to ask. Here's how:

1. Select Your Interview Partner

Start by selecting whom you wish to interview. Some people may be hesitant to participate; emphasize that everybody's story is important. Let your interview partner know that you would be honored to record the conversation.

2. Create a List of Questions

Preparing ahead of time will greatly improve the quality of your interview. Think about what you would like to learn from your partner, then make a list of 5-10 questions. Below are some questions that have led to great conversations.

3. Find, Borrow, or Purchase Recording Equipment

Your recording equipment can be as simple as a cell phone, an

audio recorder, a video camera, or a computer. You can find both basic and more sophisticated recording equipment at your local electronics store or for purchase online. You might even borrow equipment from a friend or relative. Whatever recording equipment you choose, we strongly suggest that you practice with it before your interview.

4. Choose an Interview Location

Pick the quietest place possible. A carpeted room is best. Avoid kitchens, which have reflective surfaces and noisy appliances. Be sure to turn the volume off on any TV, radio, or stereo. Close the door and listen for anything else making noise: buzzing fluorescent lights, ticking clocks, air conditioners, etc. If possible, turn off or move any noisy electronics out of the room. Listen for noise during the interview as well. Make the space peaceful and calm by turning the lights low.

5. Set Up and Test the Equipment

Set up your equipment before the interview, and make sure you know how to use it. Once the interview starts you will be able to focus on your interview partner instead of the equipment. Before the interview, record your storyteller answering a few throwaway questions, such as, "Tell me what you had for breakfast." Stop, rewind, and listen to the sample recording to determine if everything is working. Remember to press RECORD again when you begin the actual interview.

A few tips for better audio quality:

- *Wear headphones when recording.* Your headphones are your "ears" for the interview; they tell you exactly what you'll hear on your finished recording.
- *When possible, use an external microphone when recording.* Always hold the microphone in your hand, moving it between you and your storyteller. Hold the microphone about one hand span

(about 7 inches) from your storyteller's mouth. If you're using an internal microphone on a camera, set up the camera just far enough away to keep the picture in focus.

- *Be careful of "mic-handling" noise.* That's the low, rumbling sound you hear when you move the microphone in your hands. Use a light touch when handling the microphone, and minimize movement.

6. Begin the Conversation

Start the interview by stating your name, your age, the date, and the location of the interview. For example, "My name is Marissa Martinez. I'm forty years old. The date is November 27, 2009, and I'm sitting with my grandfather, Frank Jackson, in his living room in Hamilton, Missouri." Then ask your storyteller to do the same.

Remember, the questions you prepared in advance are just suggestions. Trust your instincts and ask questions in whatever order feels right. If something interests you, ask more about it. Sometimes your storyteller may need to know that it's okay to talk about a certain topic. Grant permission by saying, "Tell me more." Take breaks if your storyteller needs them. Avoid saying "uh huh" or interrupting. Instead, use visual cues like nodding your head to encourage the storyteller to keep going.

7. Keep the Conversation Flowing

Listen closely. Look your storyteller in the eyes. Smile. Stay engaged. Stick with the good stuff. Try to keep to the topics that move you. If the current topic isn't what you wanted to put on tape, gently steer the conversation in another direction.

Ask emotional questions. Asking "How does this make you feel?" often elicits interesting responses. Don't be afraid to ask.

Respect your subject. If there is a topic that your interview partner doesn't want to talk about, respect his or her wishes and move on.

Take notes during the interview. Write down questions or stories you might want to return to later.

Be curious and honest, and keep an open heart. Great things will happen.

8. Wrap It Up

We've found that 40 minutes is a good length of time for interviews, but you can talk for as long or as short as you like.

Before you turn off the recorder, ask the storyteller if there is anything else he or she wants to talk about. Then make sure to thank the person; opening up can be difficult. Express your gratitude, and let him or her know that it was a privilege to listen to the story.

Finally, hit STOP on your recorder. Congratulations! You have just created a piece of family history!

9. Preserve and Share the Conversation

Start your own archive at home by labeling your interview and storing it in a safe place. To share your interview, you can transfer the interview to your computer and make copies for your family and friends. You can get it professionally transcribed at rev.com or other online transcription sites. Your recording is likely to become a treasured heirloom. Invite loved ones to your home to listen to it. Bring it to special occasions, reunions, or memorials.

Great Questions For Your Loved Ones

10 Top Great Questions

1. Who has been the most important person in your life? Can you tell me about him or her?
1. What was the happiest moment of your life? The saddest?

- Who has been the biggest influence on your life? What lessons did that person teach you?
- Who has been the kindest to you in your life?
- What are the most important lessons you've learned in life?
- What is your earliest memory?
- What is your favorite memory of me?
- Are there any funny stories your family tells about you that come to mind?
- Are there any funny stories or memories or characters from your life that you want to tell me about?
- When in life have you felt most alone?

Friends

- If you could interview anyone from your life living or dead, but not a celebrity, who would it be and why?
- What is your first memory of me?
- Was there a time when you didn't like me?
- What makes us such good friends?
- How would you describe me? How would you describe yourself?
- Where will we be in 10 years? 20 years?
- Do you think we'll ever lose touch with each other?
- Is there anything that you've always wanted to tell me but haven't?

Grandparents

- Where did you grow up?
- What was your childhood like?
- Who were your favorite relatives?

Do you remember any of the stories they used to tell you?

What was my mom/dad like growing up?

Do you remember any songs that you used to sing to her/him? Can you sing them now?

Was she/he well-behaved?

What is the worst thing she/he ever did?

Parents

Do you remember what was going through your head when you first saw me?

How did you choose my name?

What was I like as a baby? As a young child?

Do you remember any of the songs you used to sing to me? Can you sing them now?

What were my siblings like?

What were the hardest moments you had when I was growing up?

If you could do everything again, would you raise me differently?

What advice would you give me about raising my own kids?

Love/Marriage

Do you have a love of your life?

When did you first fall in love?

Can you tell me about your first kiss?

What was your first serious relationship?

How did you meet your husband/wife?

How did you know he/she was "The one"?

What lessons have you learned from your relationships?

Working

What do you do for a living?

Tell me about how you got into your line of work.

Do you like your job?

What did you think you were going to be when you grew up?

What did you want to be when you grew up?

What lessons has your work life taught you?

If you could do anything now, what would it be? Why?

Growing Up

When and where were you born?

What were your parents like?

How was your relationship with your parents?

What is your best memory of childhood? Worst?

Did you have a nickname? How did you get it?

Who were your best friends? What were they like?

What did you think your life would be like when you were older?

Can you tell me any favorite stories/memories from your childhood?

Serious Illness

Can you tell me about your illness?

Do you think about dying? Are you scared?

How do you imagine your death?

Do you regret anything?

Do you look at your life differently now than before you were diagnosed?

If you were to give advice to me or my children, or even children to come in our family, what would it be?

What are the most important lessons you've learned in life?

Has this illness changed you? What have you learned?

How do you want to be remembered?

Religion/Spirituality

Can you tell me about your religious beliefs/ spiritual beliefs?

Have you experienced any miracles?

What was the most profound spiritual moment of your life?

Do you believe in God?

Do you believe in the afterlife? What do you think it will be like?

Dealing With Our Past

John Mark Comer and Bethany Allen | From an unpublished curriculum available for free at practicingthewayarchives.org/past

What does our past mean for our present?

Very few of us want to revisit the past. But the reality is, our past has influence on our present. Who we are has been shaped by where we come from. For most of us, our family of origin is the single greatest influence on our life, for good or for ill. No matter how healthy your family and childhood experience was, at some level every family is dysfunctional.

We all inherit ways of living from our family and culture that are out of sync with the way of Jesus. So a key task in our

apprenticeship to Jesus is re-learning how to be human in relationship with the Father. But first, we have to go back to go forward.

This chapter invites you into a guided personal practice of examining your family history. Whether you are studying your lineage out of faith, healing, or curiosity, this exercise is designed to deepen your understanding of the stories, values, and wounds passed down through generations of your family, and help you discern what to carry forward.

Step 1: Mapping Your Genogram

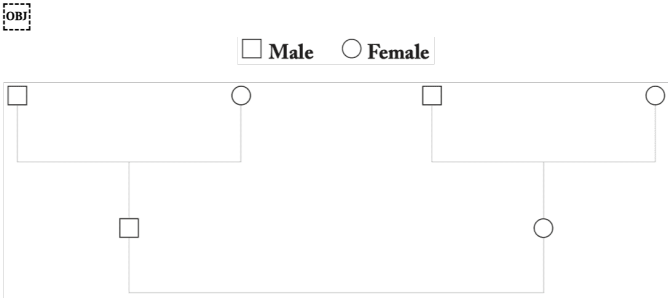
Who we are today has been directly shaped by where we come from. Put another way, our present has been directly shaped by our past. For most of us, the single greatest influence on our life other than Jesus is our family of origin. Not only the color of our skin, our height, or our genetic code, but our strengths and weakness, the patterns of how we relate to other people and deal with conflict, the values we live by, the faith we practice - all of this and more has been shaped by our past - specifically our family and childhood.

No family is perfect. At some level, every family is dysfunctional. We all have some kind of “emotional baggage” that we carry from our past. And this baggage often holds us back from the life of freedom and joy that Jesus has for us. Dealing with our past is one of the first steps in our apprenticeship to Jesus. We have to “go back to go forward.”

We begin our practice by making our own genogram. A genogram is a visual map of your family tree, and it’s used to identify 1. generational sins, 2. relational patterns, 3. scripts, 4. blessings, and more. We’ll start our genogram with this step, but it will take several more steps to fill it out and finish. Take your time. Go at your own pace. Let God give you his peace as you work through this practice.

One of our goals is to identify generational sins and then to begin to break off sins in our own life that go back for generations. Please note, this is one of the hardest practices in our apprenticeship to Jesus, but it's also one of the most powerful. If you're up for it, dealing with your past could unleash your future in ways you never dreamed possible.

Use a family genogram to map your family tree. Try to go back three to four generations if possible. Record names, birth and death dates, and any other key information. This will form the foundation for the exercises to come.



Step 2: Questions To Ask

You may need to ask your parents, grandparents, or extended family members to get answers to these questions. Some questions may be hard to ask, so only go as far as you're comfortable.

- Which, if any, of the following diseases are in your family of origin (Arthritis, Cancer, Heart Conditions, Diabetes, Depression, Fibromyalgia, Mental Depressive Disorders, Mental retardation, Mental Disturbances, Nervous Breakdowns, Repertory Troubles, Skin Issues, Ulcers)?
- List all religions in your ancestral history (Buddhism, Freemasonry, Islam, Hinduism, Mormonism, the Occult, etc.).
- Has there been any substance abuse or addiction?
- Has anyone had, participated in, or sponsored an abortion?

Has there been any notable sexual promiscuity? Affairs? Divorces?

Has there been any sexual, emotional, physical, or spiritual abuse?

Has there been any abandonment (physical or emotional absence) in your family of origin?

How would you describe your parents' and grandparents' marriage?

Did your parents show affection? To each other? To their kids? To you?

Was your family more patriarchal or matriarchal? Or a healthy balance?

Which parent are you most like? With whom were/are you closer?

How well did you get along with your siblings growing up? How about now?

Which role did you play in your family (responsible eldest, baby, black sheep, caretaker, etc.)?

How did your family deal with conflict (fight, flight, freeze, etc.)?

Was your family open in talking about feelings, especially negative feelings?

Were there any family secrets (pregnancy out of wedlock, incest, abuse, financial scandal, etc.)?

How did your family define success?

How was money handled? Viewed? Was there a spirit of poverty or wealth?

Were there any heroes or heroines in the family? Any scapegoats? Why?

Were there any traumatic losses (sudden death, prolonged illnesses, stillbirths, bankruptcy, etc.)? Were those losses talked about openly and mourned? Or swept under the rug?

Step 2: Key Events

List key events from your family history that have shaped you or your family. Consider adding these events to your genogram next to the identified family members.

Reflect on and write down traumas (events like divorce, a disease or accident, abuse, poverty, or loss) and redemptive moments (experiences where healing, growth, or grace appeared, like getting saved in high school, getting into your dream college, your parent getting sober, moving to a new city or school where you discovered something you loved, a best friend, etc).

Reflect as well on on key traumatic or redemptive moments in the lives of your ancestors, such as wars, migrations, conversions, scandals, or breakthroughs. Remember: you're trying to identify key events that have made you who you are.

In My Life	**In My Family (3-4 Generations)**
Trauma	*Trauma*
Redemptive Moments	*Redemptive Moments*

Step 3: Generational Sins and Brokenness

Generational Sins: Record patterns such as alcoholism, anger, abuse, adultery, etc., that appear in your family line.

Generational Brokenness: Write a list of any generational brokenness that you recognize in your family. For Example: premature death,

disease, infertility, miscarriage, addiction, obesity, mental illness, poverty, etc. Consider adding these events to your genogram next to the identified family members.

If you feel safe, this can be a very healthy conversation to have with a sibling, parent, or grandparent. Spend some time in prayer over each thing you write down on these lists.

Step 4: What I Carry Forward

Review your lists of generational sins and brokenness. Identify those you recognize in your own life. Reflect or pray over each one. Ask:

- What might God be saying to me about this?
- What truth or healing is needed here?

Now it's time to put it all together. This will be the most difficult exercise so far, but also the most important. Look over your lists of generational sins and brokenness. Write down anything that you carry forward in your own life. Spend some time in prayer over each item on the list. You might need to spend some time asking God for forgiveness or asking for grace to change.

Remember, conviction is from the Holy Spirit, but shame and guilt are never from God. Silence the voices of shame and guilt in your heart and mind. Open yourself up to the voice of the Holy Spirit, who has direct access to your interior world. Pause for a moment and sit in this declaration of God's name from Exodus: "The Lord, the Lord, the compassionate and gracious God, slow to anger, abounding in love and faithfulness, maintaining love to thousands, and forgiving wickedness, rebellion and sin. Yet he does not leave the guilty unpunished; he punishes the children and their children for the sin of the parents to the third and fourth generation." Realize that the number one description of God's character is "compassionate." And if you're up for it, share this list with a close friend that you trust. Don't go on this journey alone!

Step 5: Relational Patterns

Going back isn't always easy.

As many of you have discovered, identifying generational sin and brokenness is not a task for the faint of heart. But the ultimate goal is to develop a framework of your life that will help you identify where you come from, so that you can better understand who you are, and where you're going.As we press further into our past we will discover that there are not only sins, but also patterns in our family of origin that have had great influence and power over our lives. Patterns, by their very definition, are repetitious and for that reason many of these patterns have served as platforms upon which we've built our lives. But if our foundation is cracked, our whole house is in danger.

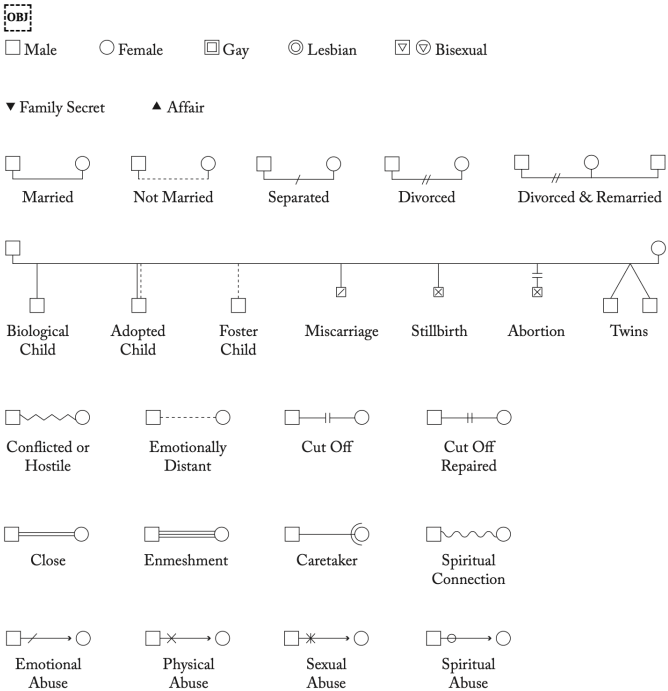
In the coming steps of our practice, we will focus on identifying relational patterns from our family of origin and how those patterns have impacted our ability to relate to others, and to God. We'll focus on identifying relational patterns we may have learned in our family of origin or early years that continue to shape the way we relate to others and God today.

Return to your genogram and look for relational patterns. fill in the following relational patterns using the key provided: separation, divorce, remarriage, abandonment, adoption, relational enmeshment, codependency, emotional unavailability, sexual relationships, living together, sexism, cutoffs, cutoffs repaired, closeness, distant relationships, sexual abuse, physical abuse, or emotional abuse.

Take a few minutes and identify and write down any relational patterns you've discovered. Listed below are a few examples of what to look for:

- Patterns of births, deaths, natural crisis
- Patterns of closeness and distance

- Patterns of emotional availability, codependency, and depth
- Patterns of emotional cut-offs or enmeshment
- Patterns of dominance or submission



At this point be mindful about the emotions you are feeling. Invite and allow the Holy Spirit to help you identify and process these emotions. Consider taking a few minutes to write how doing this exercise has impacted you.

Step 6: Attachment Style

Which best describes your relational pattern?

- *Secure Attachment:* Emotionally secure, trusting, and able to explore relationships freely.
- *Anxious Attachment:* Emotionally insecure, needs often unmet, fears abandonment.

- *Avoidant Attachment:* Emotionally distant, self-reliant, struggles with intimacy.
- *Disorganized Attachment:* Emotionally confused, fears love and trust, lacks a consistent strategy for connection.

Ask yourself which of these is your default. Consider how it developed and how it influences your relationships. (Please note these are not prescriptive. Do your best to identify the style that best fits you.) If you're married or dating seriously, talk through your findings with your spouse or significant other. If you want to go deeper on this exercise, consider seeing a therapist or couples counselor who's trained in attachment styles.

Step 7: What Evil Has God Used for Good?

Read and respond to the following question: What evil things in your life and family history has God used for good? And how?

Answering and thinking through this question can foster a spirit of gratitude. Take a minute or two to thank God for his ability to heal, transform and deliver. If you want, re-read the story of Joseph from the end of Genesis. Meditate on Genesis 50v19-21. Look for parallels to your own story. "You intended to harm me, but God intended it for good…" (Genesis 50:20)

Step 8: Narrative Scripts

As we've seen, each of us have inherited some kind of framework or pattern from our family for how we exist in relationship. But that's not all you inherited. From our family of origin and from key life events we have developed something called narrative scripts.

Narrative scripts are messages from our life that inform our behavior. These scripts are essentially our way of making sense of the world around us. Our narrative scripts are usually rooted in our family of origin and are often linked to messages that were spoken over us, about us, or to us. These scripts can also come from our

understanding and interpretation of ourselves through difficult or traumatic life events.

Since narrative scripts are largely rooted in our family of origin, and our family of origin is not perfect, we can rightfully assume that not all of our scripts may be true or accurate. Meaning, it is essential for us to identify and learn the narrative scripts that have and are influencing our lives.

In this step of our practice, we will focus on identifying our narrative scripts. For many, the most influential messages you received came from your parents. This is where we will start. From there we'll identify the messages we received from key events in our lives, and then we'll take time to identify the messages you believe and are living into today.

Optional: Many may have a hard time getting started on this practice. If you're wondering what one of your scripts may be, you could (bravely) ask a friend, parent, or someone in your community if there is something you repeatedly say about yourself, others, God, or life in general. This is often a good indicator of a narrative script that has or has had influence over your life.

1. From Your Father (or Paternal Caretaker)

Reflect on messages you received about life (e.g. "Failure is not an option" or "Life isn't easy or fair, but it is good") and about yourself (e.g. "You're lazy" or "You are beautiful just the way you are") from your father or paternal figure. Ask the Spirit to bring to mind specific memories that shaped these beliefs.

2. From Your Mother (or Maternal Caretaker)

Write down the messages your mother or maternal figure conveyed about life (e.g. "No one will ever care about you more than you care for yourself" or "Money is the key to a happy life") and about yourself (e.g. "Your weight is the barometer for your beauty" or "You are special"). Reflect on memories that confirm or clarify

those messages.

3. From Key Life Events

List pivotal life events (e.g. divorce, death, abuse) and the messages they taught you (e.g. “You’re all alone” or “Money is security”). Ask the Holy Spirit to reveal any forgotten events and their lasting messages.

4. Cumulative Messages You Believe

Review all your lists. Ask the Holy Spirit to highlight the messages you still believe. Note whether each one is true or false. For those that are false, ask God to reveal His truth and write it down. Invite Him to replace old, untrue scripts with His truth.

Step 9: Stop / Start / Continue

It’s been a long, hard journey, but now we’re finally ready for the payoff. The focus of this step will be on generational blessing. In our teaching, we looked at the story of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and his twelve sons - four generations that formed the nucleus of Israel. But this time, we didn’t look at generational sins, but generational blessings. The reality is, that family was a mix bag of good and and bad. Most families are like that.

A key task in our apprenticeship to Jesus is to identify the patterns that we inherited from our family of origin, but then to decide which patterns we need to stop, start, and/or continue. But especially, the goal this week is to identity the “blessing” or “heritage” that you carry from your family line, if there is one. To celebrate it. Thank God for it. And then make sure it lives on in the next generation. To that practice we now turn.

Stop: List the patterns, values, or scripts from your family that you want to end with you.

Start: Dream up new patterns, values, or traditions you want to begin. What legacy do you want to initiate? It might be a simple script like, “The family that plays together, stays together.” Or a fun tradition like always cutting down a Christmas tree the day after Thanksgiving. Or it might be a value for community or generosity. Anything goes here. Dream a little. Then see those dreams become reality.

Continue: Write out any patterns, scripts, traditions, and values from your family of origin that you want to carry forward to the next generation - your children, or just children your are in relationship with through family, community, church, etc.

If you can’t identify a blessing from your family line due to the emotional pain of your story, don’t let it ruin you. The future is wide open before you. Let the Father start a new family line through your story. Take this time to pray in that direction.

This is a key part of the practice. It’s essential that we identify the blessing of our family line, thank God for it, and carry it forward.

- If you had to summarize your family’s “blessing” in one sentence, what would you say?
- If you have children, or hope to have them in the future, what is the main blessing you hope to pass on to your own kids?
- If you’re not sure about kids, how can you pass on your blessing to the next generation? Is it through a niece or nephew, a child in your community, a student you mentor, a kid from church, or some other way?

One Hundred Persons Away

Andy Crouch

The story of every human being's life is the story of a chain of persons.

I am here to write these words, and you are here to read them, because when we were young, small, and vulnerable—and at countless other critical moments in our lives—someone cared for us with personal attention.

The persons who cared for us, in their turn, had been recognized and cared for by others. Stretching back beyond history and memory, for each one of us, is an unbroken chain of personal recognition and love. Many, many of these chains have been broken in human history by tragedy, terror, and, frankly, evil. But yours and mine, by some unfathomable grace, were not.

How long are these chains? Not very long. Two New Testament writers, Luke and Matthew, take the time to trace the genealogy of their subject. Luke includes seventy-six names as he draws Jesus' line all the way back to Adam (see 3:23–38). Matthew, presumably writing for a Jewish audience, focuses on the linkages between Jesus and Abraham, including forty names (see 1:2–16). While this number is undoubtedly condensed, if twenty years on average separate a parent from a child, it is not condensed by much, since it takes only five generations to span a century.

Two thousand years of history separate Jesus from his distant ancestor Abraham. The rise of Joseph in Egypt, the enslavement of the Hebrews, the Exodus, the conquest of the Promised Land, the judges, the kings, the rise of Assyria and Babylon and the subsequent Exile, the fall of those empires and the rise of Persia and Rome—all this is encompassed in those two thousand years. But only one hundred individuals, more or less, are needed to connect

Jesus across all those centuries to the one whose faith was counted by God as righteousness.

I have a very limited knowledge of my own genealogy, so I do not know many of my ancestors' names, but I can imagine a representative of each generation, men and women, standing in a line. Each of them knew the next, intimately, as parent and child, so I imagine them holding hands as parents and children do. I am holding the left hand of my father, Wayne, in my right hand. I let go of his hand, turn to face him, and move one step to his right, where he is holding the hand of my grandfather Homer. I am already face to face with someone who lived through the Great Depression as a young adult. I move four steps more and am face to face with an ancestor whose name I do not know. She lived through the American Civil War. Two steps more and I am face to face with someone who probably never lived in North America but who perhaps heard news of the American Revolution.

Five more steps down the line, and I have already moved a century further back; five steps more, and I am face to face with someone who lived in the days of William Shakespeare. Only eighteen people separate me from his time in this chain of generations. Fourteen people more, and I am standing before someone who lived through the Black Death in Europe—or perhaps whose life was cut short by it.

This is just my lineage as a European American of motley, largely Scots-Irish, heritage. Every reader of this book could trace a similar, and also very different, chain. Only a few links back, at most, are people who suffered terribly in the cataclysms of history, as well as people who acted with great creativity and bravery. Each one knew a world that is now all but forgotten to us.

And all it takes me, or any of us, to go back along the linked hands of those who came before us and get to the first century of the common era—the time of Gaius, Tertius, Phoebe, and Paul—is one

hundred persons.

They could fit in a smallish room—one hundred people is, incidentally, the average size of a church in North America. Along the chain of one hundred people, language and culture would change dramatically, so the first would be a stranger to the last in all kinds of ways, as Gaius or Phoebe or Tertius would be to us. Yet between each link in the chain there would be at least enough intimacy to generate and sustain life.

I once heard one of my seminary professors, the liturgist Horace Allen, observe that because most of the New Testament texts claim the authority of eyewitness testimony, all of us who read the Bible are just one generation away from the life, death, and resurrection of Jesus. When we read the Bible, we are hearing of his life and the first-century church from those who were at most one or two steps removed from the ones who could personally describe, with the writer of the first letter of John, "what we have heard, what we have seen with our eyes, what we have looked at and touched with our hands" (1:1). While this is indeed remarkable, to me what is in some ways even more striking is our closeness through actual relationship—that chain of one hundred people.

Someone knew someone who had actually eaten a meal with Jesus. That someone passed on what they had heard and seen and touched to someone else. And only ninety-eight someones later was Sylvia Edwards, the Sunday school teacher who is the first person I remember really impressing upon me the love and truth of God. Only ninety-eight someones later, perhaps through a very different chain, was Regina Wharton, president of the Zion Harmonizers, who invited me to play piano for the junior choir at St. James African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church during my college years, forever changing my life as a musician and my understanding of Christianity's multicultural reality.

And this leads to the most important thing about these fragile

chains that connect us to the distant, but actually not so distant, past. Our biological genealogies are complicated things, fraught with as many stories of betrayal and disappointment as of love and care. Jesus' own ancestry included at least one woman who made her living from a sexually exploitative culture (the prostitute Rahab), and victims and perpetrators of rape accompanied by murder (Bathsheba, taken by King David from her husband Uriah). The chain of persons that led to our biological existence is full of such stories. Violation and violence are all too present in the chain of hands.

But there is another story—another chain in our lives—that matters more. Sometimes it converges with the lines of biological conception, but often, perhaps most of the time, it diverges from our tangled and painful family histories. Yet it is just as powerful and, in the long run, makes all the difference.

It is the chain of genuine love.

Someone in your life loved you as the person you are, as the person you are meant to be. They included you in their household—whether through meals around a table, a roof over your head, or the kind of care that we expect parents to give children and siblings to give one another.

They were different from others you knew, perhaps different from your own family. They were less dependent on devices, more willing to be present in the world without convenience. They shunned anything that made easy promises. They had a capacity for patience, for suffering over time, that opened them up not just to pain but to beauty. They did not look for usefulness in others; they may not have seemed to have any usefulness of their own. When you were with them, it did not seem like usefulness was the point.

It is exceedingly unlikely that you are reading this book, and have gotten this far in this book, without at least one such person in your life. I am almost certain you know their name.

And you would not be reading now, all the way to the end of this book, unless you could become such a person for someone else. When you do, you will be joining the thread of history that matters most—the thread of personal recognition, from one generation to the next, which is the only thing that keeps the life that is really life going in human history.

Andy Crouch is partner for theology and culture at Praxis, a venture-building ecosystem advancing redemptive entrepreneurship. His writing explores faith, culture, and the image of God in the domains of technology, power, leadership, and the arts. This is an excerpt from his book The Life We're Looking For: Reclaiming Relationship in a Technological World.

Death By Living

N. D. Wilson

You are dying. So am I. Every second I create more of my past: more decisions, more breathing, more love and more loathing. All of it slides by into the *gone* as I grab at more moments, at memories just made and already fading. We are all authors, creators of our pasts, authors of the books that will be our lives. When we race across the wet concrete of time without purpose, without laughter and love and sacrifice, then we fail in our mortal moments.

See the past. See your life as the fruit of providence and thousands of personal narratives. What led to you? Lighthearted tales of neighborhood love, great tales of migrations, epic tales of global wars and comedies, dark stories about brothers and murder, tales of rape and grief and persecution. You did not choose where to set your feet in time. You choose where to set them next.

Pause. Breathe. Eyes front. See the future. Do not stare into the fog of distant years. See the crystal choices as they race towards you in this sharp foreground we call *now*. The future flies at you in a never-ending storm of possibilities.

God says create, God says live, choose, shape the future. Etch your lives in stone, and what you make will be forever. You are dying; so am I. We march from page to page, and it is our living that takes us toward the end. Children will follow, reading our stories, built on our stories, set in a place and in a time that we helped choose for them. They will be the ones to shut the book behind us. They will dig holes and arrange flowers. They will fill out forms. Cause of death? Life. May it be the truth.

N. D. Wilson is a novelist turned filmmaker/producer and varsity basketball coach. He is the best-selling author of the "100 Cupboards" trilogy, the book and Netflix show Hello Ninja, and numerous other

stories, as well as two non-fiction books, Notes From The Tilt-A-Whirl *and* Death By Living: Life is Meant to be Spent.

Blank Pages

Resources

This book contains over 130 images, including dozens of photos that are 80-150 years old. We were unable to procure some of these at anything approaching a print-worthy resolution. For that reason, and in consideration of the size of this volume, many of the photos are laid out in a rather small format. All of these photos, along with a few more that didn't make the cut, are uploaded in the highest quality that we have to the Internet Archive, which has the best chance of any website at being available for a long time into the future.

We also uploaded the original audio of Amos' surviving sermons, as well as the final PDF and EPUB ebook versions of the book, to this same Internet Archive page. You can find it at:

archive.org/details/kings-family-history-resources

We've also created a public Youtube playlist with video footage from Amos' 80th birthday fishing trip and party, Sidney's interview with Amos in 1991, painting Grandpa's house in around 2001, and storytelling from the King reunions in 1992, 2000, 2006, and 2018. It adds up to around 18 hours of video in all. That playlist is linked in the description on the archive.org page above, and can also be found by searching Youtube for "King Family Archives."

Acknowledgments

Many thanks to Bruce for his hours of research, to Patricia for her keen editorial eye and ear, and to Frank King and the other genealogists and writers whose work is collected here. Any remaining errors in the manuscript are mine alone.

Thanks to Nathan Yoder for the timeless cover design. I can't help but point out some of my favorite details… The crest features a Germanic eagle and an American bald eagle, and its shield bears a *chi rho* and the year 1744, which readers of this book will recognize as the year our Koenig ancestors arrived on the continent. The frame around the edge bears icons that represent core parts of our family story: a trinity symbol for our faith heritage, a wagon wheel for migration and farming, a hammer and saw for carpentry, and an anchor for our many family memories on the water. The tree-and-leaf elements are a nod to the "fruit of generations" as well as Amos' apple-picking seasons in his younger years and his backyard orchard in Westover.

Special thanks to Damayea Hargett & Forrest Brown, Walter & Miriam King, Linda King & Greg VanBenschoten, Dan & Jeanette King, Ben & Renee Dorsey, Ladene King & Gretchen Nyce, Bruce & Patty King, Phil King & Amanda Barczyk, Wally & Kristin King, Bill King & Barbara Isdell, Rosemary King, and AJ King & Crystal Lehmanking for their patronage that helped bring this book to life.

And thanks to you, the reader, for making it to the end of this book. Unless you just flipped straight to the end, you turkey. *Tempus fugit.*

Vic King

For everything there is a season,
and a time for every matter under heaven:

a time to be born, and a time to die;
a time to plant, and a time to pluck up what is planted;
a time to kill, and a time to heal;
a time to break down, and a time to build up;
a time to weep, and a time to laugh;
a time to mourn, and a time to dance;
a time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together;
a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;
a time to seek, and a time to lose;
a time to keep, and a time to cast away;
a time to tear, and a time to sew;
a time to keep silence, and a time to speak;
a time to love, and a time to hate;
a time for war, and a time for peace.

What gain has the worker from his toil? I have seen the business that God has given to the children of man to be busy with. He has made everything beautiful in its time. Also, he has put eternity into man's heart, yet so that he cannot find out what God has done from the beginning to the end.

I perceived that there is nothing better for them than to be joyful and to do good as long as they live; also that everyone should eat and drink and take pleasure in all his toil—this is God's gift to man.

I perceived that whatever God does endures forever; nothing can be added to it, nor anything taken from it. God has done it, so that people fear before him. That which is, already has been; that which

is to be, already has been; and God seeks what has been driven away.

Ecclesiastes 3:1-14

[1] See the section at the end of this book on “Writing Your Own Chapter.”

[2] Editor’s Note: Here is the paragraph in Lee’s book containing the line that Frank is referring to:

> I ran along the alley to the edge of town where Bennet Avenue narrowed into the road to Pisgah graveyard. Except for a few squatter’s cabins, that part of camp was barren and windswept. I climbed on a rock from where I could get a clear view of the cemetery. It was late afternoon and the sun had begun to slant toward Pisgah Mountain. I watched a man chopping wood in front of a tar-papered shack. Not far away a boy was trying to hitch an obstinate burro to a cart while a dog yelped and snapped at the animal. A chicken hawk soared and dipped above an acrid, smoldering dump ground. My feet were getting chilly and I hugged myself to get warm.

There’s no mention here of Coxey’s Army, although it’s possible that the story Frank mentions is true. The original Coxey’s Army, led by Jacob Coxey, marched on DC in protest the same year that young Harry was in Colorado, and there were multiple bands of militant Coxeyites forming throughout the Northwest.

[3] This story is reprinted later in the Roots section of this book.

[4] Harry mentions it in his journal, which is written about in “Pickin’ Fights With Mennonites” later in this book.

[5] The only surviving photo of the two of them together was taken during this visit, and is reproduced on the previous page.

[6] This journal is discussed in the “Pickin’ Fights With Mennonites” section that

follows. A digital scan is available in Online Resources at the end of this book.

7 Read more about Rosa in the chapter by Edna Mast later in this section.

8 This cabinet has been passed down from Rosa to Amos to AJ King.

9 On Mennonite Church Road directly across from Holly Grove Christian School.

10 Carl Green's farm sits next to the King home on George Riggin Road, and is now owned by Max Stuckey, who married Carl's daughter Susan.

11 This story is told in detail in "Chop Foot."

12 Audio files of these sermons are available; see Resources on page 486.

13 The Fresh Air Fund was a youth development organization providing outdoor experiences for New York City children from underserved communities.

14 1 Timothy 2:1-4: "I urge, then, first of all, that requests, prayers, intercession and thanksgiving be made for everyone - for kings and all those in authority, that we may live peaceful and quiet lives in all godliness and holiness. This is good, and pleases God our Savior, who wants all men to be saved and come to a knowledge of the truth."